

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

January to June, 1937

Half-Yearly Vol. 200

Nos. 400 & 401

LONDON
BURNS OATES AND
WASHBOURNE LTD.

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January, February, March,
1937

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

DENIS GWYNN *has been Editor of the DUBLIN REVIEW since 1935.*

WILLIAM C. ATKINSON *is professor of Spanish literature and history at Glasgow University.*

DOUGLAS V. DUFF *spent some ten years with the Palestine police force until his recent retirement.*

DON LUIGI STURZO *was leader of the Popular Party in Italy until the advent of the Fascist régime.*

BRIAN MAGEE, *a lecturer at Bristol University, has made valuable discoveries in statistical researches at the Record Office.*

F. SYDNEY EDEN *is an eminent authority on English ecclesiastical art.*

BERNARD NEWDIGATE, *managing director of the Shakespeare Head Press, is a leading authority on the earlier English classics.*

DOM JUSTIN MCCANN, *Master of St. Benet's Hall, Oxford, is one of the foremost experts on the mediaeval English mystics.*

NEVILLE WATTS *is classical master at Downside and a notable poet.*

REGINALD J. DINGLE *is a versatile publicist and author of "The Faith and Modern Science".*

IVAN BROOKS *is one of the ablest younger critics in the Catholic Press.*

MONSIGNOR A. S. BARNES

WITHIN less than a year of Mr. Algar Thorold's death we have to record with sorrow the death of a former associate editor of the DUBLIN REVIEW.

Mgr. Arthur S. Barnes was by temperament so unobtrusive that many of his most useful and important activities were scarcely known to those outside the circle of his intimates. Yet the DUBLIN REVIEW and other institutions which have a fine tradition of service in the Catholic revival would have been faced with difficulties and crises on various occasions if he had not given his generous co-operation.

Like several of the editors of the DUBLIN REVIEW—including W. G. Ward, Shane Leslie, and Algar Thorold—Mgr. Barnes was a convert to the Catholic Church. He left Eton to enter Woolwich and became a gunner officer for several years before his strongly spiritual bent led him to take orders as an Anglican clergyman. He had served as a curate in Kennington, as a vicar in Huntingdonshire, and as warden of a hospice at Ilford before he relinquished the Anglican ministry to be received into the Catholic Church by Cardinal Merry del Val in 1895.

He published in the subsequent years several valuable works in exposure of the Anglican claims, but his most characteristic writings—which figured notably in the DUBLIN REVIEW—described his remarkable historical discoveries in Rome. As a profound scholar with a rare gift of intuition he achieved an indisputable place among the literary figures of his age.

His public services in other directions were of the highest value. He was University Chaplain at Cambridge from 1902 until 1916 and at Oxford until 1926. In the Great War he was employed by the Foreign Office on diplomatic missions in the United States of America which involved travelling and lecturing in almost every State in the Union. In his later years he was Conventual Chaplain to the Knights of Malta, but no man ever held such dignities with greater modesty.

In practical affairs his deepest interest was in the care of boys who had been left by misfortune in need

of assistance. In rendering such help, the Society of St. Hugh especially owed much of its success to his unfailing devotion as one of its principal directors for many years. With his death many good causes have lost a steadfast and untiring friend and counsellor. As a writer, he combined fastidious scholarship with an enthusiasm and simple directness of exposition which appealed to the widest public. He had been one of the most distinguished contributors to the DUBLIN REVIEW for nearly thirty years, but his own occasional contributions to its issues represent only part of its debt to his collaboration.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY *for* JANUARY

KING AND CONSTITUTION

by J. A. SPENDER

The abdication of King Edward raised a constitutional question of the first importance. This was the first test of the Statute of Westminster, and it has established certain precedents in the handling of the Commonwealth's affairs, on which Mr. Spender writes with authority.

BRITAIN AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

by CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART

The Military Correspondent of *The Times*, whose words carry weight in Europe, gives a clear view of the changed strategic position brought about by Mussolini's ambitions in that region. He is disturbed by the prospect of a Spain dominated by Fascist influence.

THE AIMS OF BRITISH POLICY

by PROFESSOR E. H. CARR

Mr. Carr, who was till quite lately Assistant Adviser on League affairs to the Foreign Office, gives an illuminating view of British policy in face of the aggressive plans of the Dictatorships.

Other articles by LORD WINTERTON, STEPHEN GWYNN, G. D. H. COLE and IVOR BROWN.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, LTD.

13 Buckingham Street, W.C.2

The Dublin Review

JANUARY, 1937

No. 400

DIVORCE AND THE THRONE

THE crisis surrounding the abdication of King Edward VIII has raised various questions which may well be considered at the outset of the new reign. Comment in the Catholic weekly newspapers has been less unanimous than might have been expected. One paper took the view that if the King's abdication were prevented he should be rewarded by being accorded considerably wider powers, on the ground that he ought not to be called upon to set an exceptionally high example in private life unless his status were changed from that of an official figurehead. Another adopted an attitude which was entirely its own, declaring that the King was being forced into abdication by an international financiers' plot, and calling upon all loyal subjects to support King Edward against the politicians. Subsequent events, however, leave very little reason for doubting that the King's intended marriage, in any form, would have done irreparable injury to the monarchy, and that Mr. Baldwin and the Dominion Prime Ministers and their Cabinets reflected the overwhelming public opinion of the British Commonwealth in insisting firmly that no such marriage could be tolerated while the King remained on the throne.

But while that issue has been decisively settled, and while there are clear signs everywhere of relief that the decencies of family life are to be respected without exacting any special concession, it would be extremely foolish to imagine that the forces which opposed Mr. Baldwin in the first days of the crisis will acquiesce in their defeat. Two issues have been raised which are certain to arise in an acute form in the coming years. Firstly, the agitation for easier divorce which had gained a remarkable victory in the House of Commons a few weeks before the crisis broke will undoubtedly arise again. And, secondly, the success of the Established Church in its active support of Mr. Baldwin has

provoked an anti-clerical opposition which is likely to become much more determined than it has been hitherto. For the time being, public opinion has decided very effectively that the strict tradition of family life must be upheld in regard to the monarchy. But the reaction is sure to follow quickly when Mr. A. P. Herbert's Divorce Bill comes up for further consideration in Parliament; and, when that happens, all the anti-clerical forces in the country will inevitably unite in a campaign which has had no parallel in modern times.

In that prospect, how is the Catholic Church likely to fare both in Great Britain and in the Dominions? The chief spokesmen of the Catholic Church in connexion with the King's abdication have made their position quite clear. Archbishop Hinsley at once ordered public prayers "that God's law may prevail"—which was as near as circumstances permitted to expressing absolute disapproval of the proposed marriage even if it were morganatic. In Australia, Archbishop Mannix declared at once that the Catholic Church disapproves of divorce today just as it disapproved in the days of Henry VIII; and when the abdication was announced, he declared that public opinion had shown that it regarded divorce as being "not respectable". The Church of England's leaders were more reticent. Even after the abdication the Archbishop of Canterbury's public rebukes to the departed King were on the grounds that he had abandoned a sacred trust given to him by God, and that he had succumbed to the temptations of a social group whose manners were "alien" to English tradition. Even the Bishop of Bradford, who at least showed the courage to express his disapproval while the King was still on the throne, protested immediately that his rebuke was not concerned with the King's private life but with his failure to take part in the religious services of the Established Church.

This difference in the attitude of the two Churches is of great importance in any estimate of how matters actually stand. Has public opinion in fact decided—at any rate in England—that divorce is "not a respectable

thing"? When Mr. Herbert's Divorce Bill comes before the House of Commons for its second reading, will the general Press retract the widespread approval which greeted its successful first reading in November? And if it does not retract, but renews the support which it so recently gave to the Bill, will there be a general reaction of sympathy towards King Edward in his desire to marry Mrs. Simpson? If divorce is to be regarded as not only respectable, but a right which has been too long denied to many people who desire it, then what are the grounds upon which the King was forced to abdicate? Was it in truth the case that the King is by the accident of being heir to the Throne, not only obliged to devote his life to unceasing public service, but obliged also to accept standards of private morality which are not required of his subjects?

These questions will be widely asked in the near future, and it is very necessary to consider what support the Catholic Church is likely to receive in its attitude towards them. It may well be that the recent crisis will have compelled the Church of England to assert itself more courageously in regard to divorce. The majority of its bishops, and in all probability the majority of its clergy, are prepared to insist firmly upon their refusal to re-marry divorced persons. But the law is already against them, and in such refusal they are actually refusing to obey the law. If Parliament is going to extend the facilities for divorce in the near future, it will be surprising if the advocates of easier divorce do not raise the question in a more direct form than hitherto. A campaign for the disestablishment of the Church of England may yet be one outcome of the recent crisis. Both the Rothermere and the Beaverbrook groups of newspapers have already revealed their open hostility to the Established Church in connexion with the recent crisis: and both the *Daily Herald* and the *News Chronicle*, with their immense following among the nonconformists and those of the younger generation who have no religion of any kind, must be expected to share the same attitude towards it.

If these general indications are reliable, it would

seem that, at any rate in the national Press, very little support can still be expected for opposition to easier divorce. Even the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Sunday Times*—and they are only the most influential organs in a huge group of provincial and other newspapers controlled by Lord Camrose—had welcomed the new Divorce Bill as long overdue. The House of Lords has twice passed a similar Bill under the inspiration of Lord Buckmaster and Lord Birkenhead and their friends, and it is unlikely to provide a majority against the Bill which is now before the House of Commons. The Catholic Church alone, as a united body, opposes divorce absolutely, but there has never been a time when the Catholic laity was so lacking in leadership. The Church of England generally deplores easier divorce, but it is paralysed by internal dissensions, even among its bishops, and in face of any determined campaign it is most unlikely to present a resolute and united resistance.

Yet the situation is not without hope. The proposed marriage to Mrs. Simpson was so extreme a case that even the most sentimental champions of divorce must have found it hard to condone. The lady was not even yet fully divorced from her second husband, and is still legally married to him under English law. They had both been guests of the King together within the past twelve months, and to all appearances there was no serious reason why their marriage should not have continued if King Edward had not wished to marry the lady himself. To carry special legislation in order to facilitate such a marriage, when the divorce was not yet made absolute, would have given an example of utter disregard for marriage ties such as few propagandists for divorce have ever advocated. The proposal was never freely discussed in public during the crisis, because discussion would have given rise to extremely bitter comment. But while *The Times* and other influential organs were denouncing the proposal on constitutional grounds, the *News of the World* did at least say quite frankly in a leading article that the King was only being asked to control his emotions in duty to those dependent on him, in the same way that thousands of other men

and women are required to exercise self-control for the sakes of their families. Among the working class particularly this aspect of the question appears to have produced a profound sense of resentment, and it is quite possible that reaction against the imminent Divorce Bill has spread so widely that opposition will be much stronger than it would otherwise have been.

Yet it must be assumed that the main burden of resistance to the agitation for easier divorce will fall upon the Catholic Church. The struggle, when it comes, may indeed result in a large accession of sympathy to the Church as the only religious body which persists in uncompromising opposition to the relaxation of traditional morals. A hundred years ago that prospect would have been very different to what it is today. The Catholics of England were still "emerging from the catacombs" and still painfully afraid of asserting themselves openly, even in defence of their own position and rights. They had only enjoyed for a few years the right to sit in Parliament, and they were anxious above all to show that they differed very little from the mass of other Englishmen among whom they had lived as a secluded and almost ostracized minority. In ecclesiastical organization they still had only four bishops, who were still known as vicars apostolic for the districts into which England was divided. Today there are four metropolitan archbishops, with fourteen suffragan bishops, excluding auxiliary bishops; and the number of clergy has risen from some 530 to over five thousand. In public life the laity have shown an extraordinary disinclination to enter Parliament, and the number of Catholics in both Houses is actually smaller in proportion to the total Catholic population than it was a century ago. But throughout the country, and particularly in those centres where the Catholics are still chiefly concentrated—in the industrial cities and shipping centres, especially in Lancashire and Tyneside and London and South Wales and the Clyde—Catholic opinion is today one of the vital factors in the national life. And around that nucleus the resistance to demoralizing legislation in the future may harden with surprising force.

Still more important has been the extraordinary growth of the Catholic Church in the British Empire during the past hundred years. Australia was still described vaguely as New Holland, with only a few missionary priests, while New Zealand was virtually unknown, and vast territories in Africa which now contain large Catholic populations were still unexplored. Today Australia has six archbishops and fifteen bishops; New Zealand has three bishops under a metropolitan archbishop at Wellington; Canada has twelve archbishops and twenty-eight bishops in twelve provinces; and in Africa there are two bishops and sixty-two vicars or prefects apostolic. In all these countries, even more than in Great Britain, Catholic opinion and Catholic tradition have become a factor of real and always increasing importance. That influence has undoubtedly played a considerable part in the recent Royal crisis, when the Dominions each had to express their opinion concerning the proposal to pass a Morganatic Marriage Bill. In two of the Dominions—Australia and the Irish Free State—the present Prime Ministers (Mr. J. A. Lyons and Mr. de Valera) are conspicuous and fervent Catholics. In Canada there are at least six Catholic Ministers in the Federal Cabinet, and in the province of Quebec alone the proposal would have provoked an overwhelming hostility which would have wrecked all loyalty or respect towards the Throne.

It is easy for Catholics to exaggerate the importance of such facts and to assume too confidently that their united strength will exercise a decisive influence on any subject which concerns them deeply. But it is undeniable that in the recent crisis their numbers and their collective influence, especially in the Dominions, have counted for a great deal in encouraging the respective Cabinets to stand firmly in defence of Christian traditions. Again and again in the past hundred years earnest men in the Established Church of England have looked with gratitude to the growth of the Catholic Church as a powerful ally in resisting the decay of Christian faith and the gradual disintegration of Christian morals. The need for such co-operation may become greater than

ever in the near future. If the Anglican Church fails to assert its professed beliefs courageously, especially if it is threatened with disestablishment, the responsibility and the burden of the struggle will fall very largely upon the Catholic body. It is at least a cause for profound thankfulness that the Crown has become once again a symbol of Christian family life and of Christian worship, after an interlude which had threatened to undermine and even to challenge so much that is not only sacred but indispensable if the Christian tradition is to remain paramount and intact throughout the British Empire.

In the weeks which have passed since the abdication the prospect of a conflict between Church and State has certainly not receded. The Archbishop of Canterbury's comments in his broadcast on the accession of the new King have led to protests in various quarters, which revealed an angry sense of grievance against the Church of England. The subsequent denunciation by the Archbishop of York, in much more outspoken terms, has been followed by the telegram from Mr. Lloyd George to the Duke of Windsor at Christmas, deploring the "stupid and shabby treatment he had received", and expressing resentment at the "mean and cowardly attacks" since his abdication. In the meantime Mr. Herbert's Divorce Bill awaits its later stages in the House of Commons, and it will be surprising if the debates concerning it are not characterized by a strongly anti-clerical note. Catholic representation in Parliament has seldom been so inadequate as it is at the present time. It is much to be hoped that the Catholic representatives will show more activity than they have shown in the past year in defending principles which the Established Church, with its wavering record, is now obliged to uphold.

DENIS GWYNN.

SPAIN'S TWO REPUBLICS

Before us lie the diverse possibilities of being, but behind us lies what we have been. And what we have been acts negatively on what we can be. Time does not recur because man cannot go back to being what he has been.

ORTEGA Y GASSET, *History as a System*.

THE Spanish Republic is dead. Long live the Republic! It came in a bloodless revolution, on which many fair hopes were founded. It has gone in a welter of bloodshed and a fury of mutual recriminations. In due course history will set it in perspective. The post-mortem, however, need not wait on time and has its present urgency. The causes of such lamented decease, if discoverable, may at the least point a lesson in political strategy. They may further provide a demonstration where such is sorely needed of the relativity of the science of government. Politics as an art has had its innings in Spain.

Political liberty is a heady wine to those who over centuries have never tasted it, and some measure of intoxication has persisted in Spain ever since, in 1812, the famous Cortes of Cadiz set out to re-create heaven and earth. One consequence is that Spanish political history in the nineteenth century is a tale of such busyness in the devising and revising of constitutions that little time was left to think of applying them. There were new constitutions in 1812, in 1837, in 1845, in 1852, in 1855, in 1869, in 1876, and the end is not yet. Differing in detail, they were alike in the implication that to promulgate a law sufficed for its enforcement. With the like differences in detail, the underlying resemblances in the rise, course, and fall of Spain's two essays in republicanism must seem to the curious one of the most striking parallelisms in history. It may serve as touchstone for the words, written in 1935 by a distinguished philosopher who has been acclaimed the "oracle" of the Second Republic, which are quoted at the head of this article.

Both sprang less from any large-scale conversion of the

electorate than from the work and disproportionate political influence, in a largely illiterate country, of a small group of intellectuals. Many of these, in 1873 as now, were university professors who in the Spanish tradition combined teaching with journalism and politics. One such, professor of history in Madrid, wrote in 1865 an article, "El Rasgo" (the gesture), which has gone down to history as the most famous in Spanish journalism. Stigmatizing as a crime against the people the Queen's attempt to recapture a waning popularity by selling part of the royal patrimony against a budget deficit, it provoked riots in the capital and the fall of the government. Its author was Castelar, shortly to become premier and be acclaimed the "oracle" of the First Republic. In 1868 Isabel abdicated. There remained sufficient respect for the monarchy as an institution to explain that despairing search for a non-Bourbon successor—"Finding a democratic king on earth is like looking for an atheist in heaven", declared Prim—that was to cause Queen Victoria such deep misgivings and incidentally to provoke the Franco-Prussian War. But acceptance by Amadeo of Savoy in 1871 merely postponed the inevitable, and two years later it came. On February 11, 1873, Amadeo resigned. "The first king to go on strike", Engels called him. At last the people possessed its much-vaunted sovereignty. The great experiment, the First Republic, had begun.

It too began with a bloodless revolution, but as in 1931 the happy omen was to be falsified straightway by events. Like that of 1931, again, it came in unconstitutionally, being proclaimed at a joint session of Senate and Congress when such was declared illegal in the constitution of four years earlier. In times of national crisis the stickler for form is not necessarily the best patriot, but the detail had its immediate repercussions then and is of interest now when the claim of the Left to be the "legally constituted government" is being so hotly contested by the Right. For the country at large took its cue from the infringement, and rebellious provinces proved quick to challenge the authority of Madrid.

There were other handicaps. The Cortes that sponsored the Republic had been elected under a monarchy, and the Radicals among its members, outnumbering the Republicans by almost three to one, acquiesced in the change less from conviction than from bewilderment. The need for their acquiescence was recognized in the new Cabinet, in which they held five portfolios out of nine; but the incompatibilities were fundamental and within a fortnight the government had disrupted. That a revolution may not be entrusted to a party still conservative at heart was immediately obvious. What was not perceived was the possibility that this unreadiness for the revolution in the Cortes might prove to hold equally in the nation at large. In moments of generous enthusiasm one makes sweeping assumptions.

Among the Republicans themselves, further, there was lack of agreement. Their leaders—Figueras, Castelar, Pi y Margall, Salmerón, Orense—were as noble a band of idealists as Spain had known, all thirsting for social justice, all of unquestioned integrity, but all new to government responsibility and to the implications in practice of their theories. Decentralization was their starting-point, as it was to be in 1931. When things go wrong in Spain the centralized State has ever been the whipping-boy. Much can be said against it, yet the achievement of national unity at the close of the fifteenth century is the clearest possible dividing line between mediaeval and modern Spain, the starting-point of her greatness, and it is largely on the attempt to disrupt that unity that both Republics have foundered. But while some—Figueras, Castelar, Salmerón—understood by federalism local autonomy as the basis of a greater national unity, others, led by the Catalan Pi y Margall, reverted to Rousseau's doctrine of the social contract and demanded a confederation of independent cantons owning central authority at most in international affairs.

The few unitarians proper, with whom the Radicals were later to range themselves, were as voices crying in the wilderness when they dared to query the capacity

of the people for the change. Yet already in 1869 they had foretold accurately the fate awaiting the confederal experiment: anarchy, dismemberment, and ultimately "what would be the greatest and most disastrous dishonour of all, the restoration of the Bourbons". The following words, written in that year by García Ruiz, ring equally true today: "Our moral state rejects the federal form of government because we lack the customs which in other countries make one conform to the laws or better them. . . . There is not the tolerance which we ought to have, and which will exist with us in time, to be mutually long-suffering with our defects and to accommodate ourselves to the weaknesses and faults of others."

There was cleavage equally between socialists and individualists. Castelar was opposed to socialism no less than to the monarchy. "The word socialism signifies nothing more than distrust of the means and processes of liberty", he wrote, denouncing its "secular pretension to violate liberty and to be a formula superior to democracy." To Pi y Margall on the other hand the conquest by the working classes of their political rights was a pre-essential to any conquest of social rights, and took precedence over the claims of other sections of the community. An agreement for tactical purposes was achieved over a vague formula enshrining "the principle of the human personality", but accession to power soon revealed the rift beneath.

The root cause of the subsequent troubles was simple enough. The ideal in a democratic régime is government of the nation by a party in the interests of the nation. The reality in Spain had always been government of the nation by a party in the interests of the party. One remembers the contention of Isabel's ministers against Castelar: that as a Democrat, a brand of Spaniard they did not choose to recognize, he had no legal existence. It followed that in half a century of "democracy", during which opposition in despair had constantly been driven, as we have seen it still driven today, to subversion, scant progress had been made in inculcating the civic virtues. When therefore Castelar and his fellow leaders declared

that the Republic would offer complete freedom of political opinion and equal liberty for all, the detail escaped notice that such liberty must keep within the law.

One goal of Republican policy, for example, had always been to put the Army in its place, outside the sphere of politics, and the abolition of conscription had been promised as a means to this end. The Army now acted on the promise without more ado, whole companies returned to their homes, and all sense of discipline disappeared. The net result was that the Republic lost its only means of enforcing authority, and the restoration of military discipline became one more major problem. The Army, in the upshot, survived: the Republic it was that died. The Second Republic was to vary the prescription, reducing by half the number of officers; but it brought the problem no nearer solution, and a second time Army initiative has administered the *coup de grâce*. "No great revolution has happened, or can happen," wrote Lenin, "without the disorganization of the Army." The phrase, however, needs its gloss. The First Republic, faced with the subversion of the armed forces, was not yet prepared to relate this to the social revolution; while the Popular Front of 1936, for all its subservience to Moscow, unaccountably overlooked such a basic article of dogma, or the Civil War need never have happened. But Republican strategy in Spain is slow to learn.

Meanwhile, what time the Assembly of 1873 deliberated heatedly on what it should do with its Republic, the nation acted. Barcelona, that in 1931 was to anticipate Madrid by hours in its declaration of a Catalan Republic, and that ever since July 19 last has kept one eye very much on the main chance, was with difficulty dissuaded from proclaiming its sovereignty forthwith. Cadiz, Seville, and other towns of the south-east declared themselves independent cantons. Malaga indulged in the orgy of attacks on churches and monasteries it has so often repeated of late. Throughout the country, organizations known ironically as "Committees of Public Safety", often instigated and led by deputies from the Cortes, commandeered supplies of arms and ammunition,

drove out government officials, and acted with complete local independence. The collection of taxes was at a standstill. So was education. "In my province," said a deputy from Jaén, "and I think it is true of others, teachers are literally dying of hunger, while the schools are an arid desert." In the north, where the second Carlist war had been smouldering since 1869, the Carlists now saw their opportunity. The Pretender held the Basque provinces, part of Aragon, and northern Catalonia. Soon he was to capture Estella, set up a Court there, and rule Spain as far south as the Ebro. Greater daring and better tactics might well have made him master of the whole country, for the government had from the beginning lacked authority and no longer knew whom it might trust.

In due course elections to Constituent Cortes were held. Radicals and the majority of Royalists declined to participate. As in 1931, therefore, the Republic was now officially launched with an overwhelmingly Republican Cortes that could not claim to represent the nation at large, and with the same lack of perception it proceeded to ignore the fact and to invite the boomerang. Pi y Margall indeed warned the Cortes as premier: "You understand what electoral abstention signifies in Spain: first, conspiracy; later, war." His words went unheeded. Again, too, as in 1931—and as always—the Cortes straightway gave proof of that individualism of the Spaniard in politics which brings the best-laid policies to naught. The party split into a Right (Castelar), a Left (Orense), and a Centre wing (Pi y Margall and Salmerón). Castelar remarked, and the remark holds good for any given moment in Spanish politics: "The Right sees in each member of the Left a demagogue, and the Left sees in each member of the Right a traitor." Personalities, in a word, took precedence over arguments.

Against Castelar's summary of the situation within and without the Cortes, "minds agitated, passions exalted, parties dissolved, administration disorganized, the Treasury exhausted, the Army distrusted, the Civil War gaining way rapidly, and credit swiftly declining",

it was scant offset to note that some at least of this was an inheritance and to repeat that the advent of the Republic had not cost a drop of blood. Blood was to pour soon enough. Castelar, Salmerón, and Figueras alike refused to collaborate with Pi y Margall. Figueras, who had long led the party in opposition, left the country already disillusioned. The ministry that Pi y Margall eventually formed seemed even to him to represent chiefly "greed of authority and aspirations to power" in political upstarts. In vain did the premier announce his programme, separation of Church and State, free and compulsory education, mixed juries for labour disputes, safeguards for children in industry, universal male suffrage over twenty-one. The Cortes could only agree to differ, even on procedure, and their proceedings awakened no respect without, where impatience of the promised millenium was threatening violence on every hand. Troops had to be placed about the very Parliament buildings.

Within four months Spain as a nation had virtually ceased to be. On July 12 the strangest scene of the many the Republic provided was seen in Cartagena, where, from the watch-tower overlooking the harbour, in which lay at anchor a large part of the Spanish fleet, there flew the flag of Turkey, a white crescent on a red field, this being the nearest approach to a red flag available. The garrison had been suborned, its fortresses seized, the men-of-war impounded—and this by a junta consisting of a tobacconist, a silversmith, a clerk, a café proprietor, a packer, and a carpenter, who now pontifically branded the government in Madrid as traitors. The government, in its impotence, invited foreign powers to help it recapture its fleet. Similar happenings up and down the country likewise professed to be interpreting the essence of republicanism. "No such spectacle of moral and political disorder has, we think, been witnessed since the fall of the Roman Empire", observed a London journal, and the powers of Europe steadily refused recognition. "If the government of the Republic is not recognized in Malaga," said a diplomat to Castelar, "how do you expect St. Petersburg to

recognize it?" The question might often have been asked during the Left biennium of 1931-3; it would epitomize the five months' nominal rule of the Popular Front government of 1936.

Pi y Margall had already confessed defeat by asking for dictatorial powers. "In order to be Republican one must be absolutist", a deputy declared with ironic truth. "Suppress the press, restore the Inquisition, bring back the gag." It is the comment of many a detached observer on the whole course of the Second Republic, that was to prove more dictatorial in all but name than the Dictatorship. It too sought early for dictatorial powers in the notorious "Law for the Defence of the Republic" that was to ride roughshod over the constitution of 1931 and actually anticipated the ratification of this by six weeks.

After Cartagena, Pi y Margall fell. In five months the Republic had had five ministries. Its leaders had been philosophers and idealists who, like Castelar, were now publicly recanting—as Ortega y Gasset, Unamuno, Madariaga, and others among the founders of the Second Republic were to recant—many of their convictions on human nature and political theory. Salmerón, who followed, was too a professor and a philosopher, but he had no illusions concerning democracy and announced to the Cortes his resolve to pursue inexorably all who broke the law, beginning with the Republicans. In reducing all the cantons save Cartagena he was soon to demonstrate that disorder had thriven more than on anything else on lack of resolve in Madrid. But Madrid continued to discuss and to bungle. In an age and a country of constitution-making the Republic ran its entire course without a constitution of any kind, although two drafts were submitted. Even the initial question of the federal unit, whether ancient kingdom or recent province, was never disposed of.

Castelar was forced farther and farther to the Right. "We Republicans have many prophets, few politicians; we know much of the ideal, little of experience; we embrace the entire heaven of thought, and stumble over the first hole in the road." For though confronted with

the disastrous implications of their theories in the provinces, few of the Left had the honesty or the perspicacity to recognize that the imposition of discipline was not only not inimical to social progress but the only guarantee against the collapse of the Republic. It is a difficult lesson for the Spaniard that extremism is best countered by moderation; yet until that lesson, among others, has been learnt the nation will not have given proof of its capacity for self-government. In this the tale of Left activities after the elections of February last bears a disquieting resemblance to that of the cantons of 1873. More reading of Spanish history and less of Russian propaganda would have prepared its leaders for the consequences of July.

The Left duly protested, as it protests now, that responsibility for the anarchy abroad throughout Spain was not theirs but the Right's, that had failed to introduce reform in time. Facts supplied, and supply, the answer. The Left in and out of Cortes was preaching disrespect for constitutionalism at a time when all the evidence indicted the Spanish people as still unripe for responsibility. Only ignorance can confuse licence with liberty, and only demagoguery can uphold that confusion. From ignorance and from demagoguery Castelar now prayed to be delivered. The extent to which chaos in the country dominated the Cortes to the exclusion of positive legislation may be seen in the prominence accorded over these months to the question of the death penalty. Abolished within the first few days of the Republic, as again in 1931, its reimposition became an issue on which Cabinets fell, as Cabinets were to fall again in 1935. Salmerón now resigned the premiership rather than enforce it, although he admitted its urgency. Castelar, succeeding, scorned such weakness. He too asked for and obtained extraordinary powers. Discipline at any cost was the first point in his programme. "The Federal Republic is dead. Long live the Federal Republic!" commented the Left, and the Cortes adjourned in a spirit of bitterness and disillusionment that was to wait till the dissolution of 1933 for a parallel.

In wedding himself to a policy of making the Republic the government of all Spaniards for all Spaniards, Castelar was by now become public enemy number one to those, the majority in Cortes, who could still only conceive of a republic for Republicans. Their doctrinaire determination that social reform with the framework of legality should not work has a familiar ring today. It can be seen behind the events of October 1934; and the irony of the Popular Front's appeal today, when overtaken by Nemesis, for world sympathy in the guise of a bulwark of democratic government, is lost only on itself.

In the Centre-Left coalition that faced the government when Cortes reassembled in January 1874, Castelar met his Popular Front. Many of his former allies among the intellectuals, including Pi y Margall and Salmerón, sided with the demagogues to give a joint demonstration of political irresponsibility. "What have these philosophers divorced from reality to offer?" asked Castelar. "To destroy a government is easy. The difficulty is in replacing it. If the republic of my ideas and of my dreams could be realized, I assure you there would be few republics in the world more beautiful. I would make a republic in which all men would practise all the virtues." But in vain did he look for those "supreme civic virtues", the same invoked in the manifesto of the shadow Republican Cabinet of April 1931, "which in every cultured nation are respected by the foremost institutions of the State". Neither in 1873-4 nor now have those virtues materialized in Spain, and the foremost institutions of the State, beginning with government and Cortes, have often been foremost in belying them. "As I have to do now with reality," Castelar continued, "I abandon the republic of wit and poetry for the possible republic. I do not want to lose the Republic for Utopias." The vote of confidence was defeated, and the Republic was lost. While the opposition deliberated on tactics, Pavía, Captain-General of Madrid, took the initiative. Intimating to the deputies that the *pronunciamiento* had come back, he gave them five minutes to leave the

building. Within twelve months a Bourbon was again to be on the throne.

The nation accepted the coup without protest, even with relief, and the demagogues were left to reflect on the collapse overnight of their claim to have the people behind them. The warning concerning electoral abstention had come home. It has since come home anew. The Second Republic, as is well known, was proclaimed on the strength of a minority vote—and this for municipal, not parliamentary, elections—that presumed to reject those cast by “rural feudalism”. Again it was to be a republic not for Spaniards but for Republicans, to such an extent that abstention was often the only policy open to sentiment of the Right. Today “rural feudalism” is being avenged, and vast numbers of Spaniards are prepared not only to acquiesce as in 1874 in the disappearance of the Republic but to take up arms against it.

The initial fusion of Senate and Congress in 1873 has been seen to be responsible for much of the subsequent contempt for legality. It was doubly an error, for it removed the one check on the vagaries and the incompetence of the Cortes. While Spaniards remain Spaniards, democracy functioning through a single chamber in that country must always find the dice heavily weighted against it. Impetuosity, personal and party passion, careerism, the intoxication of rhetoric, distrust of technical skill, doctrinaire idealism, impatience with the slowness of political processes, these are racial characteristics that no mere purity of initial purpose will conjure away, and their sum total is stultification. In the draft constitution for the Second Republic, provision was made for a Senate elected on a more disinterested, more expert, and more lasting basis. The Constituent Cortes rejected it, and the consequences of that rejection have since been only too apparent. Between the First Republic, that never had a constitution, and the Second, that in the course of a single sparsely attended afternoon session was to dispose of two whole sections of the constitution of such tremendous importance as the organization of the

Cortes and the election and attributes of the President of the State, there is not much to choose.

Another mistake excusably committed in the storm and stress of the brief First Republic was to overlook the truism that the social structure has its bedrock in economics. Its repetition cannot be so excused in the Second, which after presenting a solitary budget in 1932 has since persisted in gross violation of the constitution by systematically running away from every consideration of sound finance. When at last, in 1935, a Finance Minister of the Right announced his intention of presenting an honest budget, his government was not allowed to survive long enough for him to do so. Grounds are in fact not lacking, particularly after the economic record of the Popular Front government of 1936, for thinking that the Civil War came just in time to stave off, by merging in the greater catastrophe, the disastrous repercussions of such wilful blindness.

The claim has been made of late that in Western socialism the Spanish party alone has proved capable of learning by experience. The comparison suggested in these pages must, we believe, cast doubt on that assertion. It makes the further conclusion inescapable that no party can well have learnt less over the last sixty years than Spanish republicanism as a whole. All the tactical errors of half a century ago have been repeated. At every turn the Second Republic has walked into traps, often of its own contriving, with its eyes shut. And any session of the Cortes will still show the Spaniard as the eternal amateur in politics. Meanwhile the government statement of November 7 last, that "it will sink the gold of the country to the bottom of the sea rather than let the insurgents have one gramme of it", gives the measure of Spanish patriotism in one direction. For, whichever side wins, they will still be Spaniards, and the life of Spain must go on.

The intimate tragedy of Spain at the moment is that this larger loyalty is doubtfully compatible with a Left whose heterogeneity finds, perhaps, its nearest approach to a bond of union in the principle of disunion. And the lesser loyalties are equally in question. Party govern-

ment becomes a travesty in a land where a party is no sooner formed than it disintegrates. The last elections were contested by no fewer than thirty-two political groupings; while the Popular Front is notoriously only a front so long as it must face a common enemy. Where Spain's problems, education, agriculture, industry, call not only for an essentially unitary solution but for a stable policy over long periods, the Second Republic has had eleven premiers and some eighty Cabinet ministers in five years—and the first concern of a new government has generally been to undo the work of its predecessor. There is gain in the fact that it has taken five years, instead of eight months, to work up to its present frustration; but it is in the impossibility of viewing this as other than the inevitable climax of those five years that the student and lover of Spain finds deepest cause for despair.

The Second Republic has written its own epitaph. From the intimate kinship this bears to that of the First there springs the fear that even more may prove to have been at stake than the democratic Republic; that the bells may be tolling too for republicanism—and for democracy.

WILLIAM C. ATKINSON.

THE FUTURE IN PALESTINE

FOR the moment the situation in Palestine is described, officially and extremely optimistically, as calm. It is, so far as the outer world is concerned ; the censorship sees to that most effectively. But if ever the old cliché about still waters running deep had any justification, this alleged calmness of the Holy Land would serve to prove its truth. Never has there been a country where rival interests, jealous concerns, warring faiths, and divergent national policies have formed such a rip-tide of hatred and malevolence as they do beneath the apparently calm surface of Palestine today.

There are so many factors involved. To treat with them in detail would require more than one book, but they may be briefly outlined. Firstly, we may deal with the acute problems set up by the geographical position of Palestine, before we consider the further points raised by its political, economic and religious history. Palestine is the land bridge between the two continents of Asia and Africa. Its comparatively fertile crescent affords the only roadway between the southern shore of the Mediterranean, the lands of Asia Minor, and the peoples of the Far East. This, now, as during the long milleniums of its history, renders Palestine peculiarly susceptible to prevailing conditions in the world far beyond its own frontiers. But the dangers of armies' marching and countermarching across the routes that were used by the hordes of old may, for the moment, be considered remote, though there is always the growing strength of the Wahabite menace thundering at the doors, a blood-red tide of fanatical invasion that will some day spill across the borders of the Holy Land.

But, in a more direct way, the geographical position of Palestine is of the greatest importance. It is very really the cross-roads of the world. For aircraft plying between the West and East, from Europe to China, Japan, India, and Australasia, it is the most convenient and necessary landing-ground along the whole route. As though passing through a bottle-neck, most aircraft, in particular British ones, converge on Palestine before

spreading out again to their various destinations. After the long flight over the sea for aeroplanes bound east, or in preparation for it when flying west, the Holy Land is absolutely essential. To Britain it has become more than ever necessary with the signing of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty.

As a naval base in the Eastern Mediterranean, the port of Haifa will be of increasingly greater importance as the political situation set up by the attitude of Italy and the possible developments of the Spanish civil war reveal themselves. Oil, the most essential commodity of modern civilized existence, is shipped direct from Haifa to the empty storage-tanks in England, and the Mosul pipe-line, which reaches the sea under the feet of Mount Carmel, is already of vital importance to us. To our sea-borne trade the Suez Canal is the aorta of our national existence. Palestine must first be conquered before any foreign army could dominate the Canal Zone, and for that reason alone, even if there were no others, Britain must keep her grip upon the country. From the foregoing it should be clearly seen that, at all costs, we cannot—dare not—slacken our grasp upon the country we now hold. It is obvious to any thinking observer of events that we have no intention of so doing.

Thus far the geographical situation and the problem it sets up. But in the historical, racial, and religious mosaic of puzzles, the affair is infinitely more complicated. Stripped of all pretence and chicanery, what is the position of the Holy Land today? As everyone knows, we are the holders of a Mandate from the League of Nations (*a*) to set up a national home for the Jewish people, and (*b*) to educate the Palestinians in the ways of democratic government until the time comes when they are capable of standing alone. That is the theoretical outline of our mission in the country. Now let us translate that beautiful and quite inconsistent theory into plain and brutal fact.

In the first place, Great Britain herself formulated and drew up the Mandate; no other Power intervened in its composition. The terms of the Mandate are entirely our personal responsibility, and from the very

outset hypocrisy and political jugglery have done their utmost to obscure the issues. Apart from fine-spun juridical theories—which the first iron blast of reality dissolves, as it did in the Ethiopian tangle, or in the cases of Germany and Japan—the bare facts are that we conquered Palestine as part of our War effort. We took it by the sword, and neither at the Peace Conferences nor at any time, before or since, have we had any intention of resigning this most essential territory we then seized.

We played the game of Mandates and of educating the natives in Iraq, and then bowed ourselves out, patting ourselves on the back for our altruism. Really we had little choice. Iraq was not necessary to our Imperial schemes and strategy, it had become extremely expensive to garrison and administer, and we were well rid of an awkward liability, one that would have become increasingly more of a burden to us. We had to fight one series of operations in that country, operations that were really a war on quite a considerable scale, and it was certain that, with the passing of the years, we should have had more and more trouble. Therefore, very wisely, we left with all the grace we could. That we are eternally blackened as foresworn and callous traitors throughout the Near East is a matter that does not concern the people safe at home, who, in any case, never hear the opinions of other nations regarding themselves, and consequently are not affected when they cast their votes at parliamentary elections. The fact that hundreds of massacred Christians lie stark in their blood is not even mentioned in Britain. Those Assyrians died because they were the troops we employed to control the Arabs and Kurds, and when we evacuated we left our discharged servants to pay with their blood, and the blood of their women and children, for the magnificent loyalty and courage they had displayed in our cause. In fact, so callous are we to their fate that we have seen a Cabinet Minister standing recently in the House of Commons and saying, in effect, that we cannot really go on playing fairy godmother to folk who helped us so long ago. The Assyrians are no longer necessary to us—let us forget them. Nobody will hear

about them. Of course not; the dead have no voices, and the few who remain alive have no powerful nation to make awkward inquiries on their behalf.

Perhaps this may sound irrelevant to the issue discussed in this article. It is not so: it is merely another crushing example to the Arabs of Palestine of how little reliance they may place in our fair words and promises. The fate of the Assyrians is a matter of daily discussion in Arab circles of the Holy Land.

To resume—Palestine is a mandated territory in theory and administration. The Palestinians are people of no actual nationality. They are not British subjects, though they are given passports bearing the British Royal Coat, but they are carefully segregated from British citizens. To point the difference their passports have brown jackets instead of the blue covers of the document carried by citizens by birth or naturalization. In plain fact, putting aside all pretence, the Holy Land is a British Colony, administered under a form of Crown Colony government. The Executive Council is composed of British heads of departments, the ultimate authority is vested in the High Commissioner, the Palestinians have no hand or share in either their laws or even their taxes.

What are these people we have so conveniently labelled as Palestinians? What race of mankind do they represent? Briefly, there is no such thing as a Palestinian. He is a figment of the official imagination, a creature called into being by the Peace Treaties and some Orders in Council. Before the War the territory we now call Palestine was part of the Turkish province of Syria. The inhabitants were classed as Turkish citizens and most of them had some greater or lesser admixture of Arab blood. For lack of a better term let us call them Levantines—people who have running in their veins the blood of the dregs of Europe, Africa, and Asia. Arabs they did not call themselves; in fact the name "Arab" is a term of contempt amongst them, and is only used in their language when speaking of the nomadic Bedouin, the only true Arabs in the country. They are a direful mixture of every conquering race that has swept over

their country, result of a score of different racial strains grafted upon the aboriginal Phoenecian and Canaanitish stock. They have Egyptian, Hebrew, Hittite, Philistine, Babylonish, Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, Roman, Arab, Crusader, Mongol, and Turkish ancestors, a hotch-potch such as the world has seldom seen. Only recently, for the purposes of political manoeuvre, have they donned the guise of being Arabs; they might, with equal truth, have called themselves the Children of Alexander or the Heirs of Genghis Khan.

Britain must be given praise for one thing: she has welded this amazing tangle of races into a nation. It was done inadvertently, and it has proceeded in a manner that was never intended. The magical label "Palestinian" did it. The word was used in the first place in order to decide who, and who not, should have the right of being considered as worthy of receiving the protection of the British Empire. There were no Registers of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in pre-War Palestine; it had to be decided once for all who should have the privilege of being citizens of the new country. This was done arbitrarily by a series of Ordinances outlining the Immigration and Citizenship Laws.

This worked extremely badly for the people of Palestine, especially for the native Christians, who have always been great travellers. There are few Christian families who did not have some members in America or Europe working industriously to secure a modest fortune before returning to settle down in their own country. Nazareth, Bethlehem, Jaffa, and Jerusalem are full of fine stone houses built by these people with the money their industry had earned in foreign lands. Suddenly these emigrants found that, if they did not return and report in Palestine by a certain date, they would no longer be considered as Palestinians. To thousands, for financial and other reasons, this was impossible, and they were left in the position of being without a nationality. Some who had been born abroad, of Palestinian parents on both sides, came back to the country hoping to settle amongst their relations, only to find themselves sitting in prison awaiting deportation as aliens. Worse, they

saw that they could not return to the land of their fathers; whilst Europeans, mainly of the Jewish race, could stay as citizens because they had complied with formalities that the others had, most probably, never even suspected to exist. Here was further and grave cause for dissatisfaction.

But it is not the purpose of this present article to catalogue the grievances of the Palestinian Arabs; they are too numerous and too flagrant to be dealt with here. They are merely noted to indicate the background of affairs today and to show the atmosphere in which the Royal Commission is sitting.

The Arabs are genuinely afraid that they will be submerged by the flood-tide of Jewish immigration. How this has increased since Hitler came to power in Germany is sufficiently indicated by these figures :

Immigration of Jews for the period 1932-35

| | | | | | |
|------|---|---|---|---|--------|
| 1932 | . | . | . | . | 9,553 |
| 1933 | . | . | . | . | 30,327 |
| 1934 | . | . | . | . | 42,359 |
| 1935 | . | . | . | . | 61,854 |

It is small wonder that in this tiny Holy Land, hardly larger than the county of Yorkshire, with a population of just over a million, the Arabs have become very frightened of this sinister progression. The worst of it all is that we gave the Arabs an assurance, after the quelling of the 1929 rebellion, that Jewish immigration would be more strictly controlled in the future. To them the figures quoted above are just one more conclusive proof of our cynical breaking of promises. The other grievance, to which reference must be made in order to achieve a clear understanding of things as they are, is the vexed problem of the divergent promises which were made in the War years to Arabs and Jews alike, as well as to the terms of the Mandate. They cannot be better demonstrated than by quoting the documents themselves. The first is the MacMahon Letter, written by Sir Henry MacMahon, then High Commissioner in Egypt, to the Sherif Hussein, in reply

to his query as to what terms the Allies would grant him if he rose in rebellion against his suzerain, the Sultan of Turkey. The Sherif had replied to a former letter asking for a more particular definition of the territories which should become an Arab empire in the event of an Allied victory.

October 24th, 1915.

The districts of Mersina and Alexandretta, and portions lying to the west of the districts of Damascus, Hama, Homs, and Aleppo, cannot be said to be purely Arab, and should be excluded from the proposed limits and boundaries. With the above modifications, and without prejudice to our existing treaties with Arab chiefs, we accept these limits and boundaries, and in regard to those portions of the territories in which Great Britain is free to act without detriment to the interest of her ally France, I am empowered, in the name of the Government of Great Britain, to give the following assurances and make the following reply to your letter :

Subject to the above modifications, Great Britain is prepared to recognize and support the independence of the Arabs within the territories included in the limits and boundaries proposed by the Sherif of Mecca.

In fairness it must be said that many British officials, amongst them Mr. Winston Churchill, have always maintained that Palestine itself was excluded from the promise given to King Hussein, but the Arabs themselves, as well as the late King Hussein, believed at the time when they made their great effort in the War that the Holy Land was so included. After all, Jerusalem is the third most holy city in the eyes of Moslems, and they never intended that it should be allowed to be excluded from their projected empire.

Next in chronological sequence is the famous Balfour Declaration. This took the form of a letter to Lord Rothschild, and ran as follows :

Foreign Office.

November 2nd, 1917.

My dear Lord Rothschild,

I have much pleasure in conveying to you on behalf of His Majesty's Government the following declaration of sympathy

with the Jewish Zionist aspirations, which has been submitted to and approved by the Cabinet :

His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

I should be grateful if you would bring this declaration to the knowledge of the Zionist Federation.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

The Jews, then, without any knowledge of the MacMahon Letter, at least amongst their rank and file, leaped magnificently forward to the aiding of the Allied cause. They saw in it a plain promise that, if the Central Powers were defeated, their ancient homeland would be restored to them, that the Return of Israel, the cherished dream of near two thousand years of dispersion, would become an accomplished fact. In that certainty, relying in utter trust upon the sacredness of the pledged word of the British Government, they strained every nerve on our behalf. Since the ending of the War it has been easy to read other meanings into the Declaration, but the important thing is to remember in what sense it was accepted when we were begging for Jewish aid and support.

The third document is the Anglo-French Declaration of November 7, 1918, when the War in the Near East had just come to a triumphant close. The following paragraphs appear in the text :

Far from wishing to impose on the populations of these regions any particular institutions, they are only concerned to ensure, by their support and their adequate assistance, the regular working of Governments and administrations freely chosen by the peoples themselves . . . complete and definite emancipation of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks, and the establishment of national Governments and administrations, deriving their authority from the initiative and free choice of the indigenous population . . . Such is the policy which the two Allied Governments uphold in the liberated territories.

The great Arab armies raised by the Emir Feisal and Lawrence were still in existence, the Arab populations were in a state of excited and bewildered flux at the ending of the centuries-old tyranny of the Imperial Ottoman Court. They had to be reassured and brought to settle down quietly under the new order of things. Hence this Declaration.

From that time onwards Palestine has been the sport of callous politicians and sinister hidden interests. On January 12, 1919, Mr. Lloyd George, speaking at the Conference of Paris, in reply to the demand of the Emir Feisal that the promises made to his father, King Hussein, should now be implemented, asked that the agreement contained in the MacMahon Letter should be respected. Monsieur Picot, for France, replied that his country knew nothing of these arrangements made by Britain, and said that France must have the Mandate for Syria. He went on to say that his Government intended to ignore the Letter. All the world knows what happened. France received Syria; England, Palestine; and Italy, too weakened by her War efforts and by internecine dissatisfaction, was cheated out of her promised share of territory in Asia Minor. Feisal himself was, a little later, driven by French troops from his throne in Damascus. More and more were the Arabs becoming convinced that the old vaunt of an Englishman's word being his bond was a relic of ancient days and no longer held any vestige of truth.

It is the fashion, today, to belittle the part played by the Arab armies in our assistance. The fullest rebuttal of that suggestion was stated by Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister of Britain, in his speech before the Peace Conference wherein he said that King Hussein had put all his resources into the field, and had helped very materially towards gaining the final victory. The Arabs of Palestine remember that speech, and it is another count in their indictment of us.

So far this article may read like an accusation against the Zionists, and a support of the Arabs. It is meant to be no such thing. Jews have suffered even more than have the Arabs. They trusted us as fully, they helped

us to the limit of their resources. It is always very bitter when an expected benefit is suddenly withdrawn; how much more so, then, when a cup promising joy and fulfilment, of the impending realization of two thousand years of hopeless struggling for a great ideal, is dashed from the expectant lips! If pledges to the Arabs have been broken, they have been even more cynically disregarded in so far as the Jews are concerned. They have been obstructed in every way. Whatever concessions they have obtained have been wrung from an unwilling donor, and never would have been granted if they had not been forced.

The Arabs now make the very strong claim that their promise is the older, that it invalidates the later Balfour Declaration, and, as the Mandate itself is based on the latter, the Mandate itself is *ultra vires*. Unfortunately their claim, probably just enough in itself, is merely a juridical web-spinning; and beautiful though it may sound from a point of abstract law, than which there is no greater abstraction when there is no force to back it, the Arabs are in no position, at present, to enforce what may be their rights. Like all other dreams of word-spinning lawyers, bayonets and machine-guns are necessary to enforce respect. As has been said before, lawyers' visions are apt to go shrieking down the wind when the gale commences to blow.

The Jews, on the other hand, have an equally strong claim in fact, whatever it may be *de jure*. They *did* help us, they *did* suffer and die in our cause, because they believed in our pledged word. The villains of the piece are the politicians who have dragged Britain's name in the mire, so that, today, we are regarded in the Near East as the very Fount of Lies and the Source of Deceit. We have seen eighteen years of gallant efforts by the men on the spot to reconcile the irreconcilable, and it is no blame to them that they have failed. Not only is there this tangle of the conflicting original promises, there is the callous and cynical breaking of all the pledges we have given since. For instance, in 1927 Sir John Campbell was sent as Special Commissioner to Palestine to investigate the question of Jewish

immigration. Mistakenly, as the present writer believes, he came to the conclusion that immigration had been far in excess of the country's power of absorption. Consider now the figures quoted above. Between January 1919 and December 1928, 101,400 Jewish settlers arrived in Palestine and 2358 left, a total of 99,042. Yet, years after Sir John's report, between 1932 and the end of 1935, in four years only, another 144,093 Jews have been allowed to pour into what the British Government already believed to be an overcrowded land. In addition to these are the numbers who entered between 1928 and 1932.

The final blow to Arab faith in our promise-keeping arose over the White Paper Statement of Policy issued after Sir John Hope Simpson had been sent in 1930 to investigate Palestinian conditions. This gentleman was rightly described to the people of Palestine as the best possible person to carry on this inquisition and as such was warmly accepted by the Arabs. Part of his report ran as follows, and was joyfully acclaimed by the uneasy Arabs :

Any hasty decision in regard to more unrestricted Jewish immigration is to be strongly deprecated, not only from the point of view of the interests of the Palestine population as a whole, but even from the special point of view of the Jewish community.

The Statement of Policy went on to promise that the immigration quota should be greatly reduced, and that therefore the sale of Arab land to the Zionists would be automatically lessened with the slackening of the pressing tide of land-hungry settlers. Jews and Arabs would be able to live more peaceably together if the conditions became more equitable. What happened ? Dr. Chaim Weizmann promptly resigned his presidency of the Zionist organization and the Jewish agency, and sent a letter to the Secretary of State for the Colonies stating his well-founded reasons. Lord Melchett resigned from the joint chairmanship of the Political Committee. Mr. Felix Warburg vacated the chair of the Administrative Committee, and the Jewish National Council banned all idea of accepting a Legislative Council for Palestine.

The Jews, from their point of view quite correctly, refused to be made the scapegoat, because the British Government wished to solve its difficulties with the Arabs, by sacrificing them. The action of the Zionists is deserving of the deepest sympathy; they had fought and struggled to win the fulfilment of the pledge that Britain had given them; their leaders would have been traitors to their ancient race had they not taken the action they did. Once again the British Government was hoist by its own petard. The Jews were not going to submit tamely. A shameful truckling to circumstances immediately took place. In a long rambling letter dated May 13, 1931, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, then Premier of Great Britain, in replying to Dr. Weizmann, went back on the immigration restrictions that had been suggested in the White Paper and shamblingly—one might almost say, grovellingly—apologized for what were called misconceptions that had arisen. In any case the letter was accepted by the Zionist chiefs as a recantation of the Statement of Policy, and by the Arabs as merely one more instance of promise-breaking.

The religious position of the Holy Land is too well known to require anything more than a passing mention. It is a strong though, apparently, little-considered fact that this tiny country is the Holy Land of three great religions: to Jew, Moslem, and Christian alike, every stone and grain of sand is sacred. This has its natural effect in embittering the already venomous national and racial issues involved.

By now we have arrived at some idea of the problem that is facing the Royal Commission, and let us remember that the situation is all the more exacerbated by recent happenings. The Arabs are filled with silent resentment, not only against the Jews, but even more strongly against Britain. The Black-and-Tan methods of recent months have no more pacified them than the same tactics did in Ireland. Houses blotted off the map by military engineers using dynamite, men shot by patrols, patriots killed in encounters with the troops, concentration camps, and preventive arrest have not done anything to make the Arabs better disposed towards us. Ballykinlar and

Baldonnel did not earn us any affection from the Irish, and it is certain that Auja-el-Hafir and Sarafand-el-Amar have not succeeded any better.

The Jews, one of the other parties to the dispute, have no more cause to love us. We have not protected their men, women, and children from murder and rape, or their farmsteads from being burnt and their crops and animals from destruction. Far from keeping our original promise, we have not even given them security of life and property. They have no more reason to love us than have the Arabs. Jew may hate Arab, and Arab Jew, but both are united in their detestation of ourselves, and they certainly have some grounds for their distrust—not of the man on the spot, of the official and soldier, but of the politician in London who has made such a hopeless, dishonourable tangle as that with which we are now faced.

Now let us turn to the possible outcome of the Royal Commission, the future of this troubled, too-much-Promised Land.

There are four parties interested in the outcome: the Arabs of Palestine; the Jews; the British Government; the world at large, particularly the worlds of Islam and Christendom.

The question of the territorial aspirations of other Powers is also involved in certain contingencies. Now, what are the solutions which the Royal Commission may advise the British Government to apply? They seem to be:

(a) Cutting the knot with one fell blow, and withdrawing bag and baggage from Palestine.

(b) Wholehearted military and economic support of the Jews to the exclusion of all other interests.

(c) Denunciation of the Balfour Declaration, and support of the Arabs.

(d) The denunciation of all promises to Jew and Arab alike and the establishment of a Crown Colony.

(e) The handing-over of the Mandate as it stands to some other Power.

(f) The erection of a Federal State of Palestine with autonomous cantons for Jew and Arab, both responsible

to a central Federal Government, and the proclamation of a small Crown Colony, or restriction of the present Mandate to the area around Haifa.

(g) The proclamation of an autonomous Palestine Native Government and a rapid evacuation before the discordant elements start warfare between themselves.

These seven policies may be briefly considered on their merits, for it is quite impossible that the *status quo* can be safely continued.

Complete and unconditional evacuation.

This is not only highly undesirable, a point which might not greatly affect a government anxious to be rid of so troublesome a liability as the administration of the Holy Land, but is quite impossible. Our Imperial needs force us to keep some control over the hinterland of Haifa, even if such considerations as a world outcry against our abandonment of the Holy Places and of helpless minorities did not greatly weigh with our politicians. It may, therefore, not be considered as at all probable that we shall scuttle from Palestine.

Support of the Jews to the exclusion of all others.

It would, at least, have the stark sincerity of the naked sword-blade. As we find it impossible to keep both of our clashing promises it might be thought better to keep one of them. Financially and influentially the Jewish race is of far greater importance than are the Arabs, and if we have to offend one it might be taken as a matter of cold consideration to cast off the weaker branch. Unfortunately—or rather, for our honour's sake, fortunately—there are 70,000,000 Moslems in India, and a vast horde of Arab warriors on the desert borders of Palestine, and they would never tolerate the loss of the Mosque of Omar, from whence they believe the Prophet ascended into heaven. Sheer decency in the British electorate would also throw the politicians inaugurating this policy into the scrap-heap, and they quakingly remember that the despised Democracy can still make its voice heard.

Denunciation of the Balfour Declaration, and support of the Arabs.

This, also, though as starkly honest as its preceding alternative, is impossible for the same reasons. The Jews are too powerful to brook such a solution, and the average English voter would be just as indignant as over the former suggestion.

The Establishment of Palestine as a Crown Colony.

Perhaps the most logical solution: to keep by the sword what we have taken by it. This is, also, completely out of the question. Apart from its similarity to the conduct we have so much condemned in Italy's capture of Abyssinia, it would involve endless difficulties with France, which is now evacuating Syria after having found it too expensive to hold. The effect on Islam as a world force would be almost as disastrous as if we had followed the former idea of giving whole-hearted support to the Jews. We should give mortal offence to the New Turkey, and certainly offer a precedent for Italy and Germany in the annexation of convenient bases in the Mediterranean, especially if these bases were offered by a grateful nation newly emerged from a civil war. We could have had Palestine as a Crown Colony at the Peace Conference; we preferred the hypocrisy of a Mandate, and it is now too late to repair our pandering error.

Resignation of the Mandate to some other Power.

This is impossible for a variety of reasons. Apart from the matter of prestige, we could never allow another country to sit on the eastern bank of the Suez Canal, or within unopposed striking distance of it. The oil pipe-line from Mosul, with its supplies of fuel for our fighting forces and mercantile marine, is, perhaps, an equally cogent reason.

The proclamation of an autonomous, independent Palestine.

This is merely a variant of the first suggestion offered, and, though we might conduct all the face-saving antics that were necessary, it would not be long before the internal situation of the country would force us to return,

under the terms which we should have to embody in our strutting grant of independence, or allow some other Power, probably Italy, to intervene on account of the peril to her own nationals resident in Palestine.

The cantonization of Palestine.

This would appear to be the only wise course to pursue and would embody most of the advantages of all the other schemes. A certain amount of independence, theoretically complete, actually much restricted, would salve the wounds of the Arabs, whilst the fact that each canton would be autonomous would allow the Jews to develop as fast as they desired within their own borders. There is still much room for Jewish expansion, and, with intensive farming, perhaps another half-million Jews can be absorbed into the territory allotted to them. The fact that both Jews and Arabs would be compelled to work together on the Federal Administration should bring them into contact. The difficult "teething period" of the new State would be carefully watched by Great Britain from her colony or area to which the Mandate would now be restricted, the district around Haifa, from whence she could umpire the initial difficulties.

The advantages are numerous. Britain would have her Imperial needs fulfilled; she would have control of the pipe-line, a naval base, a landing-ground for aircraft, a fortress on the flank of any army attacking the Suez Canal, and a *point d'appui* to control any serious internal trouble in the new State or to repel invasion of the desert frontier by wild Bedouin tribes. At the same time she would be clear of a hopeless, dreary, dishonourable tangle which is dragging our good name in the dust of shame. The Arab intelligentsia, the only really dangerous element on their side, would be able to secure posts in their own Government, and thus in their own interests would be forced to maintain a peaceful situation in the country. The peasant Arabs would be satisfied that no more of their land could be sold to the Zionists, and would soon settle down.

The Jews, although not receiving all that they have a right to expect, would at least achieve peace and

security in their own canton, and be able to set up their own form of government, subject, of course, to the Federal Government, where they would have an equal voice with their Arab neighbours. For Jew and Arab there would be an absolute equality of rights. There would be no questions of downtrodden minorities. The one great objection, that the Jewish canton would go ahead so rapidly that it would leave its Arab sister far behind, is immaterial. Suppose that it did so, what then? Its development would be confined to its own area; the Arabs could either copy it or remain in the ways of their fathers. That would be a personal matter for themselves to decide. The one great danger, all appearance of a Jewish Palestine with an ever-shrinking Arab Reservation, would have to be rigorously avoided.

It is, admittedly, a compromise, but what other solution than compromise can be effected? The ancient problem of the immovable object and the irresistible force are child's play when compared to the conflicting interests of Jew and Arab. Some form of compromise has got to be found.

Now what will probably happen as the result of the findings of the Royal Commission? That none of these alternatives will be courageously faced and accepted is almost certain. We shall, quite probably, have another of the disgraceful exhibitions of which we have seen so much already. The Commission will probably make a great many most noble and sensible recommendations. It is conceivable that it will recommend a suspension of Jewish immigration, the abolition of the sale of Arab-owned land to the Zionists. Possibly it will urge the need for some form of Parliament and the participation of the Arabs in their own government to an extent that has never yet been accorded to them. Maybe some outward changes will be made in the present form of administration by which Palestinians will be appointed to the most senior posts. What then?

In all good faith, conscious of difficult work most capably and fairly done, the Royal Commission will take its leave of Palestine. There will be high-flown speeches

in Parliament, there will be grandiloquent promises and statements of policy. Politicians in London will congratulate themselves on having found a way out of the impasse. Everything will be roses, bunting, and sunshine. And behind it all, sombrely watching, with eyes narrowed by suspicion and disillusion, will be the Arab. He will expect the inevitable. He will see the gradual negating of all the promises so soundly made. There may be a short pause, and then Jewish immigration will slowly gather momentum again, more land will be sold to the newcomers, the same situation will arise again. Haj Tewfik Hammud, a noted Palestinian leader, said, when giving evidence before the Commission that sat after the 1929 rebellion, "Palestine is like a glass full of water, the water of her injustices. If you continue to pour in more water the glass will overflow." So it will be again. The Arabs will count, most probably, only another promise broken, another pledge betrayed. The Jews will have had further harm done to their most noble cause, and Britain will have one more smirch on the escutcheon that once was bright and speckless.

Once again we shall see an army, larger than that we sent to quell the Indian Mutiny, being dispatched to the Holy Land, and the whole dreary round commencing again. Sooner or later Palestine will bring a crowning disaster to European peace. Its significance is overshadowed by more startling events much nearer home, but the Powers who rule Moslem countries will some day be stirred to active interest in the unrest which our mishandling of the Holy Land is everywhere causing.

We are told that the Palestine disturbances are over. Does anyone in these islands realize the true position? That banditry, brigandage, and attacks on outlying farms and villages are just as frequent as ever they were? That, though the general strike may be called off for the moment and the streets of the cities are safe, the hills and plains are still places of lurking terror? The calling-off of the general strike saved the faces of our politicians. It came in time to prevent the application of the full rigours of martial law and so to open a festering wound upon our Imperial body to the gaze, not only of

foreign nations—they know all about it already—but, to the politician's own bogey, the ordinary decent man and woman of Britain, whose collective might sways the one thing these gentlemen dread, the ballot-box.

Jew and Arab, both are in the right. So are the gallant fair-dealing officials and soldiers on the spot. The villain is the professional politician who controls the Press censor and refuses the blinkered, haltered, decency-loving British public knowledge of the facts. Is it too much to hope that one day they will realize it, and save what every man of us holds dear, the shrines where Our Lord worked out the great Mystery of Redemption, from the fate that yawns for them? Nothing is more certain than that, with a few more years wasted as we have scattered the past eighteen, we shall yet live to see Holy Sepulchre, the Stable, and Gethsemane prostrate in their own ashes, destroyed in the war of extermination that is coming in this Holy Land. Let us pray God that our so-called leaders will contrive to localize the conflict, and prevent it seething over into our own hearths and homes.

What form will this war take? How will it commence and proceed? It is not difficult to make an intelligent prophecy. As soon as it becomes apparent that the British Government, either from lack of courage or by desperately hoping for an ultimate solving of the insoluble (an attitude to which they are greatly attached, as witness, for instance, the continual postponements of the Non-intervention Committee meetings from week to week, in the despairing hope that one side in the Spanish civil war will win a crowning victory and so save them from an embarrassing situation), intends to jog along in the time-dishonoured way to which the Palestine problem has accustomed them, there is going to be serious trouble.

If the Arabs become convinced that they are not going to receive all their demands, they will repeat the tactics they have employed this year. Especially will this be so if they come to that decision between the beginning of April and the middle of September. It may be delayed if it should happen after the end of that

period. The most cogent reason for calling off the last general strike was the imminence of the orange season, a season likely to be more than ever profitable because of Spain's agony and the fact that tourists must be persuaded to visit Palestine during the cooler weather.

Next time the Palestinians will not stand alone. They will ensure that help is forthcoming from the fighting Bedouin tribes of Transjordan, that the wild Druze mountaineers and the warring tribes of Syria and the Lebanon are willing to come to their aid. If these prove to be insufficient, then the Arabs are willing, as a last desperate council of despair, to subscribe to the reform of Islam and to invite the hordes of well-armed, fanatically brave Wahabites from the Inner Desert to help them to fight a Holy War. The *Jihad* will again be a thing with which the West will have to reckon. Once before it smashed a Western domination of the Holy Land, when Saladin led his counter-Crusade against the Franks. It might succeed again. In any case, when the trouble reaches this proportion the whole of Islam will be directed against the West, as it has never been since the day in May 1291 when St. John of Acre fell to the Moslem warriors.

It is almost impossible to count the consequences of such a struggle. India with its tens of millions of pious Moslems must be considered. Imagine the outcry in the dominions of Spain, France, and Italy against Britain's oppression of the Palestine Arabs. To make any headway against the foe we should need an army like that once led by Allenby. To send two divisions to Palestine last year we had to call up our reservists; if the Arabs rise against us this year, it seems probable that some form of conscription will be necessary. What the effect of that would be upon the British electorate, if men are taken away to fight in such a shameful cause, is easier imagined than described. The reactions of other countries, many of whom bear us no good will, can also be foreseen. The breach in our defences by the absence of so many men in the Holy Land would offer a temptation to many land-hungry Powers with super-abundant populations crazy with longing for the chance

of expansion into lands where white colonial populations may be reared. To continue is to lay oneself open to the accusation of being an alarmist. A slight consideration of the sinister possibilities—ay, and probabilities—in the menace of the Palestine situation may convince the reader of the peril to which our shilly-shallying, opportunist, lying politicians and their feeble, mendacious, and treacherous policy, in administering justice between the different parties who have claims in the Holy Land, have exposed us.

There is one possible solution. One only: the cantonization of the Holy Land, the erection of a Federal State. It may not be perfect, it may even, in the course of years, prove a failure, but it will give us a breathing-space, it will serve in some measure to reassure both Arab and Jew, to restore a little confidence in Britain and show that we are really trying to make amends and to do our best. God send that we have the sense and courage to seize this opportunity, which must be our very last. The venerable shrines of Christendom stand, today, in as great a peril as they did in the days of Chosroes the Persian, or when the Mad Khalif, Hakim of Egypt, tried his impious best to blot them out for ever. Can we remain deaf to the mute pleadings of Holy Sepulchre, Bethlehem, Tabor, Gethsemane, and the banks of Galilee? Something has departed from our Western souls if we can stand weakly by and allow our sacred heritage to be betrayed.

DOUGLAS V. DUFF.

ROME AND ANTI-ROME

ON the publication of the Lateran Treaty, which closed the Roman Question, it was said that Rome would henceforth be a mere capital and that the role of *caput mundi* would devolve on the Vatican City. The quip expressed a certain vague feeling that Rome and the Vatican City were two different things, and might, under certain aspects, hold a latent antithesis. Henceforth Rome would no longer mean the Christian tradition, but, earthly and powerful, would be linked up with the idea of the classical empire; while all Christian significance would pass over to the Pope's new City-State.

The Liberal period, from the breach of Porta Pia onwards, had spoken of the Third Rome. The first Rome was republican and imperial, the second Christian and papal, the third Italian and Liberal. Even before the seizure of Rome, in common speech the Vatican meant the power and administration of the Church, while the civil power of the Pope-King was designated by the names of other palaces, Quirinal, Cancelleria, or Montecitorio, as the case might be. After 1870, Quirinal meant the royal power in Rome, the capital of Italy; Vatican the papal power, in Rome, over the Catholic Church. None the less, Rome was still indicated as the centre of the Catholic world, whether capital of Italy or not, and whether under ecclesiastical or secular government.

The political and juridical separation of the Vatican from Roman territory, to form a City-State *sui generis* giving the Pope a manifest form of territorial sovereignty in support of his inherent and inalienable independence, has brought a fresh impulse to restrict Rome to an earthly role. This impression is enhanced by the ambition, already apparent under the Liberal governments, to give a new, specific stamp to the architectural development of the city, by bringing into greater prominence the ancient ruins, forums, and basilicas, and by the empty, pretentious style of palaces and monuments, like that of Victor Emmanuel II, the Palace of Justice, the new Montecitorio, and others of less note. This ambition is still greater under the present govern-

ment, which seeks to mould Rome to an expression of its ideals of force and dominion. The bourgeois Rome of the Liberals is today put in the shade by Fascist Rome, imbued with imperial rhetoric.

In the tradition of ancient Rome, the superb buildings, the triumphal arches, stadiums, basilicas, gave the idea of the greatness and glory of world dominion. The Renaissance Popes did not escape this earthly stamp when they transformed Rome from the old, mediaeval city of towers, walls, and fortresses into the first modern city and the first museum of the world, when the new Basilica of St. Peter's might be said to symbolize worldly magnificence in the service of religion. Time has purged away the worldliness, and the ever-increasing devotion of the peoples has isolated St. Peter's from Rome, to make of it the symbol of faith, as tomb of the Apostle, taking precedence over the tradition of the Lateran, the Cathedral church of Rome. Michelangelo's dome towers not over Rome, but over the world, a symbol of the catholicity of the Church.

The detachment of the Vatican, first from the Papal States (originally "St. Peter's Patrimony"), then from Rome itself (an increasingly populous and exacting city become the capital of a great kingdom), must, in the design of Providence, mark the beginning of a new era, in which the support of wealth and power to the Papacy is reduced to a minimum, its territory, once a reality, has become symbolic, its earthly kingdom purely juridical. At the same time, the spiritual power, from the definition of Papal Infallibility onwards, has increased in intensity and extension, both in the consciousness of the whole world and in the mystical reality of the visible Church.

In the thought of the Fathers, as in the Christian tradition, Rome was prepared by Providence to become the centre of the Church and to pave the way, by the political unification of the known world, for the preaching of the Gospel: a lower mission, from the spiritual standpoint, than that of the Jews; a higher one from the earthly standpoint. It is true that religion, as man's communion with God, can exist without specific earthly aids (*sed venit*

bora, et nunc est, quando veri adoratores adorabunt Patrem in spiritu et veritate), but it is also true that the Temple of Jerusalem was for centuries the symbol and centre of monotheism, drawing to itself peoples and nations in preparation for the Messiah.

The earthly supports of religion vary with time and space, as the manners of thought, clothing, and social life, as the facts of the historical process vary and the modes of God's communication to men. But, whether it be the Cave at Bethlehem, or Solomon's Porch, or the Cenacle or Calvary or the Mount of Olives, it was needful that Jesus should manifest Himself and speak and die and rise again and ascend to heaven in the forms of temporal life, in a given historical setting, in a given manner, striking the senses and the imagination, so as to reach the mind and the heart.

God could have chosen another time, other centres, other peoples, for the epiphany of His Son Jesus and for the propagation of the Gospel. Who was ever His counsellor? Jerusalem and Rome were chosen; can it be denied that they were prepared, even historically, for so lofty a mission? Can it be doubted that they fulfilled this function, willing or unwilling, doing good and doing evil, crying hosannah and crucifying Jesus, putting Peter and Paul to death and exalting Sylvester or Leo, now driving out the Popes, now receiving them with joy and honour?

History, regarded from the human standpoint, is the resultant of free and voluntary acts, conditioned by physical, historical, and social factors which they presuppose, and conditioning in their turn the free and voluntary acts that will ensue. A mixture of free and conditioned, of individual and social, in a continuous process—so we see history. But from the providential standpoint, beneath this human ant-heap, enclosed in its cycle of conditioning factors and volitions, of thoughts and acts, are hidden higher ends, whether known or not, which reveal themselves, in their objective ripeness and in our subjective ripeness to perceive them, as willed by God. Then history becomes streaked with rays of light, which make plain the mysteries hidden within it, and

which, by contrast, seem to cast a more impenetrable darkness over other mysteries left in the shadow till the day, to us unknown, when they will be made clear.

When it was understood that Rome, over and above her earthly glory, had a loftier mission, and that this glory was being transmuted for the sake of its very purpose, then the past was seen as a contrast, a negation, to be obliterated in order that the lower should perish and the higher come into being. "*Roma quae eras magistra erroris facta es discipula veritatis*", said St. Leo Magnus in a sermon for the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, and added: "It was wholly fitting for the work divinely planned that many kingdoms should be confederated in a single government and that a general preaching should swiftly reach the accessible peoples, held together by the rule of a single city. But this city, ignorant of the true Author of salvation, when it dominated nearly all peoples served the errors of all peoples, and believed it had attained great religion because it rejected no falsehood. Hence, the more straitly it was bound by the devil, the more miraculously has it been set free by Christ."

Transformed from pagan to Christian, ennobled by its end, Rome had a new and permanent task to fulfil, almost natural to her, to be the centre of catholicity, the seat of the Papacy. Men act for their own ends; history fulfils the ends of God. Constantine goes to Byzantium, the Empire is split in two, Rome is no longer the seat of the emperors (who prefer Milan or Ravenna), the Western Empire ceases to exist, the Eastern detaches itself more and more, Rome seems about to crumble and perish. Her old imperial destiny, her function as mistress of the world, was ending, with the end of the spiritual function such power was meant to serve. Christianity could not be bound up with an earthly conception, nor with a human support such as the Empire (which sought to turn it to its own ends); nor, therefore, was it to be considered by other non-Christian peoples as a product of imperial Rome.

This unfolding of the providential plan could not be understood by the Roman and Romanized men of the

time, for it lay within the mystery of human events, which conflicted with the common conception of a union of the Church with the Empire; but they were mistaken: *et sicut opertorium mutabis eos et mutabuntur, tu autem idem ipse es*. Mediaeval Rome, papal Rome, the creator of a new Empire and an historical Christendom, was coming into being, from Gregory the Great onwards; it grew stronger with Leo III, it culminated with Gregory VII, with Alexander III, with Innocents III and IV.

Too much power, too much wealth, too much turmoil of wars and earthly interests, interlocking with the great interests of religion, until Rome and the Romans are thus described by St. Bernard in his *De Consideratione*, written for his disciple Paganelli, who had been elected Pope:

What shall I say of the people? It is the Roman people. I could not say more briefly nor more expressively what I feel about your parishioners. Is there anything better known to the ages than the arrogance and pomp of the Romans? A people unused to peace, used to turbulence; an obstinate and intractable people up till now, incapable of subjection save when unable to resist. Here is the sore; this care falls upon you, and it would be wrong to hide it. Perhaps you will laugh at me, persuaded as I am that it is incurable. Do not lose confidence; you will need to give treatment, not a cure. Therefore you heard: *curam illius habe* (Luke x, 35); care for it, not cure it. Truly was it said: "It is not always in the doctor's power that the sick shall be healed" (Ovid, *De Ponto*, el. 10).

Even the Holy Roman Empire falls to pieces. The mediaeval Papacy suffers the sacrilegious outrage of Agnani. Christendom is undermined from without by Islam, from within by nascent nationalities. Avignon supplants Rome, the Church is torn by schism, Rome grows pagan, heresy invades the world. It is then that the old system collapses and a new arises. Rome ceases to be imperial, for there is no longer an Empire, an united Christendom; but it becomes more strictly Catholic and papal, the Rome of the Counter-Reformation Orders, of the Roman Congregations, of the College of

the Propaganda Fide, of Holy Office, of the visible papal monarchy.

This monarchy rests on a State in the modern meaning of the term, autonomous, independent, absolute, self-sufficing, politically and economically self-contained. The smallness of the State is compensated by magnificence of art and science, of modern buildings; authoritarianism is combined with paternalism. This Rome has a special function, to surround the Pope with his own world of culture, international and universal in spirit, in the face of the religious particularism not only of the dissident Churches but of the Churches of the various Catholic countries, and of the national and dynastic particularism of the various Courts. In a divided Europe it rendered visible a moral and potential centre of the Christian world. To allow the formation of a specialized clergy, independent of other political powers and national interests; to temper the conflicting currents among Catholics of the different States; and to create a centre of resistance to the disintegration of Catholicism into the Gallicanism, Regalism, Febronianism, Episcopatism of all the rest of Catholic Europe—such was the great function of Rome, reduced as she was to a tiny State, and regarded as an international museum and picture-gallery.

Even this mantle of the Papacy must be considered worn out or at least ill-suited to the new period opening with the Bull *Dominus ac Redemptor* of Clement XIV, which suppressed the Jesuits, and leading a century later to the breach of the Porta Pia. All the phases—from the French occupation of Rome, the restoration of the Papal State in 1814, the subsequent wars, revolts, seizures of provinces, up to the fall of the Temporal Power—synchronize with the transformation of the political power of the European States from dynastic to popular, from absolute to democratic, from legitimate to revolutionary. For the Pope the temporal State would have become either an absolute power to be defended at home by tyranny and abroad by foreign armies, or else a constitutional and nominal power necessitating a toleration of the modern experiments

based on freedom of conscience, speech, and association. Providence, by allowing the fall of the Temporal Power, the régime of guarantees, the Lateran solution, has freed the Papacy from the last remnants of political and earthly defences, characterized by a succession of historical events from the time of the Roman Empire to the temporal power of the nineteenth century.

The pro-synodal project of the Vatican Council on the Pope's temporal power clearly defined the *raison d'être* of this and other earthly defences. "In order that the Roman Pontiff should duly fulfil the office of primacy divinely attributed to him, he required the supports suited to the condition and necessity of the times." The Lateran solution complies with the same theological criterion, just as, each in its time, the other forms of moral, feudal, political dominion possessed by the Popes over Rome and through Rome complied with it more or less effectively, that is they were supports suited to the conditions and necessities of the age. This is confirmed by the declaration made by the Holy See in Article 26 of the Lateran Treaty.

What will be Rome's function today in respect of the Papacy, now that she is freed from her classical and traditional role of earthly bulwark to the exercise of the office of pontifical primacy inherent in the Pope? Undoubtedly, there are still ties between the Vatican and Rome, religious ties and civil ties, but Rome's function—in the domain of power—is now that of capital of the kingdom of Italy. Little by little the Roman Congregations and the centres of the religious Orders are taking their place in the Vatican City. In Rome there are still pontifical palaces and churches, such as the Lateran and the Cancelleria, which are extra-territorial, but these may be considered (from a political though not from a strictly juridical standpoint) as on the same plane as foreign embassies or international institutes.

Article 1 of the Concordat that completes the Lateran Treaty contains a clause running as follows: "In consideration of the sacred character of the Eternal City, episcopal see of the Supreme Pontiff, centre of the

Catholic world and goal of pilgrimage, the Italian Government will take care to prevent anything in Rome that may conflict with this character." The whole Concordat aims not only, as others of the same type, at safeguarding the rights of the Catholic Church, but at keeping Italy and especially Rome, in so far as possible, morally and religiously bound up with the Holy See, in a higher harmony of co-operation.

It would be against history to believe that everything always works as if in the best of all possible worlds, and that difficulties of co-existence, motives of conflict, possibilities of antagonism, and periods of persecution have been ended once for all. Never has the Church Militant, and particularly the Papacy, had such earthly security, neither in antiquity, nor in the Middle Ages, nor in modern times; why should it expect it today? St. Peter's boat sails the sea, which may today be calm, tomorrow in storm.

What should be noted—in order to understand by what ways Providence is leading us—is that, no matter how much good-will the government may apply to preventing in Rome "anything that may conflict" with her sacred character as centre of the Catholic world, Rome is under a secular power, which pursues its temporal ends, whether moral or no, with moral or immoral means, as the case may be. The Papacy has no means of intervention on the plane of temporal activity, save as head of the Catholic world, in the same way as in any other Catholic country, by advice, admonition, teaching, condemnation, in the name of Catholic faith and morals and through the authority with which it is invested, even in those matters that are of themselves mainly civil.

A modern case of the exercise of such power was that of the *non expedit* concerning the participation of Catholics in the parliamentary elections of the new kingdom of Italy. The measure had the form of a *direction*, a counsel given by the *Penitenzeria* at the request of the Bishops, declaring such participation inopportune ("*non expedit*"). Subsequently (1895) Leo XIII publicly and authoritatively declared that "*Non expedit*

prohibitionem importat". Pius X restricted its range (1905), reserving the right of dispensation case by case. Benedict XV ordered the *Penitenzeria* to withdraw it (1919).

This case, under its political aspect, has great historical significance. Although the system of public law today gives the Pope no possibility of exercising a recognized power in civil questions connected with religion (as he had in the past), today such power, still the same in its ethical and religious nature, expresses itself in a manner suited to the new political conception. Therefore such power, if backed neither by civil nor international sanctions, without the secular arm to carry out its decisions, appeals to the consciences of the faithful. Thus, in the case of the *Action Française*, the prohibition of membership of a political association maintains its efficacy in the court of conscience, though the days have passed when, as under the *ancien régime*, it would have become a State law by the publication, in traditional form and by royal command, of the papal Bull of condemnation.

What was termed, and was in reality, the *direct* power of the Popes *in temporalibus*, and which as such was resisted—what was attenuated in its theological formulation into *indirect* power, and even so was resisted—today presents itself as *directive* power, still *in temporalibus*, still *ratione peccati*. And even so it is still resisted, as in the case of the *non expedit* and in that of the *Action Française*, but it is the same identical power today as yesterday. Only the outward conditions, civil, juridical, political, statal, and international, of the exercise and effectuation of such power have changed; not its nature, not its *raison d'être*, not its moral and religious scope.

The loss of the Papal State of Rome and hence of all real civil power, inasmuch as it was bound up with a society that was of the past and a form of state that had been outgrown, was an ineluctable historical fact. The recognition of this historical fact, which is implicit in the Lateran Treaty, marked the passage from one historical situation to another. The Pope gave no assent to a loss of his right to liberty and sovereign independence,

nor to a decrease of his power *in temporalibus*, but a recognition that the conditions for the guaranteeing of his freedom and for the exercise of such power had changed. Rome, therefore, will henceforth, from the civil point of view, belong to a secular authority, recognized by the Holy See as legitimate and no longer usurped. At the same time, in so far as possible, Rome in its civil and moral decorum will conform to "the character of the Eternal City, centre of Catholicism, goal of pilgrimage", but this will be the exclusive concern of the Italian government, and, in the language of Boniface VIII, no longer *ad nutum et patientiam sacerdotis*.

The epithet Anti-Rome may be applied to those centres antagonistic to Catholicism and the Papacy, for the most part headed by governments or kings or emperors. In modern times, the Paris of Napoleon in the days of his struggle with Pius VII might be called an Anti-Rome. The St. Petersburg of the Czars of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries might give the idea, up to a point, of being also an Anti-Rome. It is not well to lay too much stress on ill-defined, rhetorical and confusing figures of speech. Today two Anti-Romes are pointed out, Moscow and Geneva. It is no longer a case of a personality like Napoleon, nor of the secular head of a dissident Church, like the Czar of the Russias, or the Kaiser of a German Empire such as William II, but of two symbols of the struggle against Catholicism: Bolshevik Communism, under the materialistic and impious aspect of those "without God"; and the League of Nations, presented as a product of masonic secularism and humanitarian pacifism. It is plain that here is nothing but a more or less far-fetched metaphor, arbitrarily constructed with rhetorical images. From the religious standpoint, all that is not orthodox is counter to Catholicism. Moscow Communism, Berlin Nazism, Paris secularism, or Rome Fascism, and so on, in so far as they are opposed practically or theoretically to Catholic dogma and morals, are, if you wish to call them so, Anti-Rome, Anti-Vatican, in substance Anti-Christianity.

This is not the usual conception of an Anti-Rome ; it becomes a concrete image when what is contrary to Catholicism is transported, as such, into the field of international organization of Christian countries. Rome is thus the symbol of that outward structure of Christian society, or Christendom, which has served and serves the assertion and progress of the Catholic Church, because Rome has served the designs of Providence as centre and see of the Papacy, through the historical vicissitudes of its existence, grandeur, decadence, transformation. All, therefore, that may seem and is opposed to the providential design for Rome can be reputed anti-Roman, contrary to the mission of Catholic and papal Rome. We are here dealing with an historical concept, not symbolical or generic but specific, which touches us nearly, inasmuch as today, as we have seen, the role of Catholic and papal Rome has been lessened through its assumption of the role of capital of the kingdom of Italy.

Let us at once deny that, from this standpoint, Geneva is an Anti-Rome. It does not matter if in Wilson's thought and in the choice of Calvin's city there was such intention, nor need we consider the failure to invite the Pope as a deliberate insult, in view of the famous letter of Benedict XV on peace (1 August, 1917). Among the promoters of the League were Freemasons and non-Freemasons ; there were also Catholics, among whom, outstanding in character and nobility, was the King of the Belgians. If the Papacy today played the international part it played in the Middle Ages, Geneva without the Pope would certainly be heretical and excommunicated, and would be indeed an Anti-Rome. Did not Gregory IX reproach Bishop Giacomo of Capua for his share in drawing up the *Liber Augustalis* of Frederick II, a collection of laws that seemed then to create an antagonism (an Anti-Rome) as against the Collection of Canons and Decretals ? Perhaps in a Christendom of the future the Papacy will be summoned to fulfil an even greater juridical and political international role than in the Middle Ages. We know nothing of what will happen in a hundred or a thousand

or two thousand years' time; we know only that the Papacy will survive all possible human cataclysms.

Today the League of Nations—the present one or another, no matter—has its *raison d'être* as a society of States, based on an international law in process of formation, of a natural-ethical character. The Papacy may co-operate with it and be represented officially or semi-officially, as the case may be, just as it co-operates with any modern State with which it is in occasional or permanent relations. No one will say that the United States of America are an Anti-Rome because they have no ambassador at the Vatican and there is no nuncio at Washington, or because they are a secular State in the non-religious sense of the word, or because the President or a part of the Senators may be Freemasons. So long as the League of Nations has no immoral principles in its constitution and does not pursue anti-religious ends (and this applies to the League of Nations, or the Pan-American Union, or any other society of States, general or particular), the Papacy has no reason to see in it an antagonist, nor to reject its good undertakings, nor to hamper its development, nor to undermine its existence secretly or openly. Such has been the policy of Benedict XV and Pius XI.

One of the most recent manifestations, which it is well to recall in order to silence those who would make out that the Vatican is contrary to Geneva and Geneva an Anti-Rome—and there are such persons even in England—is a message sent by Mgr. Besson, Bishop of Geneva, Lausanne, and Fribourg, on 20 September, 1936, when Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in the church of Our Lady of Geneva, on the eve of the assembly of the League of Nations. This message was reproduced in the *Osservatore Romano* of 28-29 September. Here is a cogent passage :

On 14 November, 1920, on the occasion of the opening of the first session of the League of Nations, we expressed, with an enthusiasm that events have perhaps failed to justify, the hopes with which our heart was filled. "Let us salute the League of Nations," we said then, "we are happy and proud that it should have its seat in our country. Perhaps the future will prove that

we have sinned by optimism ; we should be more afraid of sinning against hope.

"We believe we are following the spirit of the Divine Master in loyally giving our hand to those who work for peace. It is from Him alone, in final resort, that we take our order, and we are not afraid that He will ever reproach us for doing all we could so that the gulfs separating the peoples may be filled and obstacles removed."

That is what we said sixteen years ago. We have therefore, on the one hand, shown confidence in the League of Nations, from the first hour, and, on the other, clearly declared our firm will to collaborate in the great work of Peace.

This two-fold feeling we have never repudiated. We persist in believing that the League of Nations, in spite of its need for serious reform, preserves its full *raison d'être*, and we shall never refuse our collaboration, not with the saboteurs of peace, more or less camouflaged, but with all men of good faith, who are resolved to unite sincerely to prevent the horrible scourge of war, placed by the Catholic Church on the same footing as pestilence and famine. *A peste, fame et bello libera nos, Domine.*

We therefore remain entirely consistent with ourselves in asking those of our diocesans or co-religionaries who are directly or indirectly concerned in the work of the League of Nations not to lose courage and not to shrink from any effort to avert war and stabilize peace.

This does not prevent there being Catholics who dislike the present League of Nations, and others who applaud it ; so long as their personal feelings are not made to appear as Catholic or papal policy, there is something to be said on either side. But it is wrong to speak of Geneva as an Anti-Rome, even though the Pope is not officially recognized (as Leo XIII was at the meetings of the Hague, in spite of the opposition of the Italian government), for the Popes have never subordinated their religious activities to the incorrect behaviour of governments and kings, even those of the past, like the Catholic Kings of Spain, the Most Christian Kings of France, and the Apostolic rulers of Austria. If there was good to be done at Geneva, both Benedict XV and Pius XI have not failed to be, in a certain manner, present, through their documents, their nuncios,

or Catholic enterprises they have blessed or encouraged. When there is need for correction, guidance, blame, or encouragement, they will intervene in Geneva, as in Paris or Rome or at the head of the world, in the most suitable, most evangelical forms, on doctrinal and moral grounds, *opportune, importune*.

In order fully to understand a certain psychology in Italy and elsewhere among Catholics of conviction or Catholics of occasion, it would seem that at the back of their minds, not yet fully worked out, there is the idea of a new Holy Alliance, into which the Vatican would enter through the order, discipline, and hierarchic spirit which Catholicism brings, to reorganize Europe on an authoritarian and corporative basis. This idea springs from the political theories of the *Action Française*, in its early phase before it was condemned, with its preference for a Catholicism à la *Auguste Comte*, its special second-grade Thomism, its adoption, without conviction, of the Syllabus of Pius IX, and its paternalist corporativism. But the *Action Française* was international only in terms of French predominance, and Catholic only in its political exploitation of religion. The condemnation stopped it from creating a mysticism among French Catholics that would have allured those of other countries; and through its failure to win power it could not be whitewashed, like Hitler's Nazism, which, before he became Chancellor, in various dioceses of Germany suffered the same canonical rigours as befell the *Action Française*.

Hitler's appeal for a crusade against Russian Communism; events in Spain, which, although special to that particular historical and social setting, have undoubtedly been strongly influenced by Moscow; the French Popular Front, in which the Communists play an important part (which tomorrow may be decisive)—have provided the motives for the idea of an anti-Communist *bloc*, in the political field, with the support of the Papacy, it too concerned for the evil that Communism would bring to a bolshevized Europe. This plan suffers, above all, from the same defect as the

appeal of the Holy Alliance. Then Pius VII refused, though in a document that bases itself on the Gospel, justice, and charity, to set his signature side by side with that of the heads of Protestant and Orthodox Churches, such as the King of Prussia and the Czar; while Great Britain, on the other hand, refused, because she thought that the governments of States should defend interests and not proclaim crusades of principle. Today, while England would again refuse to give her policy the character of a warfare of principles (Mr. Eden declared so at Geneva, almost in reply to the Nuremberg speeches), Pius XI in the religious struggle against Communism could not join in the political and Germanic struggle started by Hitler to fight the Franco-Russian Pact. The two planes cannot be confused.

Moreover, in the period of the Holy Alliance, the Popes as heads of the Italian State were bound to the political policy of Vienna and the interests of the Restoration; today the Pope, freed from a determined policy as king of a State, is concerned only with giving the religious problem its full weight, without political entanglements or anxieties. Today not even the ill-intentioned could identify the anti-Russian policy of Berlin or Warsaw or Fascist Rome or Portugal with that of the Vatican. The Pope's aims may run parallel to the political policies of the various dictatorships, but they can never be identified or confused or the one subordinated to the other. In this sense a Holy Alliance is not possible today. Papal Rome cannot be made the symbol of the anti-Russian policy of European States and parties, adopted in certain countries for particular ends.

To perceive the *arrière pensée* underlying Hitler's campaign, it is enough to read Pertinax's article in the *Echo de Paris* of 15 September, 1936, where he recalls that Hitler was always eager for close co-operation between Germany and Russia. On 5 May, 1933, he renewed the Russo-German treaty of April 1926, which had expired in 1931 and which Brüning and others had left without renewal. On 27 March, 1934, Hitler signed a financial and economic protocol with Russia. A fresh agreement

followed in April 1935. Is it possible that Hitler became aware of the Russian Peril only after a treaty had been drawn up between Russia and France?

Fascist Italy has been still more faithful to Moscow. She was the first to recognize the Bolshevik government, with which she has continued to maintain friendly relations. Russia was the first country to support the withdrawal of sanctions after the taking of Addis Ababa. The European chessboard changes so quickly that we should not be surprised if States change their positions according to the development and displacement of political and economic interests. If into a seething Europe, armed to the teeth, ready for explosion, the dictatorial ideologies, red, black, or brown, are to be transported, whether in the interior of each country (as in Spain) or in an international struggle, all that will happen will be a hastening of the catastrophe that is feared, an unprecedented moral and material catastrophe that would be the end of poor Europe.

All that we have said about a hypothetical and impracticable Holy Alliance should render those Catholics more cautious who today seek to identify the interests of the Church with a given political régime. This was the mistake, about forty years ago, of a small section of Christian Democrats; the Clerico-Fascists on either side of the Alps would today repeat it. They are drawn to an authoritarian régime; corporativism, in name, though not in substance, echoes the social theories of *Rerum Novarum*. Austria and Portugal are represented as models of Catholic States; it is hoped that Poland will imitate them. Italy presents the type of a compromise between Fascism and Catholicism. It would be possible, think the Catholic Fascists, to obtain a permeation of Catholicism by Fascist ideas, or—think the Fascist Catholics—a permeation of Fascism by Catholicism. Then Rome the capital of Italy would become Rome the centre of Catholic Fascism and the political organ of Catholicism in the world. A new Christendom would be formed, crystallized in a Mediterranean empire, Fascist and Catholic, radiating beyond

the Latin world, a strong nucleus for a new and authoritarian League of Nations.

Those who think thus have the idea that democracies are bound to crumble; that the dilemma, Communism or Fascism, faces all; that against Communism the Church will have to play the part it did against Islam, which it will be able to do effectively only by means of Fascism, as a worldly and military extension of the organism of the Church. In such a conception an essential element is wanting, the Christian faith that animated all historical institutions of the Middle Ages. Then the secular authority was not outside the Church but in the Church, for it was Christian; the Church was not outside the social structure, but, though unifying it on a higher plane, herself participated in the same economico-feudal structure.

Today the State is essentially secular, on an original basis of popular sovereignty, totalitarian in tendency, irresponsible in character, conceived as an end unto itself. Not only is it not within the Church, but it seeks to absorb the Church for its own end and in its own immanence. Fascism has made the totalitarianism and immanentism of the State more evident, it has accentuated its character as end of man, it has eliminated, suppressed, trodden down the rights of human personality. It therefore lacks the necessary and intrinsic titles to be the temporal amplification of the spiritual power of the Papacy, and to give to Rome, capital of Italy, the role it held under the Carolingian and Romano-Germanic empire.

That Christian unification, cultural, ethical, social, which was at the basis of the great historical experience of the West in the Middle Ages, is lacking in modern Europe. The division between Fascism and Anti-Fascism which is driving the masses towards a social struggle must not be transported from the political and economic domain into the religious, into the bosom of the Church. Every country has its experiences and attitudes; the religious unity of Europe, like the political unity, is not today within human possibility.

God prepares the future. If He has permitted that the

Church should no longer have any civil authority, that her historical safeguards, or those so reputed, like the Austrian empire and the Spanish monarchy, should have fallen, that Rome herself should have become politically detached from the Vatican, it cannot and should not be without a providential reason. Neither political nationalisms and particularisms, nor class divisions and struggles, nor secular democracies, nor totalitarian dictatorships will be able to unify Europe and prepare a new Christendom. Only a renewal of the Christian spirit can do so, spreading from faithful and disciplined groups to the social and political life of tomorrow. Then, many events of today will be clear and comprehensible to men of faith, who will know better than we how to appraise what were, in our time, the true Rome and the true Anti-Rome.

LUIGI STURZO.

(Translated by BARBARA BARCLAY CARTER.)

THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

THE true nature of the Elizabethan religious settlement can be understood only by an assessment of the relative numbers of those who favoured it and those who opposed it. The whole character of the English Reformation turns on this. Yet the problem is not one to be settled easily, for the surviving records that may serve as a guide are fragmentary and incomplete. Moreover, it is essential to understand the shifting, uncertain character of the religious allegiance of a very large part of the nation. No clear-cut division existed at the time, and therefore no precise calculation is possible now. There were, most certainly, uncompromising Catholics and enthusiastic Protestants, but equally certainly there were many who were bewildered by the violent controversy of the age, and perhaps even more bewildered by the religious revolutions and counter-revolutions through which the country had passed. All this produced a sense of instability and uncertainty. Many, too, in this as in other ages, were indifferent to religion.

It must be appreciated, too, that among those on the Catholic side every conceivable degree of attachment was to be found. There were those who were willing to suffer persecution and even death, rather than renounce their faith, and, at the other end of the scale, there were those who were reluctant to incur even the mildest penalties. It was characteristic of the age that in countless recorded instances the head of a family outwardly conformed, while his wife and perhaps his children refused to go to the official service. The documents of the period abound in references to "Church Papists", the term applied to those whose conformity was manifestly insincere. It is worth quoting a witty contemporary description of this class :

A Papist is one that parts religion between his conscience and his purse, and comes to church not to serve God, but the King. The fear of the Law makes him wear the mark of the Gospel,

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which he useth, not as a means to save his soul, but his charges. He loves Popery well, but is loth to lose by it, and though he be something scared by the Bulls of Rome, yet he is struck with more terror at the apparitor. Once a month, he presents himself at the church to keep off the churchwardens, and brings in his body to save his bail; kneels with the congregation, but prays by himself and asks God's forgiveness for coming thither. If he be forced to stay out a sermon, he puts his hat over his eyes and frowns out the hour; and when he comes home, he thinks to make amends for his fault by abusing the preacher. His main subtlety is to shift off the Communion, for which he is never unfurnished of a quarrel, and will be sure always to be out of charity at Easter. He would make a bad martyr, and a good traveller, for his conscience is so large he could never wander from it, and in Constantinople would be circumcised with a mental reservation. His wife is more zealous in her devotion, and therefore more costly, and he bates her in tyres what she stands him in religion.*

This cynical but accurate portrait describes the nature of the times more vividly than any figures, and serves also to point the difficulty of precise classification. The term "Recusant" was applied only to those who steadfastly refused to attend the Protestant service, but it is necessary to distinguish further between the general body of Recusants and those Recusants who had been formally convicted as such by the courts of law. It was only the latter class, the "Recusants Convict", who were liable to the financial penalties imposed by law. Such records as we have of the names of convicted Recusants are at best a very partial and incomplete guide to the strength of the Catholic body, since, in the first place, only a relatively small proportion of Recusants were actually convicted, and, in the second place, the steadfast Recusants were only a fraction of those who were Catholic at heart.

These statements are not mere assumptions. For a much later period (1715-20) there are documents which show that not one Recusant in five, even among the wealthy classes, was convicted. There was less incentive to secure the conviction of poorer people, who had

* Harleian MSS. 1221, No. 5. (Quoted by Birt, *The Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, p. 52.)

scantier resources with which to pay the fines. The document in question is a Treasury summary of the annual value of the estates, first, of all Papists who had registered their estates under an Act requiring them to do so, and, secondly, the annual value of the estates of convicted Recusants. Nash, in his *History of Worcestershire*, remarks also that "not one Recusant in five is convicted". In support of the second statement there exists an analysis of 48 parishes in Lancashire in 1613, distinguishing between Recusants and Non-Communicants, that is those who conformed so far as to go to church, but who refused the Protestant Communion. The Non-Communicants are more numerous than the Recusants.

It is important also to distinguish between attachment to Catholic belief and practice, and attachment to the Papacy. Hostility to the Pope was, in the sixteenth century, no new thing. Many English kings, before the time of Henry VIII, had quarrelled with the Pope, and there was a widespread resentment against papal taxation and monetary demands, even among those who were definitely on the Catholic side. Nor was it clearly appreciated, in the earlier stages of the Reformation, that the acceptance of Papal Supremacy was of vital significance, and that obedience to the Pope was the ultimate criterion of orthodoxy. Large numbers who were sincerely attached to Catholic practice were quite prepared to accept the Royal Supremacy, and it is quite clear that the Parliamentary opposition to the Supremacy Bill in 1559 was much weaker than the opposition to the Bill of Uniformity. The Protestants knew how to attack the enemy at his weakest point, when they dubbed the Catholics "Papists", for they knew that hostility to the Pope would command more popular sympathy than an attack on Catholic doctrine.

The situation was further complicated, as far as the gentry were concerned, by the question of the monastic lands. The magnitude of the economic revolution which transferred perhaps one-fifth of the surplus rents of the country into the hands of a comparatively small number of rich men can hardly be exaggerated. Its effect was to create a powerful vested interest in the maintenance of

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Protestantism, and the ownership of former Church lands must have tempered the religious zeal of many a wealthy Catholic. Indeed, Renard, the ambassador of Charles V, wrote on 3 September, 1554, that the Catholics held more Church property than heretics,* and Queen Mary had been forced to sanction its retention, in order to secure the passage of the Reconciliation in Parliament. It has often been pointed out that the possession of the Church lands was one of the driving-forces on the Protestant side, but it is equally true that this factor must have had the effect of acting as a brake on the vigour of the Catholic opposition.

To sum up: it is impossible to make a clear-cut division between Catholics and Protestants, to conceive the nation as divided into two sharply opposed hostile camps. The actual situation was far more complex.

Nevertheless, the question remains, what was the nature and extent of the opposition to the Elizabethan settlement? Making due allowance for all variations and degrees of belief and sympathy, was the nation *on the whole* opposed to the change or not? To that question the answer will be very definitely in the affirmative. All allowances being made for varying shades of opinion, a careful study of the evidence points decisively to the view that a very considerable majority, even among the wealthy classes, were strongly attached to the Catholic tradition.

To this assertion it may be objected: if the bulk of the wealthier classes were on the Catholic side, how is it possible to account for the fact that the reforming legislation was passed by Parliament? The first step in this inquiry will therefore be to examine the composition and proceedings of the first Parliament of Elizabeth.

There is a strong tradition that this Parliament was "packed" with Government supporters. This has been asserted by both Catholic and Protestant historians; both Hume and Lingard agree on the point. This tradition is mainly based on a document of the reign of Charles I, found among Secretary Windebank's papers, and printed in Clarendon's collection of State Papers.†

* *Stephen Gardiner and the Tudor Reaction.*

† State Papers, collected by Edward, Earl of Clarendon, p. 92.

The substance of this document is summed up by Hume in the following words: "It appears that some violence was used in these elections; five candidates were nominated by the Court to each Borough, and three to each County; and by the Sheriff's authority, the members were chosen from among the candidates."* This statement is supported by contemporary evidence, for Feria, the Spanish ambassador, writes on 20 February, 1559, of "the wickedness which is being planned in this Parliament, which consists of persons chosen throughout the country as being the most perverse and heretical".† This evidence appears conclusive, but Professor Bayne, in his articles in the *English Historical Review*, takes the opposite view, and his careful and painstaking study of the personnel of the House of Commons requires serious consideration.‡ Now if unusual pressure had been exercised by the Government in the 1559 elections, we should expect to find an abnormally small proportion of the Marian members taking their places in the first Parliament of Elizabeth. Yet, according to Bayne, this is not the case.

Bayne points out that about one-quarter of the members who sat in the first Parliament of Elizabeth in 1559 had also sat in Mary's Parliament in 1558. This may seem a small proportion, but Bayne claims that it was not abnormally so, and he shows that in each of the four Parliaments of Mary's reign only about one-quarter of the members had sat in the preceding Parliament. It cannot be denied that this is a strong argument, but there is one important point which Bayne appears to have overlooked: and that is the fact that Mary's fourth Parliament was *actually in session* on the day of her death. What, it will naturally be asked, has this to do with the matter?

The answer may be put in this way: the dissolution of a Parliament in mid-session by the death of the sovereign was accidental, not deliberate. The work of the session was presumably uncompleted, the members

* Ed. 1854, iv, p. 7.

† *Chron. Belg.*, No. CCCI, i, p. 442. (Quoted by Birt, *The Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, p. 53.)

‡ *English Historical Review*, Vol. XXIII (1908).

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were still in harness. Surely, in the normal course of events, the first Parliament of the new reign would have included a very high proportion of members who had previously sat. The last Parliament of Edward VI and the first three Parliaments of Mary had all been dissolved in the normal manner. The work had been completed, and the members had returned to their homes. Moreover, the interval between Mary's death and the meeting of Parliament, on 23 January, 1559, was only two months—which was an exceptionally short time. By comparison, the intervals between previous Parliaments may be noted. Thus, the last Parliament of Edward VI was dissolved on 31 March, 1553, and Mary's first Parliament met on 5 October, 1553, an interval of six months. This Parliament was dissolved on May 5, 1554, and the second Parliament met on 12 November, 1554, again after an interval of six months. The second Parliament of Mary's reign was dissolved on 6 January, 1555, and the third met on 23 October of the same year, an interval of nine months. The fourth Parliament was not summoned until January 1558, after an interval of two years.

Thus it may reasonably be urged that a comparison of the Parliament of 1559 with those of Mary's reign is not a fair comparison. The circumstances of the termination of Mary's last Parliament and the remarkably short interval between that event and the meeting of the new Parliament in 1559 are quite unique. It is not until more than a hundred years later, under Charles II, that we find such a short interval between two Parliaments. By that time, of course, political conditions had entirely changed, but a study of the lists of the members of the Parliaments of Charles II supports the conclusion that where the interval between two Parliaments was so abnormally short a very high proportion of old members were re-elected. Thus the third Parliament of Charles II was dissolved on 10 July, 1679, and the fourth met on 17 October of the same year, an interval of three months. A full comparison of members' names is a tedious business, but, taking five counties at random, we find that about four-fifths of

the members of the third Parliament again took their seats in the fourth. The fourth Parliament was dissolved on 18 January, 1681, and the fifth and last of the reign met at Oxford on 21 March, 1681, an interval of two months. Once again, a random test of eleven counties shows that four-fifths of the old members were re-elected.

These figures cannot be compared with those of 1559 without due allowance being made for changed conditions. It appears that, as time went on, there was a definite tendency for a higher proportion of members to serve in more than one Parliament. This tendency does not appear in the second Parliament of Elizabeth in 1563. A full comparison between 1563 and 1559 shows approximately the same proportion of old members as in the successive Parliaments of Mary, that is about 25 per cent. But by 1586 a change was apparent. Parliament was dissolved on 14 September, 1585, and the next was summoned for 15 October, 1586. A random test of ten counties shows that about one-half of the old members were re-elected. A slightly higher proportion is revealed by a comparison between the second and third Parliaments of Charles I (1626 and 1628). Thus, the tendency for the proportion of re-elections to rise is evident, but it is still clear that, in the only two cases where a new Parliament followed immediately on the dissolution of the old, the proportion of re-elections was higher than ever.

Comparisons of this kind are admittedly open to the objection that conditions were never precisely the same on any two occasions. However, they show that it is not by any means absurd to suggest that in the absence of Government pressure the proportion of re-elections in 1559 would have been more than 25 per cent. With the session's work uncompleted and the elections taking place immediately after Mary's death, we should naturally expect an unusually high proportion of members to continue in office. This presumption is supported by the figures for 1679 and 1681. Since, in point of fact, only 25 per cent of the 1558 members were re-elected, it is reasonable to infer that some

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Government pressure was applied. The low proportion of re-elections between 1553 and 1563 certainly shows a marked disinclination on the part of the country gentlemen to shoulder the responsibility of taking a part in national affairs at Westminster. After all, a Parliamentary session involved considerable expense, prolonged absence from private affairs, and, if the individual disagreed with the Government, some element of danger. Nor, in the middle of the sixteenth century, were these disadvantages balanced by the sense of exercising power. The element of personal risk was perhaps one of the principal reasons for this disinclination to accept responsibility, for we find in 1690, which was again a time of doubts and dangers, that the proportion of re-elections falls heavily. On a test of six counties, less than half the members of the convention Parliament were re-elected, though the interval between dissolution and the first meeting of the following Parliament was only six weeks. Contrast this with the proportion of four-fifths in 1679 and 1681, when the Whigs were flushed with success. Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that, in the middle of the sixteenth century, election to Parliament was regarded as a burden rather than a privilege. This fact alone must have made it easy for a Tudor Government to influence the elections.

To conclude, Bayne's statistics of re-elections cannot be taken as proof of the absence of Government pressure in the elections of 1559. Bayne continues his argument by showing that the number of those who had held office under Mary as Justices of the Peace and Sheriffs, and who sat in the Parliament of 1559, was normal; or, in other words, that Mary's Justices and Sheriffs were as well represented in 1559 as they had been in 1558. This fact certainly supports the view that the first Parliament of Elizabeth was not a committee of Government nominees.

On the other hand, Bayne himself admits that many prominent Catholics, such as Mary's Privy Councillors, and those on the threshold of the Council, who had sat in Parliament under Mary, were no longer found there

in 1559. His analysis of the membership of the House shows that about 21 per cent represented the "official element", that is Councillors, Courtiers, and Government officials. To this extent, at the very least, the scales were loaded against the Catholics, even on Bayne's own showing, and it may very well be that this is sufficient to account for Feria's statement that the House of 1559 consisted of persons "chosen as being the most perverse and heretical". For 21 per cent is no negligible proportion; it means that a solid Protestant *bloc* of 80 members replaced a similar number of strong Catholics, which is a very heavy turnover of votes. In so far as the House of Commons was composed of the "official element", the Catholics were therefore inadequately represented. To this extent, at the very least, the House of Commons was "packed". This, however, is by no means the whole story. There are other and entirely different grounds for asserting that the Catholics were under-represented.

It is well known that the geographical distribution of representation was scandalously unfair, but it does not seem to have been observed by historians that the areas which were inadequately represented in Parliament were largely those parts of the country in which Catholicism was strongest: that is in the North and West. It is not proposed to discuss at this point the geographical aspects of the religious divisions. It is sufficient to note that an analysis of the value of lands owned by Catholics which were registered in 1715-20 shows that in the North and West the Catholics owned 11 per cent of the land, while the corresponding figure in the South and East is only 3 per cent. The matter is not controversial. It is common knowledge that it was in the North and West that the Catholic religion found its most tenacious adherents. It can be shown that the Parliamentary representation of the North and West was much less than its population, by comparison with South and East, would have justified.

For the purpose of this analysis, it will be convenient to divide the country into four sections; thus:

(1) Southern Group: Cornwall, Devon, Somerset,

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Dorset, Wilts, Hants, Sussex, Surrey, Kent, and Gloucester.

(2) Eastern Group: Bedford, Berks, Bucks, Cambridge, Essex, Herts, Hunts, Norfolk, and Suffolk.

(3) North and West Group: Cheshire, Durham, Cumberland, Derby, Hereford, Lancashire, Leicester, Lincoln, Monmouth, Northants, Northumberland, Nottingham, Oxford, Rutland, Shropshire, Stafford, Warwick, Westmorland, Worcester, and Yorkshire.

(4) London and Middlesex.

The official returns of members of Parliament for 1559 are incomplete, but the returns for 1562 are more or less intact. The 10 counties in the Southern group were, in 1562, represented by 190 members, or an average of 19 per county, while the rest of England (30 counties) were represented by 209 members, or an average of only 7 per county. This disproportion, however, is not as great as it appears, for the South of England was the most populous part of the country. For a valid comparison, it is necessary to find some index of the distribution of population. There does not appear to be any such index for the time of Elizabeth, but we have a reliable guide in the form of a table of the number of houses in each county laid before Parliament in 1693 by John Houghton, F.R.S.* It is true that this table, which is doubtless based upon the Hearth Tax of the reign of Charles II, is a century after Elizabeth, but there is no reason to suppose that there was any important change in the distribution of population in the intervening period. The Industrial Revolution was still, in 1693, a thing of the future, and the economic structure of the country had not undergone any radical changes under the Stuart kings.

From this table, it is possible to calculate the distribution of population between the four groups of counties under consideration, and from the Official Returns of members of Parliament for 1562 the distribution of Parliamentary representation may be determined. The following table shows the relationship between population and Parliamentary representation:

* Cobbett, *Parliamentary History*, Vol. V, Appendix X.

| | <i>Percentage of Population</i> | <i>Percentage of Parliamentary Representation</i> |
|----------------------|---|---|
| Southern Group . . . | 29'3 | 47'9 |
| Eastern Group . . . | 18'4 | 15'4 |
| London . . . | 8'9 | 2'0 |
| North and West Group | 43'4 | 34'7 |
| | <hr/> 100'0 | <hr/> 100'0 |

It will be observed that the Southern group had a much larger proportion of members than its population justified, and that the three remaining groups were all under-represented. The important point, for the present purpose, is that the North and West accounted for 43'4 per cent of the population, but was represented by only 34'7 per cent of the members of Parliament; and on the other hand the South, East, and London, taken together, accounted for 56'6 per cent of the population, but elected 65'3 per cent of the members.

The position may be seen more clearly in round figures, and a slight readjustment of the grouping of the counties will enable the disproportion to be stated in a more striking fashion. If Gloucester and Norfolk are taken out of the Southern and Eastern groups respectively, and placed in the North and West group, the North and West group then accounts for almost exactly one-half of the population, while the South, East, and London account for the other half. Yet the distribution of members of Parliament is :

| | |
|--|-------------|
| North and West, approx. | 39 per cent |
| South, East, and London, approx. | 61 „ |

This is a striking disparity. Population is equally divided, yet the Southern and Eastern counties have a voting preponderance of three to two.

It is therefore evident that the Catholics must have been under-represented in the first Parliament of Elizabeth, quite apart from any Government influence in the elections. To sum up: the House of Commons was certainly "packed" to the extent of the "official

element" of 21 per cent. It may have been more heavily packed, but the evidence is not absolutely conclusive. Finally, the Catholics were under-represented through the accident of the geographical distribution of membership.

The composition of the House of Lords must next be considered. The full strength of this body in 1559 was 81 peers, 64 temporal and 17 spiritual. But, just as in the House of Commons, the scales were weighted against the Catholics. The following facts will make this clear.

In the first place, by an extraordinary series of coincidences, no fewer than ten bishops had died during 1557 and 1558, and Cardinal Pole had neglected to fill their sees. The normal ecclesiastical representation in the House of Lords was therefore 27. Thus, at the outset, 10 votes which might have changed the course of history were lost to the Catholic cause. Feria, the Spanish ambassador, summed the matter up tersely, when he wrote on 20 February, 1559: "That accursed Cardinal left 12* bishoprics to be filled, which will now be given to as many ministers of Lucifer, instead of being worthily bestowed."†

In the second place, one bishop, Goldwell, of St. Asaph's, was never summoned to Parliament, on the technical pretext that he was in the process of translation to another see. Thirdly, at the beginning of April, the Bishops of Lincoln and Winchester were committed to the Tower, and Abbot Feckenham, of Westminster, was prevented from being present at the final division on the Bill of Uniformity. Thus three—and, on the final division, four—more Catholic votes were lost, and this by the direct action of the Government. Finally, Elizabeth, at her coronation, had created three new peers and restored two peerages previously forfeited. All these five peers, without exception, were strong Protestants. Thus, partly by accident, and partly through the action of the Government, 14 votes were lost to the Catholics, and 5 votes were added to the strength of the Protestant party.

* This should be *ten*.

† *Chron. Belg.*, No. CCCXV, i, p. 264. (Quoted by Birt, *The Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, p. 44.)

Dom Birt, in his scholarly book *The Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, examines the religious sympathies of individual members of the House, and his analysis may be shown in the following table :

| | |
|---|----------|
| Catholics, 29 temporal and 17 spiritual | 37 |
| Protestants | 21 |
| Doubtful | 7 |
| Unknown | 16 |
| | <hr/> 81 |

It would appear from this that the Catholics were in a decisive majority in the Upper House, and there can be no doubt that, in the absence of Government pressure, the reforming legislation would never have been passed.

We have now to trace the passage through Parliament of the Bills for Supremacy and Uniformity.

The first Supremacy Bill was introduced into the House of Commons on 9 February, 1599. That it was strenuously opposed is clear from the fact that after the second reading, on 13 February, it was committed to Sir Anthony Coke and Mr. Knollys for revision. The precise terms of the original Bill are not known, but it appears that the phraseology of the revised version was slightly less objectionable to the Catholics. The Venetian ambassador, writing on 13 February, remarks that "the affairs of this kingdom are going from bad to worse, although a proposal was twice debated, *and not carried*, to give Her Majesty the title of Supreme Head of the Anglican Church; yet from what is seen, it will inevitably pass".*

This passage shows that the Catholic opposition was active, although the Venetian had no illusions as to the issue of the struggle. On 21 February, the revised version of the Bill was introduced for the first time, and passed its third reading on the 25th of that month, but it was only passed after strong pressure had been applied by the Government. This fact must be strongly emphasized, since it shows that, in spite of inadequate representation, the Catholics were strong enough in the

* Quoted by Birt, p. 73.

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House of Commons to offer vigorous opposition to the innovations. The correspondence of Feria makes this point perfectly clear. Writing on 26 February, 1559, he says: "I hope to see her [the Queen] to-morrow, and speak to her about the matter of religion, because yesterday those of the lower house of Parliament voted that the supreme ecclesiastical power should be attached to the Crown of the Kings of England, notwithstanding that some spoke in favour of moderation, in so much as it was necessary, in order to succeed with his iniquitous scheme, for Secretary Cecil to throw the matter into confusion, and so passed it."* Incidentally we may notice that Feria had no doubt whatever that Cecil was the prime mover in the whole business! Contemporary evidence thus shows that it was necessary for Cecil to intimidate the opposition in order to secure the passage of the Bill.

On 28 February the Bill was read for the first time in the House of Lords. The opposition in the Lords was fiercer and more effective than in the Commons, for on 13 March the Bill was entrusted to a committee for revision, and the Venetian ambassador speaks of "very great altercation and disputes" in the intervening fortnight. The exact terms of the Bill as passed by the Commons on 25 February are unknown, but it is certain that it contained provisions for abolishing the Mass. In other words, it was not a Bill for Supremacy alone; it combined the two distinct issues of the papal authority and Catholic doctrine. The committee entrusted with revision appears to have included a majority of Catholics (the names are known), and within two days a new Bill was laid before the House, to be annexed to the principal Bill. This proviso deleted all the *doctrinal* changes but left the Supremacy untouched. Three days later, on 18 March, the Bill and the proviso passed the third reading. The House of Lords therefore accepted the Royal Supremacy, but decisively rejected the abolition of the Mass. The Catholic religion, with the exception of the papal authority, was to be retained in full. This is conclusive proof that the majority of the peers were

* *Chron. Belg.*, No. CCCIII, i, p. 444. (Quoted by Birt, p. 75.)

on the Catholic side. The Venetian ambassador wrote on 21 March : "By a majority of votes they have decided that the aforesaid things [i.e. the abolition of the Mass and the Sacraments] shall be expunged from the book, and that the Masses, Sacraments, and the rest of the Divine offices shall be performed as hitherto."

The Government did not accept defeat. The counter-attack was sharp, for on 22 March, four days after the House of Lords had passed the Bill and the proviso, the Commons had passed fresh clauses legalizing the Prayer Book of 1552 and prohibiting any other service.* Cecil's determination to abolish the Mass was thus expressed in no uncertain manner. At this point in the history of the Bill there is considerable obscurity. According to the Journal of the House of Lords, the fresh doctrinal clauses inserted by the Commons were passed by the Lords on the very same day (22 March). It is hardly credible that, in any event, all three readings could have been taken on the same day as the Bill passed its third reading in the Commons ; nor can it be believed that the Catholic opposition collapsed with such startling suddenness. Moreover, if it were passed by both Houses, why did this Bill never receive the Royal assent ? In point of fact, the struggle was begun all over again, for the Government decided to separate the questions of Supremacy and Doctrine, and to deal with each in a separate bill. On 10 April, an entirely new Supremacy Bill was introduced into the House of Commons, shorn of all doctrinal changes. It is simply inconceivable that the Government, if they had obtained what they desired on 22 March, should have reopened the whole matter without any apparent reason. Finally there is contemporary evidence that the House of Lords did *not* pass the Bill, as revised by the Commons, on 22 March. The Venetian ambassador writes on 28 March :

Although they [i.e. the House of Lords] had passed the clause about the Supremacy of the Church, they did so under such restrictions that the Commons would by no means consent to it. They are therefore in greater discord than ever, and on Thursday, after the Easter holidays, they will sit again and reconsider

* See Professor Pollard, *Political History of England*, Vol. VI, p. 203.

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the matter, which is committed to four good and Catholic bishops, and to four of their Protestants.

Easter fell in 1559 on 26 March. It is fairly evident that the Lords were not yet willing to accept the doctrinal changes.

On 10 April, the new Supremacy Bill was introduced in the Commons. No doctrinal matters were incorporated. The House of Commons passed the Bill on 14 April, and it was read for the first time in the House of Lords on the following day.

The extraordinary thing is that at this point, for a brief moment, the Catholic opposition appears to gather strength, for on 17 April the Supremacy Bill was entrusted for revision to a committee, on which, if we may judge by the names, there was a slight preponderance of Catholics. The situation had been complicated by some scruples on the part of Elizabeth herself as to the exact form of words to be used in the title to be given to her as Head of the Church, and the appointment of this committee may have arisen out of this. It may be that these scruples on the part of Elizabeth had encouraged the Catholics. As we shall see in a moment, 17 April is a very significant date, for it is on this day that there appears to have been a demonstration of Catholic strength even in the House of Commons.

But from this moment onwards the Catholic opposition collapses suddenly and completely, and events march rapidly to their conclusion. On 18 April the Uniformity Bill, abolishing the Mass, was introduced in the House of Commons, and passed its three readings in three days. On 26 April the Supremacy Bill passed its third reading in the House of Lords, and the Uniformity Bill was read for the first time on the same day. Three days later, the Uniformity Bill passed its third reading in the House of Lords, and the struggle was over. The rapid action of these last twelve days is in striking contrast to the prolonged disputes which had filled most of three months. Yet even the final act in the drama provides evidence of the widespread hostility to the religious innovations, for it is well known that the Uniformity Bill passed its third

reading in the House of Lords by the precarious majority of three votes. Even this narrow margin could not have been secured without the imprisonment of the Bishops of Lincoln and Winchester, and the detention of Abbot Feckenham, to say nothing of the creation of five Protestant peers at Elizabeth's coronation.

There was one other fact which was even more significant, and which deserves special attention, because it has been less widely known. That fact is that on the day of the critical division only 39 peers (9 spiritual and 30 temporal) seem to have been *personally* present. In other words, more than half the lay peers seem to have absented themselves. There is no official return of the names of those present in the House on 29 April, but a study of the official lists in the Journal of the House shows that the personal attendance of only 30 lay peers was abnormally low—especially for an important division. The following is a table of the number of lay peers personally present on other dates about this time :

| | | | | | |
|---------------------|---|---|---|---|----|
| On April 17, Monday | . | . | . | . | 33 |
| „ 19, Wednesday | . | . | . | . | 38 |
| „ 20, Thursday | . | . | . | . | 46 |
| „ 22, Saturday | . | . | . | . | 55 |
| May 1, Monday | . | . | . | . | 31 |
| „ 8, Monday | . | . | . | . | 57 |

Thus 29 April was a Saturday, and at the next meeting of the House on the following Monday the attendance was only 31. It is true that only 33 were present on 17 April, but the fact remains that more than half the lay peers were unwilling to vote in favour of the Bill. Mr. F. W. Maitland, in *The Cambridge Modern History*, remarks apropos of the point that “some of them were inclined neither to alter the religion of England, nor yet to oppose the Queen”.*

According to Birt, even allowing for proxies, the total voting strength on 29 April cannot have been more than 53. If this is correct, then at least 28 peers (of whom some 24 must have been lay peers) must have completely abstained from voting. This is an eloquent commentary on

* Vol. II, p. 569. (Quoted by Birt.)

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the real feelings of the House. Only 21 lay peers out of 64 were to be found voting personally in favour of the Bill.

The sudden collapse of the Catholic opposition at the end of April may be explained at least partly by sheer fatigue. The Venetian ambassador, writing on 25 April, 1559, of one of the minor Bills (concerned with the expulsion of monks and religious) remarks :

There is no doubt of the Bill passing, as it favours personal interest, and also, because they are near the end of Parliament, all being weary of remaining so long at great cost and inconvenience ; and therefore, in order to return to their homes, they will pass any evil thing, unless God give them more sense than they have evinced hitherto.

To return to the House of Commons : unfortunately, full details of the proceedings are unknown to us, but, in one solitary instance, the voting figures are recorded by Sir Simonds D'Ewes, in his *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*. On 17 April, the "Bill that the Queen's Majesty shall have divers temporal lands of the Archbishops and Bishops, in recompense of Tenths and Parsonages Improprate" was read the third time. It is true that this was a Bill of minor importance only, but the light thrown on the strength of the Catholic opposition is none the less valuable for that. We have seen that the Catholics were under-represented in the House, both through Government influence and through the accident of the geographical distribution ; we have also noticed the evidence of pressure upon the House itself in connexion with the Supremacy Bill. With our knowledge of Tudor methods, it may be guessed that a large number of luke-warm Catholics would yield to such pressure, while those of doubtful allegiance would be at the service of the Government. With all these influences operating in favour of the Protestant party, it would not be surprising to find those voting on the Catholic side a very small minority indeed. The actual figures are a revelation.

According to D'Ewes* they were :

| | | | | |
|-----------------------|---|---|---|-----|
| In favour of the Bill | . | . | . | 134 |
| Against the Bill | . | . | . | 90 |

* *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 54.

Thus exactly two-fifths of those present voted on the Catholic side. In all the circumstances, this is an astonishingly high proportion. Beyond any reasonable doubt, if the Catholics had been fairly represented, and if members had been free to vote according to their consciences, the Catholics would have had an overwhelming majority.

It is instructive to contrast the history of Elizabeth's first Parliament with the Reconciliation under Mary. On that occasion, both houses voted *unanimously* in favour of the restoration of the Catholic religion. There were, it is true, a few dissentients who were "persuaded" to reconsider their decision; government pressure was no less active under Mary. Nevertheless, the contrast is remarkable. All the evidence shows that, in the mid-sixteenth century, a strong majority, even among the gentry, were on the Catholic side.

BRIAN MAGEE.

MICHAEL DRAYTON AND HIS IDEA

NO study of the literature of any period can be complete unless it take some account at least of its readers as well as its writers. To understand the honourable position held by poetry in the English renaissance we must trace its part in the lives of those for whom it was written. More, however, has been written about those who printed the work of the Elizabethan poets than of those who passed it from hand to hand in manuscript and copied it into their commonplace books; who forgathered to hear it read, or sung to the harp or virginals, or who themselves took part in singing it to the madrigal music of Morley or of Byrd. That spacious age was an age of cultivated leisure also, at least for those of the noble and gentle families whose numbers had increased and whose wealth had grown beyond precedent at the cost of the despoiled religious houses. Much of that leisure was occupied in reading, and especially in reading poetry. The gatherings of shepherds and shepherdesses who met for song and dance on Cotswold, on the banks of the Trent or Ancor, or on the Elizian plains were not just poetical fictions of Drayton's pastoral Muse or echoes from Theocritus and Mantuan. They had their counterpart in the great and lesser houses of the land. At some of these, poets held office as privileged servants—secretaries, tutors to the sons and daughters of the house; and the great ladies who lived there are living for us still in the verse of Spenser and Jonson, Daniel, Drayton, and Donne. Polesworth in Arden, on the River Ancor, was one of those houses where poetry was held in special honour:

Ancor tryumph, upon whose blessed shore,
The sacred Muses solemnize thy name:
Where the *Arcadian* Swaines with rytes adore
Pandoras poesy, and her living fame.*

The ancient Benedictine nunnery at Polesworth, founded by King Egbert for his daughter, St. Editha, its first

* Lines by "Gorbo il fidele", prefixed to Drayton's *Ideas Mirrour*, 1594; Shakespeare Head edition, I, p. 97. The references that follow are to this edition.

Abbess, was now the seat of a Warwickshire knight. At the time of the Ridolfi plot Henry Goodere had suffered imprisonment in the cause of the Queen of Scots. Later on, he was active in persecuting the recusant Catholics of Warwickshire. The dying Sidney in his last will claimed Sir Henry for "my good cousin and Friend"; and it was perhaps due to his influence and that of his sister Mary—Pandora's self—that the tender plant of poetry first took root on the banks of the Ancor. It is as Elphin the poet, and not as the chivalrous and heroic knight of Zutphen, that Sidney is mourned in Rowland's "tears of the greene Hawthorne tree";* and in the sixth Eglogue Perkin tells of Pandora :

The flood of *Helicon*, forspent and drie,
Her sourse decayd with foule oblivion,
The fountaine flows againe in thee alone,
Where Muses now their thirst may satisfie.†

Drayton was admitted into the intimacy of the Goodere family, probably as a page, in his early boyhood. Sir Henry's younger daughter, Anne, was younger than he by about eight years. He must have seen her grow up almost from the cradle, through childhood and youth, to womanhood. We have his own testimony that he had been a witness of the education of the elder sister Frances; and we may safely conjecture that the two sisters were in part educated by him.

Her wandring sheepe full safely have I kept,
he wrote of Anne in his ninth Eglogue, in lines reminiscent of Sidney's

My sheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and serve.

A charming tribute to her attainments as well as her character has come to us from Shakespeare's son-in-law, John Hall, physician of Stratford-upon-Avon, who treated Anne (she was then a widow) about the year 1633.

* Drayton's *Idea the Shepheards' Garland*, 1593, pp. 63-4.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 73-6.

Domina Rajnsforde calculo cruciata feb[ri] siti circa aetatis annum 62 sequentem curata ita ut nunc valet vidua modesta pia benigna et de omnibus bene merita, sacrorum librorum lectioni addictissima, lingua Gallica et Hellenae [sic] experta.*

The nature and intensity of Drayton's early love for Anne must be gathered from the Sonnets which in 1594 he printed under the title of *Ideas Mirrour*. In the lines by which he dedicated that volume to Anthony Cooke he tells us that his "rude unpolished rhymes" had "long slept in sable night", and they bear their own evidence that they were written at intervals many years before they were printed. These early Sonnets have Anne Goodere, Drayton's Idea, alone for their subject. They were hammered out in the white heat of pure but passionate love :

My hart the Anvile where my thoughts doe beate,
My words the hammers, fashioning my desires,
My breast the forge, including all the heate,
Love is the fuell which maintaines the fire.†

Though grouped together round their common theme, they have no logical sequence, but are written with all the incoherence of a distracted lover's moods. It is true that Drayton carried in his scrip the current coin—the small change, if you will—scattered so lavishly by contemporary sonneteers, those knights errant of the quill, whose antics in the service of their Delias and Astraeas were as fantastic as the deeds of the paladins and palmerins satirized tenderly and lovingly by the author of *Don Quixote*. There was even a strain of quixotry in Drayton. His Dulcinea was not a country wench of Castile but the daughter of a Warwickshire knight. Yet, if we write off all that was merely fantastic in these Sonnets, all that was a mere following of a poetical fashion of the moment, there remains the clear impression of the genuineness and intensity of Drayton's passion for Anne. Without probing too deeply we may follow its course and learn its true nature in *The Shepherds Garland* and in *Ideas Mirrour*. There is a note of

* B.M. Egerton MS.

† *I.M.*, 44, Vol. I, p. 120.

Platonism, echoed perhaps from St. Augustine, in Drayton's account of its first beginning. Love was the

Rare of-spring of my thoughts . . .
Begot by fancy, on sweet hope exhortive ;*

and in Amour 16 of *Ideas Mirrour* he writes :

Vertues *Idea* in virginitie,
By inspiration, came conceav'd with thought :
The time is come delivered she must be,
Where first my Love into the world was brought.

Bereaved of its parentage in the mind, it passed to the wardship of "my sovereignes eye". But Anne's eyes were pitiless, and his love was

hunger-starven, wanting lookes to live,
Still empty gorg'd, with cares consumption pynde.

It was Anne's eyes, again, which

taught mee the Alphabet of love.†

Amour 19 tells of Anne's wholesome influence on others :

whose lyfe doth save a thousand soules from hell ;

and Amour 12 the power of its cleansing virtue upon himself :

Blind were mine eyes, till they were seene of thine,
And mine eares deafe, by thy fame healed be,
My vices cur'd, by vertues sprung from thee,
My hopes reviv'd which long in grave had lyne.
All uncleane thoughts, foul spirits cast out in mee,
By thy great power, and by strong fayth in thee.

Chaste and holy were the vows which he offered at her shrine.‡ To her he had tendered the

* I, p. 119.

† Amour 11.

‡ Amours 1, 2.

. . . chaste and pure devotion of my youth,
 [The] glorie of my Aprill-springing yeeres,
 Unfained love, in naked simple truth,
 A thousand vowes, a thousand sighes and teares. . . .

A lyfe, that never joyd but in her love,
 A soule, that ever hath ador'd her name,
 A fayth, that time nor fortune could not move,
 A Muse, that unto heaven hath raisd her fame.*

We do not know at what period of his life Drayton's love began: perhaps he himself could not have told us. We may suppose that fondness for the child grew unperceived into love for the woman. None of the Sonnets in *Ideas Mirrour* give any clue to their date; but in 1600 Drayton printed for the first time his Sonnet "To Lunacie", in which, in apology for his "Bedlam fit", he says of his own distraction:

'Tis nine yeeres now, since first I lost my Wit.†

We may therefore date back *Ideas Mirrour* to the year 1590 or 1591. Anne would then have been about twenty years old, and Drayton twenty-seven or twenty-eight. In none of the Sonnets, with all their changing moods of lyrical rapture, praise, worship, and despair, is there any hint that Anne returned her poet's love. The first of the Amours begins with the lines:

Reade heere (sweet Mayd) the story of my wo,
 The drery abstract of my endles cares:
 With my lives sorow enterlynd so;
 Smok'd with my sighes, and blotted with my teares.

They give the keynote not only to the Amours, but to all those passages in *Idea The Shepheards Garland* which allude to Rowland's devout love for his mistress. Idea, says Motto to Rowland in the fifth Eglogue;

sees not shepheard, no she will not see,
 Her rarest vertues blazond by thy quill,
 Nor knowes the effect the same hath wrought in thee.‡

* Amour 38.

† *Idea*, 9; Vol. II, p. 315.

‡ I, p. 69.

And in the ninth Eglogue, Rowland himself bemoans her proud disdain :

Oh fayr'st that lives, yet most unkindest mayd,
 ô whilome thou the joy of all my flocke,
 Why have thine eyes these eyes of mine betrayd,
 unto thy hart more hard then flintie rocke,
 And lastly thus depriv'd me of their sight,
 From whome my love derives both life and light.

Those dapper ditties pend unto her prayse,
 and those sweete straynes of tunefull pastorall,
 She scorneth as the Lourdayns clownish layes,
 and recketh as the rustick madrigall,
 Her lippes prophane *Ideas* sacred name,
 And sdayne to read the annals of her fame. . . .

Ther's not a grove that wonders not my woe,
 there's not a river weepes not at my tale :
 I heare the ecchoes (wandring too and froe)
 resound my grieve in every hill and dale,
 The beasts in field, with many a wofull groane,
 The birds in ayre help to expresse my moane.*

Drayton's devotion to Anne, recorded in poem after poem, in season and out of season, does not weaken as she advances in years. But it changes its character. He ceases to be the distraught and moody lover ; his lines no longer register his unrequited love. Henceforth he sings lyrically and triumphantly of Idea's excellence and perfection, hailing her as the special darling of the Muses. Even the ghost of Piers Gaveston at the end of his long Legend, before returning to the gloomy shades whence he came,

to *Ankor* shall repayre,
 And unto chaste *Idea* tell my care, . . .
 In whose sweet bosome all the Muses rest.†

And the spirit of Matilda the Faire, who had sealed her chastity by death, before it departs hence, prays to be let see

* I, p. 93.

† I, p. 206.

the Muses owne delight. . . .

O let mee once behold her blessed eyes,
Those two sweet Sunnes which make eternall spring,
Which banish drouping Night out of the skies,
In whose sweet bosome quiers of Angels sing :
To whom the Muses all their treasures bring.

Her brest, *Minervas* ever hallowed shrine,
Whose sainted thoughts are sacred and divine.

Slyde still sweet *Ankor* on thy silver Sands,
Play dainty Musick when she walkes by thee,
With liquid Pearle wash those pure Lillie hands,
And all thy Bancks with Laurell shaddowed be,
And let sweet *Ardens* Nightingales with glee,
Record to her in many a pleasing straine,
Whilst all the Nymphes attend uppon her traine.*

We may read, too, the closing lines of *Endimion and Phoebe*, printed in 1595 :

And if sweet mayd thou deign'st to read this story,
Wherein thine eyes may view thy vertues glory,
Thou purest spark of *Vesta's* kindled fire,
Sweet Nymph of *Ankor*, crowne of my desire,
The plot which for their pleasure heaven devis'd,
Where all the Muses be imparadis'd,
Where thou doost live, there let all graces be,
Which want theyr grace if onely wanting thee,
Let stormy winter never touch the Clyme,
But let it florish as in Aprils prime,
Let sullen night, that soyle nere over-cloud,
But in thy presence let the earth be proud.
If ever Nature of her worke might boast,
Of thy perfection she may glory most,
To whom fayre *Phæbe* hath her bow resign'd,
Whose excellence doth lyve in thee refin'd,
And that thy praise Time never should impayre,
Hath made my hart thy never moving Spheare.

Anne was still living with her father at Polesworth when in 1595 Sir Henry Goodere died. He made her the executor of his fortune, much reduced by debt,

* *Matilda the Faire*, Vol. I, pp. 245-6.

and his principal legatee. In the same or the following year, being then about twenty-five years old, she married Henry Rainsford, a Gloucestershire squire, seated at Clifford Chambers, a pretty and secluded hamlet lying less than two miles south-west of Stratford-upon-Avon. The manor had formerly belonged to the monks of Gloucester. It is pleasant to find from Drayton's later poems how his love for Anne became fixed in strong and lasting friendship, which ended only with his life. *Idea* is still the theme of many of them ; but when he printed his Sonnets in 1599, although he gave the name *Idea* to the collection, not all or nearly all of them were addressed to her. He admitted to the new series only some thirty out of the fifty-one Sonnets printed in *Ideas Mirrour*. Amongst those which he discarded are some that we could least have spared. He replaced them in a succession of new editions with some fifty-five more, but none of these make any mention of *Idea*. Some of them are addressed to other women : the most famous of all Drayton's poems, the Sonnet beginning, "Since ther's no helpe, Come let us kisse and part", was not printed till 1619, when Lady Rainsford was a matron of near fifty. Others are written to patrons, friends, or critics. They are a mere miscellany, with no common theme or purpose. He introduces them with a Sonnet which is an apology, begging that his protestations be taken not too seriously or too literally :

Into these loves, who but for Passion lookes,
At this first sight, here let him lay them by . . .
My Verse is the true image of my mind,
Ever in motion, still desiring change ;
And as thus to Varietie inclin'd,
So in all Humors sportively I range.*

There are other poems, however, of Drayton's middle and later periods, which show that his friendship and admiration for Anne remain undiminished. In 1606, in the small volume called *Poems Lyrick and Pastorall*, there is a new version of the Eglogues originally published in 1593 as *Idea The Shepheards Garland*. The sixth

* Vol. II, p. 310.

Eglogue of the early version is rewritten as the eighth Eglogue of the later. With other women who are dear to the Muses, Drayton mentions the two daughters of Sir Henry Goodere: Frances, now married to her cousin, Sir Henry Goodere the younger, the friend and correspondent alike of Ben Jonson and of John Donne; and Anne, now Lady Rainsford. Frances—"Panape"—is still living at Polesworth:

As those two Sisters most discreetly wise,
That Vertues hests religiously obey,
Whose prayse my skill is wanting to comprize,
Th'eld'st of which is that good PANAPE,
In shadie *Arden* her deare Flocke that keepes,
Where mournefull *Ankor* for her sicknesse weepes.

But Anne is living at Clifford (near Meon Hill and the Vale of Evesham) on the little River Stour, which there divides Gloucestershire from Warwickshire:

The yonger then, her Sister not lesse good,
Bred where the other lastly doth abide,
Modest IDEA, flowre of Womanhood,
That ROWLAND hath so highly Deifide:
Whom PHCEBUS Daughters worthily prefer,
And give their gifts abundantly to her.

Driving her Flocks up to the fruitfull *Meene*,
Which daily lookes upon the lovely *Stowre*,
Neere to that Vale, which of all Vales is Queene,
Lastly, forsaking of her former Bowre:
And of all places holdeth *Cotswold* deere,
Which now is proud, because shee lives it neere.*

The ninth Eglogue of 1606 is new: there is no early version of it in *The Shepheards Garland*. The scene is set at a sheep-shearing on Cotswold, and the "shepherds"—the poets with our "Rowland" as their "King"—sit down to the rural banquet upon the green. In the cool of the evening they are joined by the Nymphs:

* Vol. II, p. 562.

Here might you many a Shepheardesse have seene,
Of which no place, as *Cotswold*, such doth yeeld,
Some of it native, some for love I weene,
Thither were come from many a fertill Field.

Amongst them was Spenser's Rosalind, whose identity and that of the other fair ladies in the throng remain untraced :

There was the Widdowes Daughter of the *Glen*,
Deare ROSALYND, that scarsly brook'd compare,
The *Moreland*-Mayden, so admir'd of Men,
Bright GOLDY-LOCKS, and PHILLIDA the faire.

LETTICE and PARNEL, pretty lovely Peates,
CUSSE of the Fold, the Virgin of the Well,
Faire Ambry with the Alablaster Teates,
And more, whose Names were here to long to tell.*

Then at the command of the Shepherds' King the poets sing their roundelays—Batte and Gorbo in praise of Daffodil, and Motto and Perkin of the Moreland maiden, Sylvia. It is a pity that we do not know for whom Daffodil and Sylvia stand, for these songs are amongst the gems of English pastoral poetry. Lastly, it is the turn of the "Clownish King", Rowland himself, "his Roundelay to sing",

When Shee (whom then, they little did expect,
The fayrest Nymph that ever kept in field)
IDEA, did her sober pace direct
Towards them, with joy that every one beheld.

And whereas other drave their carefull keepe,
Hers did her follow, duely at her will,
For, through her patience shee had learnt her Sheepe,
Where ere shee went, to wait upon her still.

A Milke-white Dove upon her hand shee brought,
So tame, 'twould goe, returning at her call,
About whose necke was in a Choller wrought,
Only like *Me*, my *Mistris bath no Gall*.†

* Vol. II, pp. 565-6.

† Vol. II, p. 569.

In the roundelay that follows the poet sings once more of her "pure eyes" and her "tresses".

ROWLAND. Of her pure Eyes (that now is seene).
 CHORUS. Come, let us sing, yee faithfull Swaynes.
 ROWLAND. O, shee alone the Shepheards Queene.
 CHORUS. Her Flocke that leades,
 The Goddesse of these Meades,
 These Mountaynes and these Playnes.
 ROWLAND. Those Eyes of Hers that are more cleere,
 CHORUS. Then can poore Shepheards Songs expresse,
 ROWLAND. Then be his Beames that rules the Yeere. . . .

ROWLAND. JOVE saw her brest that naked lay,
 CHORUS. A sight most fit for JOVE to see :
 ROWLAND. And swore it was the Milkie way,
 CHORUS. Of all most pure,
 The Path (we us assure)
 To his bright Court to bee.

ROWLAND. He saw her Tresses hanging downe,
 CHORUS. That moved with the gentle Ayre,
 ROWLAND. And said that ARIADNES Crowne,
 CHORUS. With those compar'd,
 The Gods should not regard,
 NOR BERENICES Haire.*

She was not only the patient guardian of her own sheep—her thoughts—but kept her poet's also :

ROWLAND. When shee hath watch'd my Flocks by night,
 CHORUS. O happy Flocks that shee did keepe,
 ROWLAND. They never needed CYNTHIA's light,
 CHORUS. That soon gave place,
 Amazed with her grace,
 That did attend thy Sheepe.†

The tenth Eglogue of 1606 is the ninth of *The Shepheards Garland*, rewritten in the same sad strain. But whereas in the original version Drayton sings of his unrequited love for Idea, in the later there is no mention of Idea nor any allusion to her. Its theme is Rowland's

* Vol II, p. 570.

† Ibid.

own vanished hopes, the loss of his influence amongst his fellow poets, the flattering promises made on his behalf but not kept, his disgrace. But we know from other passages in Drayton's writings that he was still true to his old friendship with Anne. To the end of his life Drayton was a frequent guest at Clifford. In the fourteenth Song of *Poly-Olbion*, in which the poet writes of the Vale of Evesham and the Cotswolds, we have one of those autobiographical allusions which are scattered over the poem :

... deere *Cliffords* seat (the place of health and sport)
Which many a time hath been the Muses quiet Port.*

The First Part of *Poly-Olbion* was printed in 1612. Much later on, in 1631, the year of Drayton's death, he dated a letter to William Drummond from Clifford, "a Knight's house in *Glocester-Shire*, to which Place I Yearly use to come, in the Summer-Time, to recreate my self, and to spend Two or Three Months in the Country".

In the thirteenth Song of *Poly-Olbion* Drayton is writing of his native Warwickshire. When the poem was published, Anne was more than forty years old; yet the mention of the River Ancor, and of Coventry her birthplace, evokes a rhapsody of panegyric more extravagantly fantastic than anything that Michael had yet written. The fame of Coventry and of Polesworth in legend and in history—Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins; St. Editha and her nuns at Polesworth; Godiva riding naked through the city—all these were but a prefiguring and a preparation for the glory that was to be hers when Anne should be born within her walls—Anne Goodere, whose "christened Anne" "*doth Ancor lively spell*"; and the first part of whose surname

Godiva *doth forereed*
... and Goodere *halfe doth sound*.†

Drayton's *Hymne to His Ladies Birth-Place* appeared for the first time in the collected edition of his Poems, printed in 1619, but it is likely that it was written many years before.

* Vol. IV, p. 295.

† Vol. IV, pp. 281-2.

IDEA, in which Name I hide
 Her, in my heart Deifi'd,
 For what good, Man's mind can see,
 Onely Her IDEAS be ;
 She, in whom the Vertues came
 In Woman's shape, and tooke her Name,
 She so farre past Imitation,
 As but Nature our Creation
 Could not alter, she had aymed,
 More then Woman to have framed.

Once more, in a noble passage, he makes Godiva the antetype of Anne Goodere :

That Princesse, to whom thou do'st owe
 Thy Freedome, whose Cleere blushing snow,
 The envious Sunne saw, when as she
 Naked rode to make Thee free,
 Was but her Type, as to foretell,
 Thou should'st bring forth one, should excell
 Her Bounty, by whom thou should'st have
 More Honour, then she Freedome gave.

He falls plumb into saddest bathos when he writes that Queen Elizabeth had been set on the throne by Providence so that

A Maide should raigne, when she was borne.*

It was perhaps of Lady Rainsford that Drayton wrote to William Drummond from London in November 1618 :

Your letters were as welcome to me, as if they had come from my Mistress, which I think is one of the fairest and worthiest living.

Anne's husband, Sir Henry Rainsford—he had been knighted with many hundreds of the like rank and station by James I at his coronation—died in 1621-2, and was buried at Clifford on 30 January of that year.† Drayton

* Vol. II, pp. 373-4.

† Clifford Register.

wrote one of his finest Elegies "On the Death of his Incomparable Friend":

. . . This more then mine owne selfe ; that who had seene
His care of me where ever I have beene, . . .
He would have sworne that to no other end
He had been borne : but onely for my friend.*

Sir Henry was buried at Clifford Church, where he and Anne are shown kneeling face to face in their monument on the north wall of the Chancel. The space left empty for the date of Anne's death was never filled. We have seen that she was John Hall's patient about 1633 ; but we do not know when or where she died. For lovers of English poetry she will always live in Drayton's verse.

B. H. NEWDIGATE.

* Vol. III, pp. 232-5.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CHANGES IN RELIGION

WHEN, in the sixteenth century, the unity of the Church was broken—that unity which, in the Western world, had subsisted from the day when Peter the Apostle sat down in his first Pontifical Chair at Rome in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, to the reign of his successor Clement VII—we find that, although one result of the cleavage, wherever it occurred, was always complete separation from the Holy See, the centre of unity, yet the extent to which changes went in non-essential matters—the accidents, as distinguished from the substance, of things religious—varied considerably in different countries. Speaking generally, it is, I think, true to say that the revolution in religion of the sixteenth century, had, in all Continental countries in which it attained a footing, the effect of destroying not only the spiritual side of the Church's life, but also the forms and customs by which she showed herself to the outer world. The Church's ancient forms of government and administration, her courts of law and her judges and officials, were discarded by the sixteenth-century Continental revolutionists in religious matters. No attempt was made to keep alive the old models, and the reformers, so called, built up their administrative system on other foundations than those to be found in the system of the ancient Church. In England, however, the case was different: all through the troubled reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI and Elizabeth, even to the present moment with a short exception during the Commonwealth, the outward forms attendant in Catholic days upon the election and consecration of Bishops were, so far as ordinary lay folk could judge, adhered to by the so-called reformers. The Bishops of the Established Church, though merely state officials in the eyes of the Catholic Church, have always used in official documents the style and titles, and even the heraldic insignia, of the ancient English Catholic Bishops. They always describe themselves as Right Reverend Fathers in God, and the

Archbishop of Canterbury styles himself as "by Divine Providence"; whilst his brother of York and the other Anglican Bishops refer to themselves as "by Divine Permission"—all strictly in accordance with Catholic custom and tradition in England. Henry VIII, we must remember, had no desire to abolish Catholic doctrine or the fabric of the Catholic Church. The task which he set himself to perform, impossible of accomplishment as we know it to have been, was that of throwing off the Pope's Supremacy over the Church in England while preserving it in other respects.

In pursuance of this policy, no very material changes, either in doctrine or ritual, or in the furniture of the churches or the vestments of the clergy, were made in England during Henry's reign. For years after the dissolution of the monasteries—an event which, wicked as it was, the Church would have survived; even as she has, for all substantial purposes, lived through persecution in modern times in France and other countries, because she has held fast to the Rock of Peter—for long after those noble souls the Abbots of Glastonbury, Reading, and Colchester had been hanged at their own gates, Holy Mass was still celebrated in every cathedral and in every parish church throughout the realm. Henry wanted to be a Catholic without the Pope, and that is still the ideal, because impossible to be realized, of a large section of the clergy of the Established Church of England and of many lay members of that Church today. Henry, with all his faults, died believing in the efficacy of the Holy Sacrifice and in the intercessory power of Our Lady and the Saints. With the accession of the weak, though well-meaning, lad, Edward VI, came the first Protestantizing, in outward things, of English religion. Not on Edward must the greater blame be laid, but on his advisers, on his uncles the Seymours, on Dudley (grandson of Henry VII's unscrupulous minister), and on the too supple and versatile Thomas Cranmer. The Church still had goods which avaricious men could covet, and so, in every county, commissioners—selected mainly from the ranks of the new gentry, who could be trusted to do their employers' will—were appointed to visit the parish

churches, and, after setting aside a surplice or two, a plain cloth for the Communion table, and the barest necessities for conducting services according to the new Book of Common Prayer, to seize all the vestments and church furniture for the King's use. So ran the commission; but comparatively little it was of the abundant store of vestments, jewelled chalices, crucifixes, altar frontals, precious tapestries, and other furniture with which Englishmen of old had loved to enrich their churches, that reached the Royal Treasury.

That great act of spoliation, the dissolution of the monasteries, although directly it had enriched only the more powerful men in the country, had set up an evil precedent, and had created an appetite for plunder among the smaller landholders—the knights and squires holding a manor or two here and there. For some years before the Royal Commission was issued, systematic robbery of the parish churches, sometimes under plea of borrowing, and at others by open and shameless appropriation, had prevailed all over the country; and to such an extent had these practices prevailed that "Private men's halls were hung with altar-cloths; their tables and beds covered with copes instead of carpets and coverlets. Many drank at their daily meals in chalices, and no wonder, if, in proportion, it came to the share of their horses to be watered in coffins of rich marble". (Fuller's *Church History*, Book VII, Sec. 2.) As an example of the milder system, akin to borrowing, by which the churches were despoiled, we may cite an entry in the Inventory of goods belonging to the church of Upminster in Essex made on the visitation of the Royal Commissioners in 1552. After enumerating a number of articles—vestments, bells, candlesticks, and so forth—the church officers report: "Also there ys in the hands of Master Roffe Lathum a westement of redde Wellffyt, the wyche westement, the godeman John Fryth delyvered unto Mystrys Lathum and the prysshe cannot have it agayne." This was the usual way in which the thing was done; borrow, and neglect or refuse to return. But the more powerful men did not scruple to take things by force from the churches and appropriate them to their own

use: as witness the doings of Sir William Stafford in Rochford Hundred, Essex. This doughty knight carried off the bells from five churches, sold them, and applied the proceeds to his private purposes. The commissioners themselves, it would seem, were not above taking a present. For instance John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, a commissioner for East Essex, at his visitation of Brightlingsea Church saw a precious cope which pleased him. As a result, we find in the inventory for that church the following entry :

Item, gy'n to my lorde Chamberlayne by the assent of the Pryshe aforesayd one cope of cloth of gold.

In Edward's reign, too, orders were given by the Protector Somerset for the destruction of the crosses, images, and wall-paintings, while the painted windows were to be left to decay, it being considered that the expense of replacing them all at once by plain glass would be too great for the parishes to bear. When, after the extreme Protestantism of Edward's days and the brief revival of the old religion under Mary, Elizabeth at last succeeded to her father's throne, and when she realized the impossibility of securing the Pope's recognition of her claim to the crown, she bent the whole force of her energies, so far as ecclesiastical matters went, to carrying out Henry's favourite notion of the Catholic Church without the Pope.

Elizabeth, however, had to contend with a difficulty which did not exist in Henry's time. The Bishops in his days were, more or less, with the exception of John of Rochester (St. John Fisher), compliant to the King's will, took the Oath of Supremacy, remained in their sees, and went on with their administrative work, ordaining clergy and the like, as if nothing had happened. But, by Elizabeth's time, the Bishops had learnt wisdom and how to bear every ill with which men could afflict them rather than betray the Church. Careless of temporal loss, they all, except Kitchin of Llandaff, refused to acknowledge the Queen as head of the Church, and when Elizabeth, by her Letters Patent of 19 September, 1559, directed

Cuthbert of Durham, Gilbert of Bath, David of Peterborough, and Anthony of Llandaff to join with William Barlow and John Scory, both of whom had probably been consecrated as Bishops in Edward's reign by a defective form, in consecrating William Parker as Archbishop of Canterbury, the three first-named prelates resolutely refused to do so and Anthony of Llandaff excused himself on the ground of ill-health.

Unable to persuade or force the Catholic Bishops to give valid consecration to Parker, Elizabeth, determined to clothe his elevation to the See of Canterbury with an appearance of validity, on 6 December, 1559, issued fresh Letters Patent directing Anthony of Llandaff, William Barlow, John Scory, Miles Coverdale, Richard of Bedford, John of Thetford, and John Bale of Ossory, none of whom were Catholic Bishops except the Bishops of Llandaff and Ossory, to consecrate Parker, and, anticipating what actually happened—that their Lordships of Llandaff and Ossory would not take part in the contemplated consecration—a clause was added to these Letters Patent to the effect that the Queen would supply, by her supreme regal authority, whatever might be deficient in her mandate, in the consecrating Bishops, or in the form used. In pursuance of these letters, Barlow, Scory, Coverdale, and John of Bedford affected to consecrate Parker as a Bishop on 17 December, 1559, and he was clothed, in due course, with the temporalities and the outward trappings of the See of Canterbury.

Thus Queen Elizabeth launched her newly arranged Church of England, which differed from the Church of England in King Henry's later days by one stupendous fact, viz. that not one of its prelates (except Kitchin of Llandaff), although they occupied the old sees and were called by the old styles and titles, was a validly consecrated Catholic Bishop in the judgement of the Catholic Church. As Kitchin died without taking part in any consecration of Bishops during Elizabeth's reign, no succession could be claimed from him for any Anglican Bishop. Nevertheless, in spite of this radical defect in things essential, the Church of England thus constituted by Elizabeth continued to use, in non-spiritual matters, all the ancient

forms of the Catholic Church; and it is mainly to Elizabeth's efforts that the Established Church of England owes its unique position in the non-Catholic Christian world—that of a body, so far as forms of government and most outward things are concerned, resembling the Catholic Church, but, in essentials, as far removed from her as any of the Protestant sects which dissent from the Anglican Church.

Remembering all this, we shall not be surprised to find that, leaving out of account the break during the Commonwealth (which had no permanent effect upon Church matters), the Episcopal Courts of the Established Church continued uninterruptedly, through all the religious changes in Tudor times, to administer the Church's law with reference to the matters which fell within their jurisdiction, as fully as they would have done had no break in the continuity of the Church's life occurred.

These courts had, down to the year 1857, an interest for lay folk which, since that time, they have ceased to have. There were two great subjects with reference to which they had exclusive jurisdiction: first, marriage and all questions and disputes arising out of the marital relation; and, secondly, the right to pronounce for or against the validity of wills and testamentary dispositions of all kinds, and to appoint persons to administer the personal property (i.e. all property other than land and rights arising out of the possession of land) of people who might die intestate. How important this jurisdiction was and at how many points it touched the dearest interests of lay people can be readily understood. Of course, as to marriage, the Church courts, administering a system of law derived from Catholic times, had no power to make a decree of divorce. They could do only what the Church had always done, and still does, upon good and sufficient cause, i.e. decree that husband and wife shall live separate until they can make up their differences. It followed that, prior to 1857, the law of the land corresponded with the law of the Catholic Church in refusing to recognize the existence of any power on earth, either Pope, Council, King, or Parliament, to break the marriage tie once it was securely tied; but, in 1857,

to her own undoing, as Englishmen are beginning to see, England accepted a law of divorce, and set up a Divorce Court, whose business should be, as it unhappily is today, to put asunder those whom God has joined, whenever they choose to tire of each other and can afford the heavy expense of setting clever lawyers to work up a case, often by collusion, sufficient for that very pliable tribunal the Divorce Court. In this connexion, I may recall the sad fact that the then Archbishop of Canterbury, from his place in the House of Lords, supported the proposals to set up the system of divorce in this country, thereby showing how far *he* at least (and he was not alone among his episcopal brethren) had departed from the ideas upon which the Church's teaching about the family and the sanctity of the marriage tie is based.

About the same time as the subject of marriage was removed from the purview of the Church courts, that of wills was taken away also, with the result that the Church courts have gradually lost all interest for most lay folk, and have become almost exclusively concerned with obscure questions relating to the interests of the state clergy, although of late years the differences of opinion between the parties in the Church of England upon questions of doctrine and ritual have had the effect of bringing the Church's courts, which have been occupied in settling, or in trying to settle, these disputes, prominently before the public eye.

Perhaps, while speaking about these courts, we may call to mind the inimitably humorous, though farcical, picture of the Ecclesiastical Courts at Doctors' Commons, their judges, officials, advocates, and proctors, drawn by Charles Dickens in *David Copperfield*.

To ordinary folk in Elizabeth's days, it may be that the momentous questions about succession of Bishops to which we have referred had little meaning. What did matter to them at the time was the change made in the Church services—abolition of Holy Mass and substitution therefor of the Book of Common Prayer—and we know that, all over the country, people rose in their thousands against these changes. But, when Elizabeth's cruelties and fell policy in religious matters had done their work

and a generation arose which had not known Catholic training in its youth, the externals, the business side of religious things, seemed much the same as they had always been.

The ancient parish churches looked very much the same as they did of yore, many of them retaining their old wall and window decorations, rood screens, and so forth; and often the cross, raised on steps, stood undesecrated in the churchyard. Still the parson was presented to the village living by the squire at the Hall, or maybe by some great lord, as the latter-day representative of a dissolved monastery; still the Bishop admitted the parson to the living by the ancient formula—*Admitto te habilem*. Still the Bishop, or his Vicar-General or Chancellor, committed the care of the souls of the parishioners to the parson by the old ceremony of institution or investiture, using the Catholic form *Instituo te ad beneficium et habere curam animarum parochiae . . . accipe curam tuam et meam*—the parson kneeling before him the while; still the villagers saw their new parson inducted by the archdeacon's deputy into full actual possession of the church, the glebe, and other temporalities with all the rights, profits, and appurtenances thereto belonging, the old forms of induction being observed, the inductor taking the hand of the new parson and laying it on the key of the church in the church door, or on the ring of the door, and the new incumbent entering the church alone and tolling the bell, in sign of his complete possession—all these things people saw just as their fathers had seen them centuries ago. As of old, too, the parson took his tithe of the produce of the farm lands round the village, every field and every orchard-close rendering its due share; and after corn harvest the parson's great tithe-barn would, if the season had been toward, be filled to overflowing with the good yellow corn.

A visit to the neighbouring cathedral town would show a villager of the later years of Elizabeth's reign the cathedral itself, shorn, indeed, of some of its ancient magnificence, but still stately and dignified. He would see the Bishop's palace, the canons' houses, and all the precincts of the great church in much the same condition externally

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as they had been for ages. While the old services had become probably, to most Englishmen, merely subjects for curious inquiry by the historian and antiquary, ordinary people had got used to the Book of Common Prayer, and accepted it, as they did other things, in the day's work.

This consideration—that the average man and woman will come to accept any system to which their daily lives accustom them—is the keynote to a right reading of the history of the Established Church of England. Whatever individuals of heroic soul-calibre may do, the mass of people, once they have lost their hold on the substance of religion, once having been Catholic they have lost the Catholic Faith (as most Englishmen of Elizabeth's later years had done), the mere phenomena of things religious—the accidents, so to speak—take the place of the substance, and usurpers in spirituals are accepted because they have, in actual possession, the temporalities which had belonged to those who had taught with authority. To people in such a case the Protestant Bishops, deans, canons, rectors, and whatnot were much the same as the Catholic holders of these dignities and offices. They spent, many of them, as much money in their neighbourhood as their legitimate predecessors, and it may be that in some ways they stimulated trade and temporal prosperity in general to a greater extent than spiritual persons in Catholic days may have done.

Upon the whole, therefore, a just view of the Church of England, as by law established, seems to be that, so far as forms of government and titles and grades of clergy are concerned, they have been preserved without material change from Catholic times to our own days. The official dress of the clergy has, it is true, in some respects been altered since Catholic times, for chasubles were done away with in the reign of Edward VI, mainly, perhaps, because the commissioners of whom we have spoken left none in the churches; but the long surplice worn by the Anglican clergyman is the ancient alb, and he has retained the use of the stole. As to copes, it was not intended, apparently, that their use should be done

away with, for the commissioners of Edward VI's time generally left one in each church, and we know that they were worn in cathedrals to the end of the eighteenth century, if not later. Since that time, until revived in modern days, copes gradually fell into disuse. An amusing story is told that Dr. Warburton, the Dean of Durham in 1759, gave up wearing the cope, because the gold thread of the embroidery tickled his neck. Today, as a result of the revived Elizabethan notion of the continuity of the State Church from the old Church, Catholic vestments are common enough in Anglican churches.

We know, of course, that this attempt to preserve that continuity utterly failed, but none the less Elizabeth and her newly constituted State Bishops did not acknowledge their failure, and by constantly repeated allegations that they had succeeded they started an idea, which in Anglican circles has hardened into a cherished tradition, that the consecration of Parker as successor to Cardinal Pole in the See of Canterbury was regular and valid and according to the laws of the Catholic Church.

The main interest for Catholics in this curious story of the State Church of England, and of the attempts of her rulers to preserve her Catholicity while repudiating the supremacy of the Holy Father, lies in the explanation which it affords of the content with which many Anglicans with Catholic aspirations rest in the Anglican Church. They mistake the shadow for the substance, the clothes for the man, ecclesiastical forms and customs for the Church herself. Also, the history of the Established Church gives point and emphasis to this consideration—that styles and titles, ecclesiastical courts, vestments, altars, crucifixes, pictures, candles and candlesticks, images, rich hangings, and so forth, though all good and desirable in their way, many of them indispensable to the orderly government of the Catholic Church and beautiful and useful as adjuncts of divine worship, do not make the Church, and count for nothing when once people have thrown off allegiance to the Throne of the Fisherman and made shipwreck of the Faith which their fathers received from the Holy City Rome.

F. SYDNEY EDEN.

THE BOOK OF MARGERY KEMPE

The Book of Margery Kempe. A Modern Version by W. Butler-Bowdon. With an Introduction by R. W. Chambers. (London, Jonathan Cape, 1936. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE month of October of last year was remarkable for the first publication, in a modernized version, of a long-lost book, nothing less than the complete autobiography of the mediaeval English pilgrim and visionary, Margery Kempe of Lynn. Before that date very little was known of Dame Margery, and her book appeared to be irretrievably lost. That much-loved and much-lamented English Catholic scholar, Professor Edmund Gardner, in his *Cell of Self-Knowledge*, had reprinted from Henry Pepwell's edition of 1521 "A Short Treatise of Contemplation Taught by our Lord Jesus Christ, or taken out of the Book of Margery Kempe, Ancess of Lynn". Pepwell was mistaken in calling Margery an ancess, but the selections taken from her book—they amount to no more than nine pages in Professor Gardner's edition—were of a sort to lend colour to that title and certainly presented the authoress as a devout soul with a special gift of poignant expression. "Lord," she said, "for Thy great pain have mercy on my little pain." There are other sentences of the same quality among these selections, and from them it appeared that Margery was worthy to rank near her great contemporary, Dame Julian of Norwich, so that the loss of her complete book seemed little less than a tragedy. Well, her book, now that it has been happily discovered and published, has proved different from the expectations that had been formed of it—as shall be explained later—but its discovery is none the less an event of capital importance.

The book has come to light in a manuscript volume which was written about the year 1440 and belonged at one time to the Carthusians of Mount Grace in Yorkshire. The manner of its discovery—identification would perhaps be a more correct term—had best be told in the words of its owner and first editor, Lieutenant-Colonel Butler-Bowdon, as given in *The Times* of September 30, 1936.

It may be remembered that we are a Catholic family, and I believe that, when the monasteries were being destroyed, the monks sometimes gave valuable books, vestments, etc., to such families in the hope of preserving them. Though there is nothing to prove it, this may have been the case with Margery Kempe's manuscript, and the Carthusians of Mount Grace may have given it to one of my family.

The manuscript has lain in a bookshelf in the library of Pleasington Old Hall, Lancashire, next to a missal of 1340 in the rite of York, ever since I can remember. We used to look at it occasionally and sometimes visitors read a page or two of it. About two years ago, I took it to Mr. Van de Put, the librarian at the Victoria and Albert Museum, who showed it to Miss Hope Emily Allen. She identified it as Margery Kempe's lost autobiography. After the identification of the manuscript I lent it for some months to the British Museum, for the benefit of the experts there.

The manuscript, says the same writer in his note to his printed version, is not the original that was written down by Dame Margery's scribe in the years 1436-8 but a very early copy. An edition of the text is being prepared for the Early English Text Society under the editorship of the identifier, Miss Allen. That edition, preserving accurately the obsolete spelling, vocabulary, and syntax of the manuscript, will serve the needs of scholars but be beyond the scope of ordinary readers. For the benefit of such readers Lieutenant-Colonel Butler-Bowdon has himself prepared the present modernized version, in which Dame Margery speaks to us in a flowing and easy English. We may, indeed, regret that her own language had to be altered at all; but that it was necessary so to alter it, if the book were to be generally accessible, there can be no doubt. As regards another change that has been made in the interests of popular presentation, viz. the relegation to an appendix in smaller type of fourteen purely devotional chapters, we are altogether sorry that it was thought necessary; it seems to us an unfortunate disturbance of the original order. And some of Dame Margery's most arresting sentences occur in these exiled chapters. It is done, however, and we must not complain overmuch.

The frontispiece to the book reproduces in facsimile

a page of the original manuscript, the page in which Dame Margery for the only time gives her surname. From this specimen page the reader may form for himself some small notion of the editor's devoted labour, and also, of course, of the nature and accuracy of his rendering. Our own collation has shown one obvious error: "other cause had she none" becomes "other cause she had one"; and some small changes that do not seem strictly necessary. For the rest of the work, without the original before us, we are naturally unable to form any judgement; but we may be allowed, for instance, to express a doubt about the version when Margery's strange friend, Richard the cripple, excuses himself with the very modern sentence, "I must get on with my job" (p. 119). Another passage of a different kind has a peculiar interest as being apparently a reminiscence of that greatest of the mediaeval English mystical books, the *Cloud of Unknowing*. The author of that treatise says in his final chapter: "For not what thou art, nor what thou hast been, beholdeth God with His merciful eyes; but that that thou wouldst be." Dame Margery says (p. 83) that *Our Lord* spoke thus to her: "Ah! daughter, fear thee nothing. I take no heed what a man hath been, but I take heed what he will be." A separate "locution" (p. 354) is better: "I take no heed what thou hast been, but what thou wouldst be."

However, these are small matters and concern but a fraction of the whole. We would like to conclude these few remarks on the text with the judgement that the editor has performed his laborious and delicate task with conspicuous success. The version reads well, and Dame Margery's vivid story, while losing but little of its freshness and vigour, has gained greatly for the mass of English readers by becoming thus easily accessible to them.

The Introduction to the book is written by Professor R. W. Chambers, a very suitable choice. The author of that decisive essay on *The Continuity of English Prose* finds in Dame Margery a further illustration and confirmation of his thesis that English prose survived

and had a continuous life in the neglected region of devotional literature. To his former examples from the *Ancren Riwele*, Rolle, Hilton, and the *Cloud of Unknowing* he may now add abundantly from Dame Margery. In this Introduction, regarding the book from another angle, he declares it to be "of the very greatest importance for the history of English literature. The book is a biography, or autobiography, written when kings of the House of Lancaster were on the throne, and we shall find nothing with which we can compare it, even remotely, till, some four generations later, we reach the middle of the Tudor period". Further, "it is our first extant prose narrative in English on a large scale: original, not translated, not a mere succession of chronicle entries, but a continuous biography". These sentences from an acknowledged master set the book in its correct historical position. But much more, as indeed the Professor indicates, can be said of it than that. It is not only an historical monument, but deserves also to be called a literary masterpiece. Dame Margery has a terse and vivid style. She has a quick grasp of the striking details of a situation. Her book is full of rapid pictures, vignettes etched with an unerring precision. Many such might be cited; we shall content ourselves with reproducing but one which well illustrates the racy vigour of Dame Margery's humour.

She was in no less a place than the Cathedral of Christ at Canterbury. One of her fits of boisterous sobbing was on her, disturbing the peace of that great church. Monks and priests and layfolk came round her, despising and reproving her, both morning and afternoon. An old monk, that erstwhile as a layman had been a royal treasurer, considered that she would be better if immured in some anchorhold. A young monk suspected her of being possessed.

Then said this creature :—"I pray you, sir, give me leave to tell you a tale."

Then the people said to the monk :—"Let her say what she will."

Then she said :—"There was once a man who had sinned greatly against God, and when he was shriven, his confessor enjoined him

as part of his penance, that he should for one year hire men to chide him and reprove him for his sins, and he should give them silver for their labour. And one day he came amongst many great men, such as are now here, God save you all, and stood among them as I do now amongst you, despising him as ye do me, the man laughing and smiling and having good game at their words. The greatest master of them said to the man :

“Why laughest thou, wretch ? Thou art greatly despised !”

“Ah, Sir ! I have great cause to laugh, for I have many days put silver out of my purse and hired men to chide me for remission of my sin, and this day I may keep my silver in my purse. I thank you all.”

“Right so I say to you, worshipful sirs. Whilst I was at home in my own country, day by day with great weeping and mourning, I sorrowed because I had no shame, scorn or contempt, as I was worthy. I thank you all, sirs, highly for what, forenoon and afternoon, I have had in good measure this day, blessed be God for it.” [p. 55.]

Besides such dialogues with monks, priests, and layfolk, Dame Margery crossed swords also with bishops and archbishops, walking with the great Arundel in his garden at Lambeth “till stars appeared in the firmament”. And her wanderings took her, not only to London and Canterbury, but also to Compostella and Wilsnack, Rome and Jerusalem. It is true that we have nothing but her own word for a great part of her story and lack the means of checking it, strange and incredible as much of it appears ; yet there is an air about it all that is persuasive if not convincing.* For Dame Margery does not spare herself ; though she have graces and revelations to report in abundance, she tells us also of her failings and frequent sad discomfiture. As the censor of the Inquisition said about a very different

* Her last pilgrimage, to Wilsnack, is convincingly told, but we confess to doubts regarding the earlier one, to Jerusalem and Rome. There are a vagueness and imprecision about the narrative which do not give the effect of true experience. But it is to be remembered that Margery dictated the story of her life in her last years, long after this recorded pilgrimage. Moreover, she was more interested in her spiritual experiences than in ordinary travellers' lore. As regards her English adventures, these receive confirmation at many points. My friend Mr. W. A. Pantin, of Oriel College, editor of the *General Chapters of the English Black Monks* (London, 1931 and 1933, with a third volume to follow), tells me that her references to the Priory at Lynn and to “removing time” (not correctly explained in the footnote on p. 209) are accurate, and that individual monks mentioned by her, here and elsewhere, may be identified from existing documents.

person, St. Teresa of Avila : "This woman, even though she may be deceived in something, is at least not herself a deceiver, because she tells all the good and the bad so simply and with so great a wish to be correct, that no doubt can be made as to her good intention." Of Dame Margery we may say that, whether the experiences she relates were all actually experienced, or some of them only vividly imagined, she herself believed them and is set upon no elaborate deception.

Margery Kempe was born at King's Lynn in Norfolk about the year 1373, and was the daughter of John Brunham, a leading citizen of that town. East Anglia in general, and the County of Norfolk in particular, formed at that time one of the busiest and most prosperous parts of England. Dame Margery's book gives us a vivid picture of the vigorous life, both secular and religious, that was carried on at Lynn and at Norwich. One chapter in particular (ch. 18), which contains (itself a great gift) a full-length interview with the great anchoress of Norwich, Dame Julian, seems to set us in the very *milieu* whence came such books as the *Scale of Perfection* and the *Cloud of Unknowing*. Dame Margery there seeks advice and comfort from a saintly Carmelite, by name William Southfield. He is very good to her, but this especially interests us, that the substance and even the words of his discourse recall the *Cloud*. We seem to be on the very brink of unveiling the mystery of that book's authorship.

Margery, when she was aged twenty or so, was married to a worthy burgess of Lynn, John Kempe, to whom she bore fourteen children.* After the birth of her first child she was out of her mind for eight months, vexed with grievous temptations and tormented by an unconfessed sin. Then came her first vision and with it recovery of health, a return to normal life, and a partial religious conversion. But she remained vain and proud,

* We hear strangely little of her children ; in fact, nothing at all save of one who married and settled in Germany. He returned to Lynn to die and was perhaps that first amanuensis to whom Margery dictated her story in 1432. The work was so badly done—he would seem to have been not much more literate than his mother—that Margery had practically to dictate the whole story afresh, this time to a priest.

and it was not till she had been humbled by complete failure in two enterprises (a brewery and a mill) which she had undertaken in order to increase her worldly consequence, that she turned wholly to the service of God. She began then to lead a very devout life, to be visited by heavenly images and sounds, to have the gift of tears and great sighings for the bliss of heaven. She would frequently exclaim, "It is full merry in heaven!" to the astonishment and annoyance of the townsfolk, who conceived that the Margery they had known had no right to speak thus. She began to practise austerities and desired earnestly to be relieved of her wifely duty. But John Kempe would not hear of that and it was not until many years later (about 1410) that he consented. The eleventh chapter contains a full and frank report of the discussion on this point held by John and Margery on the road from York, she "carrying a bottle with beer in her hand, and her husband a cake in his bosom".* She had by then settled down to a life of great personal devotion to Our Lord, especially in His sacred Passion, and was frequently visited in her prayers by detailed imaginations of the incidents of His life (as recorded in the Gospels and devout legend), as also by "speakings in her soul" purporting to be from Our Lord, Our Lady, and various saints. These "locutions", as we shall call them, become very frequent indeed and form the most striking feature of her book.† They are not, as Margery expressly tells us, voices heard by the bodily ear, but speakings to the understanding or the soul. At one period she resisted them and refused to believe in them; for this she was severely chastised and thereupon formed this resolution: "I shall believe that every good thought is the speech of God" (p. 220). Despite the vivid and realistic way in which she reports these locutions, it cannot be certain that they are more than a dramatization, with actors and dialogue complete, of her devout contemplations. Along with these devout contemplations there went a

* Dame Margery is in no sense obscene, but her frankness here and elsewhere is disconcerting.

† In the present edition they are relegated in bulk to the Appendix.

propensity to tears, sighings, sobbings, and even "roarings" that drew much notice to Margery, made her something of a public nuisance, especially at sermon-time, and brought upon her a great deal of dislike and obloquy.

Soon after her compact with her husband, Dame Margery undertook a series of pilgrimages, to Jerusalem, Rome, and Compostella. She herself quotes the Psalmist's words *euntes ibant et flebant* and they are very appropriate. The gift of tears, which she treasured very highly, regarding it as "the greatest gift which God may give on earth", and being confirmed in this belief by many precise locutions,* went with her across Europe and at Jerusalem acquired an increased intensity. On the road her tears and pious talk were a trial to her fellow pilgrims, so that she was frequently estranged from them and even banished from their company. However, she got safely to Jerusalem and arriving there visited the holy places with a genuine and most affecting piety. Her contemplations reconstruct in detail the scenes of Our Lord's life and death. Her compassion, great already, is now raised to its most intense pitch, and manifests itself in frequent fits of loud sobbing and crying. She is often quite exhausted by these seizures, which have all the appearance of violent hysteria. It says a great deal for the toughness of her physical constitution that she was able for so many years, and into old age, to live an emotional life of such intensity.

Of her pilgrimages, apart from her contemplations, devotion, and tears, there is very little to be said. There are, indeed, many stories of encounters upon the way, told with all her zest and power, but there is singularly little about the countries through which she passed, their cities and people. In Jerusalem itself her topography seems astray, for she represents Mount Sion as far distant, a half-day's journey through high hills. At Rome she meets with one who had been maid to St. Bridget, and hears a devout sermon on that saint and her revelations. Then back to England and Lynn. Her more violent sobbing, begun at Jerusalem, and her seizures astonished

* E.g.: "Thy tears are angels' drink, and are very wine and honey o them" (p. 357).

her townsfolk so that they regarded her as one afflicted with epilepsy or some similar disease. She had not been long at home, in some discomfort, when she started on another pilgrimage, this time to Compostella, where she stayed fourteen days. Then back again to Bristol, whence she visited the shrine of Hayles.

After this there follows a series of trials in which Margery, who now seems to have attained some notoriety, comes before the Bishop of Worcester, the Abbot and Mayor of Leicester, the Bishop of Lincoln, and the Archbishop of York. She was accused of heresy in general and of lollardy in particular; but, apart from some rough treatment at Leicester and Beverley, she came very well out of the encounters. The Archbishop of York was chiefly concerned to have her taken out of his diocese and paid a man handsomely to do this office for him. Yet he seems to have enjoyed her vivid talk, in particular her quaint similitude of the bad priest and the sick bear (pp. 189-191). However, she disturbed his people and was better away, even though her purpose in coming to York was to pray at St. William's shrine. She left the diocese, but at her own pace, and was arrested once more before crossing the Humber as "the greatest Lollard in all this country or about London either". In Lincolnshire she had no better treatment, so that she journeyed to London and obtained from the Archbishop of Canterbury a charter of approval, signed with his seal. Armed with this document she returned home to Lynn, to resume her life of devotion and austerity.

The ensuing years were marked by sickness and by trouble with priests and people because of her "boisterous" devotion. A great preacher, a Franciscan, was very adverse to her and her manifestations, and Margery evidently expected him to come to a bad end. Yet she had good friends also, who believed in her and loved her. One priest was especially devoted and for seven years served as her reader—Margery could neither read nor write—reading her the Scriptures and Scripture commentaries, St. Bridget's life and revelations, Walter Hilton, Richard Rolle, the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and other such books. By this reading and by

sermons, to which she was always passionately devoted, she fed her mind and found abundant matter for her pious contemplations. She found also confirmation of her way of life, and in the history of such a saint as St. Mary of Oignies (d. 1213) a special confirmation of her gift of tears. For the flame of love around her heart and the sweet melodies in her ears, Richard Rolle is her model; for her devout meditations on the life of Our Lord, with their reconstruction and pious embellishment of its incidents, the pseudo-Bonaventure. But her supreme model, in her pilgrimages, contemplations, and revelations, is the great fourteenth-century mystic, St. Bridget of Sweden. The influence of *St. Bride's Book* is manifest throughout and Margery evidently conceived herself as another St. Bridget.

We left Dame Margery at home again in Lynn, suffering much from priests and people who disliked her ways, but comforted and supported by others. Her son and his German wife came to visit her; the son died and Margery then set out with her daughter-in-law to Ipswich, to escort her to her ship. But old as she now was—at least sixty—she could not resist another pilgrimage, this time to the shrine of Wilsnack in East Prussia. Her daughter-in-law did not desire her company, but the brave old lady insisted on going. It was her last and most difficult pilgrimage, by Norway, Danzig, Stralsund, to Wilsnack, and then back by Aachen and Calais to London, Sheen, and Lynn. The journey was full of hardships, incidents which are vividly told, contemplations, and tears. But Margery came through it all, shaken but successful. Returned at last to Lynn, she dictated the final story of her life, in the years 1436–1438, to a priest secretary and ended it with an account of the manner of her devout prayer. The rest is silence. She had attained her three-score years. How long she lived afterwards, or how she died, we do not know. Her book was copied at least once and that copy has come down to us. It would seem probable that it never had much vogue, nor does Dame Margery seem to have attained that posthumous fame which she confidently expected. “And so shall I be worshipped on earth for thy love, daughter,

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for I will have the grace that I have shewn to thee on earth, known to the world, so that people may wonder at my goodness" (p. 363). No, in her lifetime Dame Margery was a problematic and perplexing person, a sign that was very much contradicted. As another locution says: "Thou shalt be eaten and gnawed by the people of the world as any rat gnaweth stockfish" (p. 348). And death did not alter matters. She remains still a puzzling mixture of piety and violence, meekness and egotism, love and hatred; sometimes quiet and submissive, at others boisterous and arrogant; but always, in all her story, vivid, vital, and interesting.

What, we may ask now, is the theological value of her book? The question is readily answered: as a contribution to Christian doctrine its value is small. Dame Margery is thoroughly orthodox: "I will neither maintain error nor heresy, for it is my full will to hold as Holy Church holdeth, and fully to please God" (p. 183). But she is at the same time thoroughly conventional and adds nothing in the way of luminous exposition to the doctrines which she mentions. It is true that her contemplations often embroider the Gospel story with elaborate detail; but this matter is of very dubious quality and has no theological importance. It is often very devoutly conceived and beautifully expressed; but it is also at times objectionable. Her revelations frequently reveal not only a supreme and amazing egotism, but also that even more unattractive quality of "possessive amorousness" which would seem to be the special failing of hysterical devotion. Very many passages might be quoted in support of this point, but to take them out of their context would be to increase their repulsiveness, and we forbear. Dame Margery reports many high promises which she received in her contemplations. Not only is she in this life to enjoy extraordinary graces and frequent intercourse with Our Lord, Our Lady, and many saints, but she is to have a very high place in heaven hereafter and to be received there with special joy and acclamation. Moreover, she is to have a privileged death and no purgatory. That last assurance is of doubtful orthodoxy, and we incline to think that Margery's soul

would require at least a short interval in the place of purification.

And that means, of course, that we do not put complete faith in her locutions and revelations. The teaching of the Church on this point is clear enough. Pope Benedict XIV* asks what is the position regarding the private revelations, *approved by the Church*, of such persons as Saints Hildegard, Bridget of Sweden, and Catherine of Siena. He answers that we should not and cannot give such revelations, even though approved by the Church, the assent of Catholic Faith, but only the assent of human faith, according to the rules of prudence, by which they are probable and piously credible. Having cited authorities for this pronouncement, he proceeds to say that a man may, without hurt to his Catholic Faith, refuse his assent to those revelations and reject them, provided he do it with due modesty, on reasonable grounds, and without contempt. If that be the position with regard to the approved revelations of canonized saints, we are free enough to judge Dame Margery. And it is our considered judgement that her revelations in the mass are no more than a concrete, dramatic expression of her devout contemplations.

What is the value of the book as a contribution to the literature of the spiritual life? Here we may give a more favourable judgement. Dame Margery displays throughout a most genuine love for Our Lord and His saints which constantly receives attractive and felicitous expression. Her words are often tender, affecting, inspiring. She gives us a welcome picture of Christian piety, working in herself and in the society amid which she moved. She is in her own words "one of Our Lord's own secretaries whom He hath endued with His love". Her personal love of Our Lord, her deep compassion with Him in His sufferings, her constant practice of prayer: these things are wholly good. We have given an example of her vigorous practical humour; let us now give one example of many to illustrate her piety (p. 222).

* *De Servorum Dei Beatificatione et Beatorum Canonizatione*, Lib. iii, Cap. 53, *De Revelationibus*, § 15.

Also there was a lady who desired to have the said creature to meat, and therefore, as honesty would, she went to the church where the lady held her service, in which this creature saw a fair image of Our Lady called a "pietà", and, through beholding that sorrow, her mind was all wholly occupied in the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and in the compassion of Our Lady, Saint Mary, by which she was compelled to cry full loud and to weep full sore, as if she should have died.

Then came to her the lady's priest, saying, "Damsel, Jesus is dead long since."

When her crying ceased, she said to the priest, "Sir, His death is as fresh to me as if He had died this same day, and so, methinketh, it ought to be to you and to all Christian people. We ought ever to have mind of His kindness and ever think of the doleful death He died for us."

Then the good lady, hearing her communication, said, "Sir, it is a good example to me, and to other men also, the grace that God worketh in her soul."

To this general lesson of Christian piety we may add a chief point of spiritual doctrine which is specially characteristic of her and seemed to her to be the essential meaning of her troubled life. In her compassion for Our Lord, she desired not only to love Him but to suffer with Him. This, she understood, was the right way to heaven. "By this way came I to Heaven and all my disciples" (p. 235). Yet this royal road of the Cross was not followed as it should be, not even by priests and religious. "That thing that I love best, they love not, and that is shame, despite, scorn and reproof of the people" (p. 356). For her part she tried to accept her many trials with patience and even with joy, likening herself to Our Lord and His apostles, glad that it was granted to her to suffer contumely for His name. So Dame Margery in the issue teaches the wholesome and wholly Christian lessons of love and self-denial. We may find her eccentric and extravagant, but we cannot but admire her excellent grasp of the essential Christian life.

And, finally, what a world the whole book reveals to us! We are introduced to a long-lost and forgotten England, to a vigorous Catholic society with its pieties

and priests, both good and bad, its anchorites and preaching friars. Then there is the great Cathedral Priory of Norwich and its cloisters, and the dependent Priory of Lynn; for St. Margaret's, the parish church of Lynn, and its two chapels-of-ease, are controlled by monks from Norwich. Dame Margery likes well one Prior of Lynn and not so well another. She has severe rebuke for one poor erring monk and great confidence in another. She is the stoutest defender of the rights of the parish church against all encroachment. And so throughout. Her book is full of vivid detail, lively dialogue, clear-cut description. It is a complex book, as complex as its author, but perhaps for that very reason comes near to being an accurate picture of a manifold world.

JUSTIN McCANN, O.S.B.

THE POETRY OF A. E. HOUSMAN

1. *A Shropshire Lad*. (1896.)
2. *Last Poems*. (1922.)
3. *More Poems*. (1936.) (Jonathan Cape. 5s. net.)

THERE are two absolute superlatives that may be applied at the outset to Housman's poetry: it contains more beauty, and at the same time more sadness, than any other poetry of modern times. That is why its own phrase "angry dust" is its best epitome, for it expresses (and the generalization may pass, as nearly all the poems have this for their direct or implicit theme) the resentment of man at his mortality. Of man—for this poetry is not subjective; it does not "parade the pageant of a bleeding heart"; it avowedly speaks for the race, and "its narrow measure spans" not the poet's sorrow, "but man's". Tennyson wrote in *In Memoriam*:

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him : thou art just

—basing man's immortality on the impossibility of conceiving that God would disappoint the aspirations God had implanted. Housman denies both God's justice and man's immortality, and uses that beauty which he apprehends so deeply to aggravate the charge against God and the wrong done to man.

This poetry is something of a phenomenon. Its author was a scholar, and not merely a scholar but, upon the lowest possible estimate, the second only among English classical scholars of all time in learning and eminence. Furthermore, not merely was he a scholar unequalled among his contemporaries in any nation, but his scholarship was of a kind that admitted no parley with the world; he was not a Murray or a Mackail, making the dull paths of learning glow with blooms to delight the common wayfarer. He scaled the most arid and craggy heights, devoting his life to a microscopic study of obscure and abstruse Latin poets, scorning either

popularity or popularization, and writing introductions wherein he scarified with sarcasm such fellow scholars as failed to attain to his own rigorous standard of accuracy and acumen. And at two widely separated periods of his life this Jekyll transforms himself into a Hyde, and breaks into song so tender yet so fierce, so simple yet so penetrating, that it is as though the owl were suddenly to astonish us with the notes of the nightingale. This dry-as-dust professor sobs his heart out like a child ; this bloodless analyst of yet more bloodless texts reveals a contact with elemental emotion closer than that of any professed poet of his day.

But an explanation of this mystery is forthcoming : Housman wrote these poems with his tongue in his cheek ; they are a clever fake, a *tour de force*. The man who composed that diabolically smart parody of Greek tragedy would have had no difficulty at all in throwing off a few score of monosyllabic stanzas purporting to describe how sundry lads and chaps of a western countryside experience the tragic loves and friendships proper to rustics, and meet with properly tragic ends. It is the Dresden-china pastoralism of Spenser and Watteau in a new shape ; the gibbet stands up instead of the maypole, the scene is the village churchyard instead of the village green. But the one picture is as false as the other ; it is only the old convention inverted. The simplicity of the poems is only *simplesse* ; their passion is only pathos.

If one has carried these poems about with one for half a lifetime, carried them not in the pocket alone but in the ears and head and heart, such a charge provokes deep anger, not merely because it is humiliating to be thought to have fixed one's trust upon a fraud, but at the bare suggestion that poetry which is a manufactured sham can have any lease of life at all. Poetry which is a sham has never lived, and can never live. Good pastoral poetry lives, for though it is a pretence it has never pretended to be anything but a pretence. But poetry which was a mere masquerade of truth could not live for a week, for poetry and falsity are incompatibles.

The hundred and four short lyrics which Housman published during his lifetime were given to the world

in two instalments, the second twenty-six years after the first. In spite of world-shattering events that intervened, the second shows no development upon the first either in artistry or outlook, save that the later collection is more uniformly grave in tone and of more even workmanship, and is at the same time more introspective in themes and character. *A Shropshire Lad*, while it contains the most purely beautiful of all the lyrics, contains also some which fall below the level of any in *Last Poems*. Both volumes have this special distinction: that, composed though each was at a time when poetry had lost centrality and was either exotic or esoteric, the poems they contain are, with scarcely an exception, simplicity and centrality themselves. Their diction is that of every day, their metres are few and (save for variations of a five-line stanza) ordinary, and the alliteration which is their only apparent artifice is so unforced as to seem inevitable. Far better than Wordsworth's own verse they illustrate Wordsworth's dictum: "There neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition." The order of the words is almost always that of prose. Finally, whole stanzas are built of nothing but monosyllables:

I know not if it rains, my love,
In the land where you do lie;
And, oh, so sound you sleep, my love,
You know no more than I.

The lyrics selected by Mr. Laurence Housman for his posthumous gleaning, *More Poems*, add little to their author's previous achievement. They are, to a great extent, duplications of earlier themes; phrases familiar in the other two volumes recur; some of the poems read like self-imitation, almost self-parody. With full allowance for the appeal of old acquaintance, there are not more than two or three that haunt the mind with the irresistible melody of "Into my heart an air that kills" or "When I would muse in boyhood". Some half-dozen, it must be said, seem to have been conscripted to make up a complement. The new volume will not supplant,

or even accompany, its predecessors in our pockets or our affections. If in those Death was everywhere, Beauty and Joy walked everywhere at his side. But in *More Poems* the beauty is intermittent and the joy nowhere. If we had only this book whereby to judge of Housman, we might be prepared to allow his claim for "steady" vision, but we should accuse him of blindness to a very large area of human life.

Housman was one whom the transient beauty of this world embittered, not into cynicism, but into a torturing acuteness of response to beauty. What private blows he had sustained from fate we do not know, and it would matter little should we never know. But one blow that fate dealt him we know, for it is the blow that fate deals to us all alike, save that some of us (like Mrs. Gummidge) feel it more than others—the sense that beauty, which should be eternal, turns to dust and ashes, and with it the heart that beats faster at the sight of beauty. Man is a baffled and frustrated creature, for his Maker has filled him with aspirations which are doomed to be defrauded :

It is in truth iniquity on high

To cheat our sentenced souls of aught they crave,

And mar the merriment as you and I

Fare on our long fool's-errand to the grave. . . .

The troubles of our proud and angry dust

Are from eternity and shall not fail.

Bear them we can, and if we can we must.

Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

And since this frustration is part of the unalterable nature of things, a man's first duty is close-lipped endurance ; and endurance is most easy if a man will shut out reflection. Life will not bear thinking about, and the fortunate are those who are born not to think about it, or who can deliberately stifle thought. And the figure under which Housman expresses this absence or refusal of thought is "ale" :

Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink

For fellows whom it hurts to think.

But for himself not to think is unthinkable. He has looked upon the west, to look on which is to "think eternal thoughts, and sigh"; he has given his heart away, and he cries :

past the plunge of plummet,
In seas I cannot sound,
My heart and soul and senses
World without end are drowned.

There is but one thing he can do—translate his gift into song to aid his fellows :

'Tis true the stuff I bring for sale
Is not so brisk a brew as ale ;
Out of a stem that scored the hand
I wrung it in a weary land.
But take it : if the smack is sour,
The better for the embittered hour ;
It should do good to heart and head
When your soul is in my soul's stead ;
And I will friend you, if I may,
In the dark and cloudy day.

Housman would probably have repudiated the idea that it is the duty of a composer of short lyrics to set forth a consistent philosophy. The short lyric is the mirror of a mood ; and if a man's moods contradict one another—well, they contradict one another. But, even though it be with criticism thus disarmed, we may criticize thus : the poems dwell insistently upon loveliness, the loveliness of spring flowers, of young love, of the freshness and purity of youth, of the life of adventure, of friendship, of childhood's memories. But wherever beauty sits at feast, there also is the skeleton of transience and decay. And the poet turns to rail upon the gift of loveliness and the Giver who gives only to defraud the appetite He has engendered. He who has given us, in the past, Mays bright with hawthorn and the flambeaux of the chestnut is a "brute and blackguard", for our twenty-third May has been ruined by wind and rain, and the

twenty-fourth can never be what the twenty-third might have been. It is the cry of the spoilt child who stamps and sulks on the floor of a nursery littered with expensive toys. Housman typifies the outlook of those moderns who, having discarded the faith, grumble at the temporal measure of fun allowed to them, just because it is temporal. Because they no longer have the cake which they have eaten, therefore the gift of cake is an outrage.

Let us first take Housman's attitude towards nature. His touch here is most delicate and most true, with the truth and delicacy of an exile's memory. He is condemned to live in London, "the town built ill", but his soul yet "lingers sighing above the glimmering weirs" of the "western brookland that bred him long ago".

Into my heart an air that kills
From that far country blows :
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those ?

That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

Each spring as it returns recharges his soul with yearning, for others "possess as he possessed the countries he resigns". And nature, which is transient as man, draws him by the fellowship of a common doom :

bound for the same bourn as I,
On every road I wandered by,
Trode beside me, close and dear,
The beautiful and death-struck year.

But here again, when he tells how in his own shire earth was his "homely comforter", it is but the expression of a mood, and in *Last Poems* he rejects the Pathetic Fallacy, the dream that nature feels with man, as a fallacy indeed. Nature is heartless and witless, and cares nothing for her lovers :

The sigh that heaves the grasses
Whence thou wilt never rise
Is of the air that passes
And knows not if it sighs.

The diamond tears adorning
Thy low mound on the lea,
Those are the tears of morning
That weeps, but not for thee.

But the poet's love for nature is the more passionate for being unrequited, and there is no poet since Tennyson who has mirrored earth's moods so truly or in such clear outline. He does this not by detailed description, but by brief strokes in which a single epithet or verb reveals a whole landscape :

On russet floors, by waters *idle*,
The pine lets fall its cone ;
The cuckoo *shouts* all day at nothing
In leafy dells alone ;
And traveller's joy beguiles in autumn
Hearts that have lost their own.

On acres of the seeded grasses
The changing *burnish* heaves ;
Or *marshalled* under moons of harvest
Stand still all night the sheaves ;
Or beeches strip in storm for winter
And *stain* the wind with leaves.

But if man's life viewed in his relation to nature is a tragedy of unrequited passion and unfulfilled yearning, man's life in his relation to his fellow men is not less so. Love and friendship alike end in oblivion. Friendship alone is not wholly vain ; it is hand reaching out to hand for a moment in the gloom :

Now—for a breath I tarry
Nor yet disperse apart—
Take my hand quick and tell me,
What have you in your heart.

The Dublin Review

Speak now, and I will answer ;
 How shall I help you, say ;
 Ere to the wind's twelve quarters
 I take my endless way.

And friendship, in that lurid and powerfully imaginative picture "Hell-Gate", can defy and quell the powers of darkness itself :

And the hollowness of hell
 Sounded as its master fell,
 And the mourning echo rolled
 Ruin through the kingdom old.
 Tyranny and terror flown
 Left a pair of friends alone,
 And beneath the nether sky
 All that stirred was he and I.

But, in general, friendship in the poems is a faded memory of youth, and the Shropshire Lad resigned all save that memory when he resigned his fields to others. The firmest bond is severed by death, and at last even memory fades from the living :

Good-night, my lad, for nought's eternal ;
 No league of ours, for sure.
 Tomorrow I shall miss you less,
 And ache of heart and heaviness
 Are things that time should cure.

Nature, love, friendship, all play a man false and leave him lonely. Can we then go through life resolved to admit no dependence upon these ? Can we close the door upon them, and find satisfaction in a stoical self-sufficiency ? Therein lies the irony of man's life. He must, if he is to find any measure of peace. But on the other hand he cannot, for earth and man grapple him to themselves with hoops of steel. He has given his heart away, and

There flowers no balm to sain him
 From east of earth to west
 That's lost for everlasting
 The heart out of his breast.

But if neither response to the external world nor refusal to respond to it can satisfy, surely there remains action, with which a man may mix himself "lest he wither in despair". The instinct of youth and the brevity of life alike call for action before the night comes :

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover ;
Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad : when the journey's over
There'll be time enough to sleep.

And the life of external action Housman has, after his fashion, allegorized in the figure of the soldier—a figure whereto he was moved in the first instance by the enlistment of a younger brother and later by his death in the Boer War. Action ends in vanity and oblivion, like the love of earth and of friends, but action is the destiny of the race. The roads of earth are filled with "soldiers marching, all to die" :

Far the calling bugles hollo,
High the screaming fife replies,
Gay the files of scarlet follow :
Woman bore me, I will rise.

And with action go ambition and the dreams of youth. As year follows year, and our hopes and our thirst for fame still remain unsatisfied, we comfort ourselves with the thought that "the best is yet to come", till we wake to find that the life with which we had resolved to do so much lies behind us, and we resign our dreams at last :

They came and were and are not
And come no more anew ;
And all the years and seasons
That ever can ensue
Must now be worse and few.

The life of endeavour and the winning of fame calls to the lover who wanders maying "in valleys green and still". But the business and the dream alike close in long forgetfulness, and the loudest of actions does but "walk the

resounding way to the still dwelling". "When all is done," says Sir William Temple, "human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child that must be played with and humoured a little while to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

Lie down, lie down, young yeoman ;
The sun moves always west ;
The road one treads to labour
Will lead one home to rest,
And that will be the best.

Man then, is condemned to this tortured interval between two sleeps. How is he to bear himself, since all is vain ? The poet imagines himself surveying a Greek marble athlete in the British Museum ; they exchange reflections. Each feels himself uprooted and condemned to live among aliens. "Courage !" the statue seems to say. "Quit you like stone, be strong."

The greatest poem in the three collections, greatest because it is conceived on the largest scale and is of a workmanship proportioned to that scale, is that in which the poet expounds his gospel of silent endurance :

Now, and I muse for why and never find the reason,
I pace the earth, and drink the air, and feel the sun.
Be still, be still, my soul ; it is for but a season :
Let us endure an hour and see injustice done.

"Vanity of vanities," says our poet-preacher, "all is vanity." But not quite all, for his poems may have some passing validity. "Here and there" to cheer us "will flower the solitary stars". "Ill-treated fellows" may read them "when they're in trouble", and be friended "in the dark and cloudy day". And it may well be asked, how can we be friended by poetry which teaches that life and all that it holds end in dust and ashes, and that nothing is left to us save to endure ? And if we reject Housman because he preaches "the black negation of the bier", are we to reject the plangent sighs over mortality of the Greek Anthology and the book of Ecclesiastes, and

the majestic sadness of Lucretius? Are we to cut the *Rubd'iydt* from our anthologies, and banish Swinburne from our shelves?

No; for we value these poets not for their negations, but for their affirmations. Their negation is extraneous to themselves as poets, and if it is more than a prejudice or a by-product of experience it is an effluence of that theologian or that philosopher which is in every man, whether poet or not. But it is by virtue of his affirmations that Housman is a poet, for every several ingredient of his poetic product—rhythm, metre, diction, and that ultimate quality of magic which transcends all these—affirms that the essence of life, as apart from teaching and theorizing about life, lies beyond the philosopher and the teacher, beyond even the poet himself. How much richer than any philosophy or any theory is the poem "Sinner's Rue"!

By night I plucked it hueless,
When morning broke 'twas blue;
Blue at my breast I fastened
The flower of sinner's rue. . . .

Dead clay that did me kindness,
I can do none to you,
But only wear for breast-knot
The flower of sinner's rue.

The same charity finds a voice in "Hughley Steeple"; to the south lie the ranks of the respectable, while to the north, "steeple-shadowed", sleep the slayers of themselves:

To north, to south, lie parted,
With Hughley tower above,
The kind, the single-hearted,
The lads I used to love.
And, south or north, 'tis only
A choice of friends one knows,
And I shall ne'er be lonely
Asleep with these or those.

This is Christian pity, and to be filled with the Christian pity without the Christian philosophy to sustain it must have hurt infernally. Most of the pessimism of modern

literature arises from the fact that writers have discarded the second and retained the first. If they could discard both together, they would better consult their peace of mind ; they could be gay as Horace or as Edward Fitzgerald is gay. But they are without the faith, and they will not have the fun, because they cannot, for they are committed inextricably to the Christian tradition of pity and they see too deeply into life ; "when they think they fasten their hands upon their hearts". The one half of the world knows all too well how the other half lives. This infinite longing in the poet's finite heart makes him an alien in a strange land, a misfit, encompassed with powers that baffle and bewilder him :

How am I to face the odds
Of man's bedevilment and God's,
I a stranger and afraid
In a world I never made ?

It does not invalidate a poet's work for us that he should fall short of "the faith that looks through death". It may even add urgency to his message, for his communication to us will gain in significance and effect from his persistent sense

of Beauty that must die,
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu.

The heightened significance wherewith beauty is fraught for him from its inevitable and tragic brevity will be conveyed to us also, though to us the significance will come not from brevity, but from the knowledge that earthly beauty is a symbol and an earnest of the beauty that is eternal. This is the paradox of faith, that to survey our passing human griefs and joys in the light of eternity is not to reduce them to triviality, but rather to lift them up until they touch the everlasting heavens. The Lady Juliana of Norwich was made aware of this truth in a vision :

Also in this He shewed me a little thing, the quantity of an hazel nut in the palm of my hand ; and it was as round as a ball. I looked thereupon with the eye of my understanding and thought :

What may this be ? And it was answered thus : It is all that is made. I marvelled how it might last, for methought it might suddenly have fallen to naught for very littleness. And I was answered in my understanding : It lasteth, and ever shall, for that God loveth it. . . . In this little thing I saw three properties. The first is that God made it, the second is that God loveth it, the third that God keepeth it.

The poetry of Housman, scholar and recluse, is, above any poetry of modern times, the poetry of the ordinary man who, having forgotten all that he learnt at his mother's knee about heaven, hell, the soul, and God, is stirred by a conviction of ultimate futility, not to cynicism, but to a torturing acuteness of sense in regard to immediate values. Life is vanity, and therefore life is desperately real and earnest. This poetry, beyond any modern poetry, is "the still sad music of humanity". And its simplicity—a simplicity achieved by long and difficult effort—is the outward sign and symbol of its close contact with fundamental humanity. We have learnt something, in the Leslie Stephen Lecture on *The Name and Nature of Poetry* and in Mr. Laurence Housman's memoirs of his brother, of the meticulous filing and hammering to which he subjected his work. And this process, it will assuredly be found, aimed always at heightening the energy of the product by simplicity ; at stripping ornament away rather than adding it. It is the simplicity of consummate art which by every touch of the chisel brings the work into closer relation with life. Every word is carefully selected, with full regard to every vowel and every consonant, and so placed as to achieve the maximum of truth, that is to say approach to the subject. Analyse, for example, the stanza :

On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble,
 Its forest fleece the Wrekin heaves ;
 The gale, it plies the saplings double,
 And thick on Severn snow the leaves

and note in the first two lines (i) the *w . . . f* alliteration, (ii) the struggling agglomeration of *ts . . . st*, and (iii) the repeated long *ēs*, all these materializing for us the

tumult and persistence of the wind ; in the third line mark the sequence *pl . . . pl . . . bl*, and the vowel-chime rung on *ā . . . ī . . . äpl . . . übl* ; while in the last the riot subsides into weaker vowels, as through the sibilants the leaves hiss down upon the stream. Not, of course, that the poet's art consists, save incidentally, in such minutiae, or that, in composition, any such synthesis took place as is suggested by this analysis : but a Bramante achieves an apparently effortless beauty only by a calculation of every detail of strain and stress ; and, while a poet does not deliberately build a mosaic of imitative sound, yet the sounds are an essential element in the expression and in the ultimate *impression*.

This poetry is the nearest of all poetry to the speech of daily life, the freest from literary device, of any in the language since Burns and Blake. And it is in the most unliterary of the lyrics that the greatest beauty is achieved. These have every quality of the greatest lyric poetry of England save one—that which for lack of a better word we may call Magic. It is the absence of this quality alone that debars Housman from a seat beside the two greatest of our lyrists—Shakespeare and Blake. Pass a few of these under review : “Loveliest of trees, the cherry now”, “The time you won your town the race”, “’Tis spring ; come out to ramble”, “’Tis time, I think, by Wenlock town”, “Far in a western brookland”, “When lads were home from labour”.

The final test of poetry is not popularity ; if it were, then Martin Tupper in his day and Ella Wheeler Wilcox in our own would stand supreme. Nor is it a final test of poetry that it should be acclaimed by the pundits as work of indubitable genius ; for work that has been so acclaimed, as was that of Alice Meynell, has become tarnished by time. But when the critics and the rank and file of readers are at one, and when those who taste the wine to assay it and those who quaff it for joy and refreshment both exclaim at its richness and power, then assuredly the vintage is undoubted. There is nothing “high-brow” in the greatest art—the frescoes of Fra Angelico, the tragedies of Shakespeare, the symphonies of Beethoven ; these draw alike the expert and the simple

—unless, indeed, the simple taste has been vitiated and atrophied by the sentimental or the sensational. *A Shropshire Lad* was chanted or crooned by undergraduates when I was an undergraduate thirty years ago ; the little volume was carried in the tunic-pocket by soldiers when I was a soldier twenty years ago ; and it and *Last Poems* are part and parcel of the daily lives of thousands today.

These poems have their faults. They can be parodied ; at their worst they parody themselves. We have all smiled at their predilection for suicide and for hanging ; and it is perhaps comforting to reflect that in them the devil has all the worst tunes, for the poems which have these for themes sink below the mean level, and sometimes touch real badness, as in the appalling stanza :

And naked to the hangman's noose
The morning clocks will *ring*
A neck God made for other use
Than strangling in a string.

To ring a neck without a *w* in the verb is surely inadmissible in any writing not deliberately comic. And the poet's grievance against life leads him in one important context into a distressing anti-bathos. We deride Tennyson for letting us down with so graceless a bump in the last line of *Enoch Arden* ; but the fault is as bad, though it is the reverse fault, when Housman concludes a complaint against unseasonable weather with lines of gorgeous diatribe fitted for the colossal woes of a Lear or an Othello :

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail.

This is, indeed, the mouse in labour bringing forth the mountain.

But the greatest poets are not the most faultless ; and it is in his positive merits that Housman's greatness lies. There is first his limpid simplicity which often conceals great depths of thought ; there are perhaps only

two lyrics—both in *Last Poems*: “Beyond the moor and mountain crest” and “Her strong enchantments failing”—of which the meaning is obscured by abstruse metaphor. There is secondly his energy and passion, and his faculty of packing an infinite volume of thought and emotion into a narrow space. There have been three-volume novels that have said no more in four hundred thousand words than this poem says in forty :

The sloe was lost in flower,
The April elm was dim ;
That was the lover's hour,
The hour for lies and him.

If thorns are all the bower,
If north winds freeze the fir,
Why, 'tis another's hour,
The hour for truth and her.

The bulk of Housman's work is so small that one hesitates to predict permanent pre-eminence for him ; for those poets who are permanently pre-eminent have all ballasted themselves heavily. But, as no poet has ever said so much in so few words, so he will probably defy the prophets who judge by *avoirdufois*, and live by virtue of his intensity, as Simonides lives, and Sappho, and Catullus. It is with these poets of the older world that he holds kinship rather than with any other poet of English blood, for there is no native lyrist to compare with him in grave and austere beauty and concentrated passion. But in one quality he is peculiarly English, in that the glory of a landscape ardently cherished is entangled in his chords. The whole English countryside, not alone Wenlock Edge and the hills and woods of Clun and Clee, is fairer and sweeter for his music. He spoke of himself and his song as of things that fade—himself to be lulled in earth and his song to be lost upon the air. But what he spoke in bitterness we may receive as a joyous verity ; for so long as the shadows lengthen eastward from his Shropshire uplands, so long shall he be part of “this blessed plot, this earth, this

realm, this England", and his song be wafted upon the
air that fans English temples and fills English lungs :

The lofty shade advances,
I take my flute and play :
Come, lads, and learn the dances
And praise the tune today.
Tomorrow, more's the pity,
Away we both must hie,
To air the ditty,
And to earth I.

NEVILLE WATTS.

PSYCHOLOGY AND ORIGINAL SIN

CATHOLIC reactions to the "new psychologies" have been as varied as the temperaments of individual Catholics. It is customary to describe new ideas as passing through successive phases—ridicule, opposition, acceptance, revision, and so forth—but this is largely due to the exaggerated respect for the idea of evolution. Actually we find the intelligent students of these matters divided at present along much the same lines as they were at the beginning. Probably the most numerous class among Catholics consists of those who examine a new psychological system, whether it be that of Freud, Adler, or Jung, as a whole and discuss its compatibility with Catholicism, or—which is not quite the same thing—with the traditional Thomist psychology of the Catholic schools. On this method the reaction is hostile in the case of Freud, for if his system is to be taken or rejected intact, there can be no doubt about the Catholic attitude. With Adler and Jung the case is rather different. Neither of these investigators has developed a corpus of doctrine so organic, so similar in its form to Catholicism itself, as the Freudian system of psycho-analysis. Adler's breezy teaching of individual psychology in its essentials seems hardly to raise any more questions of moment to Catholics than does, let us say, homoeopathy or "nature cure". Jung is nearer to what one is tempted to call the ecclesiastical method of Freud, but he is a modernist. For Freud, in spite of some modest disclaimers, psycho-analysis is "the faith that was once delivered". It may be subject to development and he has considerably developed it himself, but the whole spirit of his writings on the history of the psycho-analytic movement is that of a defender of the doctrine excommunicating innovators. With whatever differences of conclusion, Freud, like St. Thomas, is discussing the human soul. For Jung "psychological types" hold the field. The three psychologies answer to three types of character, and in psycho-therapeutics, as in other fields, "a little of what you fancy does you good". As is to be expected, there is in the writings of all the

new psychologists a great deal that is offensive and shocking to the Catholic reader.

A second line of Catholic approach is one of extreme benevolence to new movements which, by their deviation from conventional lines of anti-religious doctrine, are believed to offer some positive support to religion. The present writer has ventured elsewhere* to criticize this attitude to the new physicists, with special reference to Sir Arthur Eddington's attack on determinism. The same note of caution appears to be called for in dealing with modern psychology. It has been suggested that the new teachings are to be welcomed because in them we find that the ultimate determinants of conduct are not somatic but psychical. One is sometimes inclined to suspect that lurking in this plea there are traces of gnostic heresy, the material being regarded as evil and the spiritual as good. It is well to recall Mr. Chesterton's reminder that Nicholas Nickleby knocking Mr. Squeers down is employing material force and Svengali hypnotizing Trilby is using spiritual. But both the new physicists and the new psychologists (Freud, at any rate) are materialists at heart. Eddington bases his theory of the indeterminacy of the human will on conjectures concerning "the smallest unit of structure in which the physical effects of volition have their origin".† Although Freud's teaching is not very clear, there seems no doubt that in his "metapsychological" writings he gives the last word to facts of an anatomical order.

There remains a third approach to the new systems which seeks neither a new heresy to combat nor a reinforcement of the defences of the Faith. From this point of view, the first thing to be done is to distinguish between the speculations of Herren Freud, Jung and Adler and the facts which may reasonably be supposed to have been brought to light as a result of modern experimental—principally medical—psychology. If we find that there is an appreciable amount of factual material, it will be legitimate to ask what hypotheses may be framed to co-ordinate and explain that material

* *The Faith and Modern Science*. (Burns Oates & Washbourne, 1935.)

† *New Pathways in Science* (Cambridge University Press, 1935), p. 88.

and to facilitate further investigation. There then remains the question of the relation between these hypotheses and (a) Catholic doctrine, (b) the ideas prevalent among Catholics.

A word is called for here on the part which the religious faith of an investigator who is a Catholic shall play in his investigations. It is frequently suggested, and sometimes by Catholics themselves, that it should be treated as irrelevant. Science demands, we are told, that inquiries shall be carried out with complete detachment, and it should be quite irrelevant to the issue whether the experimenter be Catholic, Atheist, or Mormon. Clearly, there is an area of scientific work in which this is a reasonable demand. We must not expect the litmus paper or any other chemical reagent to reflect the colouring of our theological or political beliefs or anything else except the acidity or alkalinity of the substance to which it is applied. But the ultimate aim of the investigator must be truth. If he knows anything with certain knowledge, whether that certainty be derived from the multiplication table or the Nicene Creed, he must not set it on one side because a fellow scientist does not know it and he wants to "start fair" and get a reputation for broadmindedness. If somebody ignorant or incredulous of the circulation of the blood makes a discovery of physiological importance we are not bound to await his enlightenment on this point before proceeding to utilize his discovery. Nor, if we are wise, shall we be mainly disposed to make use for controversial purposes of what he has found.

The main duty of Catholics in relation to modern clinical psychology is not to say: "How do the Freudian discoveries prove Catholicism?" It is more useful to say: "What can Catholics learn from these discoveries which Freud cannot, because there are things which they know and he doesn't?" We shall have occasion to observe in the course of our inquiry that the method here recommended does not differ from that of the non-Catholic psychologists, who discuss and elaborate their clinical data in the light of "things most surely believed" in their cenacles.

The heart of the matter lies in the conception of the unconscious, and among the three most prominent "new psychologies" it is only in those of Freud and Jung that this plays a sufficient role to make it worth our investigation. The notion is a shocking one to the classical psychologist, to whom psychic processes and conscious processes mean the same thing, so that to talk of "unconscious psychic processes" is to utter gibberish. The plain man, however, can be led to see by stages that the idea is not so foolish as it sounds. At any given moment one is fully conscious of what immediately engages attention. A number of other matters are, so to speak, impinging on consciousness—the noise of the street, the striking of a clock, and so on. If attention is directed they may be recalled. The clock has finished striking the hour. Engaged in writing, I have paid no attention to it, but if I am immediately asked the time I recall that it has struck. What I had for breakfast this morning is not present to my consciousness unless you ask me about it or an advertisement for coffee or some other external stimulus "brings it back". There is no difficulty in admitting two kinds of psychic life—an immediately and fully conscious state, existing at any moment, and a reservoir, so to speak, of impressions which have been conscious and can be "brought back into consciousness". St. Augustine recognized this and found it mysterious. The tenth book of the *Confessions* is worth the study of those who are inclined to overestimate the element of novelty in contemporary theories. If Freud, or anybody else, chooses to describe the first of these two states as conscious and the second as pre-conscious, it is hard to see why we should object. There remains the unconscious. Are we entitled to postulate, in addition to these two elements of psychic life, a third, consisting of impressions which are not present to consciousness and cannot be "brought into consciousness" by the ordinary stimuli of life? Can we say, further, that by a special process of analysis they may in some cases be made conscious? Further, is it true that our conscious activities are influenced by ideas and motives of which we are unconscious? These claims are made by

psycho-analysis, and since it is asserted that they are supported by a considerable body of clinical experience our judgement must depend on the value we place on this clinical testimony. The present essay is written from the standpoint of one who believes the claim to have been established. The problem lies in the interpretation of the facts.

Some examples of unconscious action we are all bound to admit. The beating of the heart, the chemistry of digestion, the intercellular activities which make the human body not merely an organism but a common-wealth of organisms are all facts which, outside abnormal states, do not penetrate consciousness. In post-hypnotic suggestion we have a well-authenticated example of human beings performing highly complicated acts for reasons of which they are unconscious and "rationalizing" their activities by inventing quite other reasons.

The first approach along these paths will probably leave us with a conception not vastly different from the conventional one. We shall think of the area of actually present consciousness as small and that of pre-conscious or potentially conscious material as the largest part of the whole. The unconscious will be conceived of as a small cellar, somewhere at the bottom—for spatial imagery is inevitable in these discussions—and we may even be inclined to ask whether all human beings possess these "basement rooms". We may be disposed to regard them as exceptional.

This conclusion is rejected by the experimental psychologists. The clearest account of the psychic system as they conceive it is to be found in Freud's book *Das Ich und das Es*, which appears in English under the forbidding title of *The Ego and the Id*, and his later book *Hemmung, Symptom und Angst*, of which an English translation has just appeared as *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety*. Incidentally, the serious student of these matters cannot be too strongly advised to go direct to Freud, avoiding both the juvenile *épatisme* of most of the Freudians and the "milk for babes" provided by popular Protestant preachers.

No attempt will be made here to describe the Freudian chart of human psychology any more fully than is necessary as a preliminary to the kind of inquiry we are suggesting for Catholic psychologists. The first fact to be grasped about it is that consciousness takes a minor place. The favourite image of those who wish to explain the idea of the unconscious is that of an iceberg of which the greater part is submerged. We probably get nearer the heart of the doctrine if we conceive of consciousness as a kind of skim on the milk, as Freud himself suggests. The ego (conscious) and Id (unconscious) as conceived by Freud are not two entities. There is one entity, which, following Nietzsche, he describes by an impersonal pronoun as the Id. At its surface the Id is conscious; that is the plane on which it makes contact with the external world and receives perceptions. We are entitled to say, therefore, that consciousness is a product of the perception system. "The ego is identical with the Id, is merely a specially differentiated part of it."* Independently of Freud, a Baden physician, the late Dr. Georg Groddeck, arrived at very similar ideas, which are embodied in his extravagant but suggestive work *Das Buch vom Es*. According to his interpretation :

Man is animated by the Unknown, there is within him an "Es", an "It", some wondrous force which directs both what he himself does, and what happens to him. The affirmation "I live" is only conditionally correct, it expresses only a small and superficial part of the fundamental principle "Man is lived by the It".†

Freud's view is less radical, though the expression "a small and superficial part" would describe his view of consciousness no less than Groddeck's. In both conceptions, consciousness is an area on the surface which submits to the assault of impressions from without and from within. We are thus led to the scarcely less important notion of repression. Some messages from the Id are immediately rejected by the ego and not only

* *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety*, p. 31.

† *The Book of the It* (London, 1935), p. 16.

driven down from consciousness but rendered incapable of manifesting themselves. During a psycho-analysis, these repressed tendencies rise up against the ego, and the overcoming of the resistance which the ego opposes to them is an important part of the analyst's task.

It will be perceived that a simple division into conscious and unconscious is not nearly subtle enough for the problem; for the ego, which we are inclined to regard as conscious, is itself unconscious that it is repressing. A definition of neurosis as a conflict between the conscious and the unconscious would not be Freudian. For Freud, the opposition is between the coherent ego and the detached and repressed elements of the ego. But we must not assume that the area of the unconscious is co-terminous with that of the repressed material. Certainly all that is repressed is unconscious, but there are elements that are unconscious without being repressed. All that is pre-conscious may be considered latent, and when it is activated it will become conscious. This is not so with the strictly unconscious in its two divisions of repressed material and material which has not been repressed. There is no need for our purpose to follow the description of the methods by which, through mnemonic traces, the unconscious elements can be rendered pre-conscious. This, and the doctrine of cathexis, or psychical charge, is extremely important from the standpoint of medical psychology but raises no problem of specifically religious importance. We enter the sphere which particularly concerns us with the Freudian conception of the super-ego.

Up to now we have a picture of which the main outlines need cause us no difficulty. We can recognize the human soul at the conscious-perception level encountering influences from without and from the unconscious depths within. There is nothing irrational in the notion that some of the impulses which attempt, as it were, to well up into consciousness are rejected by the conscious ego. Christian and Freudian can accept this picture, and we may reasonably expect them to proceed to interpret it according to their beliefs and knowledge. Freud has done so with great thoroughness

in a series of studies which he describes as metapsychological and anthropological. True, he is not always consistent. In *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety** he tells us :

I must confess that I am not at all partial to the fabrication of *Weltanschauungen*. Such activities may be left to philosophers who avowedly find it impossible to make their journey through life without a Baedeker of that kind to tell them about everything.

Nevertheless Freud interprets his clinical material in the light of beliefs which he has not reached and could not prove in the clinic. Both Freud and Jung derive their philosophies from a blend of facts which may be common ground to all of us and postulates which Christians cannot accept. There has not been, as far as the present writer is aware, any comparable attempt to build a Catholic or Christian metapsychology. Freud sees clearly enough that if the ego rejects certain impressions, it must have a reason for doing so. The operations of the Id, according to him, are directed by the pleasure principle, while those of the conscious ego are under the direction of the reality principle. But that does not cover the ground. The psychologist studying the facts cannot avoid coming across religion and conscience, and he must do something with them. In *Das Ich und das Es*, Freud meets the charge that psycho-analysis is not interested in the elevated, the moral and supra-personal elements in man, and he retorts that his system has from the beginning attributed to moral and aesthetic tendencies an important role in the efforts of repression. Hence the super-ego takes its place among the elements of the Freudian psyche.

Now we come to the work of interpretation and to the postulates which a modern non-Christian scientist will feel justified in making. The first and fundamental assumption is that everything that happens must be explained by material within man himself. Whether we are dealing with Eddington or Freud, we shall find the assumption, unavowed or avowed, that man has made God in his own image and that an honest god's

* P. 29.

the noblest work of man. The pan-sexualism, as it has been called, of the Freudian school springs from the necessities imposed by this dogma. If we have to exclude the supernatural, it may well seem to many readers that the energy of sex is the only one that is adequate to the weight which has to be carried.

If we are to find the origin of "the moral and supra-personal elements in man" within the history of the individual, it is natural to seek them, as Freud does, in the impressions made in infancy by the first embodiments of authority the child encounters—the parents. God is traced back to a Father Imago, conscience to the parental commands. Neither Freud nor Groddeck attempts to minimize the part played in neurosis and in human psychology generally by the sense of guilt. There is a trinity of impulses—the pleasure principle, the reality principle, and the sense of sin.

But, whatever our approach to the problems of heredity, it is not to be denied that a great deal of human and animal conduct in this year of grace finds its explanation in racial history. The past lives in our bodies and souls. A Catholic poet has written :

Thou dost this body, this enhavocked realm,
Subject to ancient and ancestral shadows ;
Descended passions sway it ; it is distraught
With ghostly usurpation, dinned and fretted
With the still-tyrannous dead.

According to the much-vaunted "phylogenetic law" of Haeckel, the foetus in the womb recapitulates the history of the race. Jung professes to find in some dreams a regression to the very earliest phases of human history. He tells us that an American negro dreamed of the wheel of Ixion, of which it is incredible that he can have heard, and insists that below a certain level there is no longer any differentiation—we get beyond men to Man. We shall not be surprised, therefore, to find Freud seeking the origin of his famous Oedipus situation in pre-history. This is done in *Totem and Taboo*. We are told that in a primitive state of society the young men of the tribe become jealous of the father's free

access to the women. They are driven out of the community and form an alliance among themselves, kill and eat the father, and take possession of the women. This experience, we are asked to believe, lies at the root of all human history, and we see man, haunted by the memory of this ancestral crime, still re-enacting it in the depths of the unconscious. In an article in the *Clergy Review* of April 1931, Dr. J. G. Vance has shown on what frail historical foundations all this theorizing rests, but we shall agree that to those who believe in it nothing could seem more reasonable than to find in it some light on the facts of unconscious life today.

A final note of the contemporary scientific attitude must be mentioned—its resolve to discuss everything in purely quantitative terms. It is maintained that a study is scientific only to the extent to which it can be reduced to number. Again, therefore, we are not surprised to find that Freud's explanations are entirely of what he calls an economical order. He is concerned with the various appropriations of an energy assumed to be homogeneous. This claim is hard to rebut by actual example, but truth is more important than the convenience of the scientist, and suppose vital processes are to be judged by qualitative not quantitative standards!

Enough has been said to indicate the lines along which a Christian metapsychology might be worked out. We do not believe that conscience is merely the echo of an earthly parent's voice. The distant totem feast is a figment or an occasional occurrence, but we believe that there is a racial experience of tremendous import, when the first man heard the voice of the Lord God in a garden in the cool of the evening. We believe in original sin. Has all this no relevance to what happens in the depths of the unconscious today?

When we find medical psychology tracing so many of our ailments and maladaptations to conflict and a disintegrated ego, do we not hear an older psychologist saying: "I see another law in my members fighting against the law of my mind"?* Do we not begin to

* Romans vii, 23.

suspect a fuller meaning in the apostolic reminder that "by sin came death"? It may seem less fanciful than it did to Victorian materialism that, on account of unprepared Communion, "there are many infirm and weak among you and many sleep".*

There is a work calling out to be done in the development of a Christian psychology of the sense of sin. It need not conflict with the rational psychology of the schools, of which the foundations have been laid for all time by Aristotle and the Angelic Doctor, but it will take account of the new data of experimental psychology. Emphatically it is a work for the Catholic theologian, not for the medical man. Their task is not the same; in some respects they have opposite aims.

The theologian is concerned with sin; the doctor with the sense, conviction, or delusion, as the case may be, of sin. Conceived as an offence against Almighty God, sin may be grave in inverse ratio to its recognition by the sinner, but to the psycho-therapist the sense of sin may seem to be precisely what he has to cure, and Luther's *Pecca fortiter* may seem a good prescription. This conflict of aim may well be superficial, but we must not ignore it. The priest is not called to be an unregistered practitioner of medicine. Newspapers which invite preachers to advise their readers on health might extend the compliment to Harley Street and ask physicians to write on theology.

Very diffidently one is inclined to suggest that one approach to the problem lies through a differentiation between two conceptions of sin which run through the sacred scriptures—the legalistic and the biological. Pauline insistence on the former has dominated Protestant thought and produced the doctrine of imputed righteousness. Why not develop the other Pauline doctrine that "in Adam all died"? We should be able to find more profit in such a study than the Freudians can get from their search amid anthropological myths for the origins of the Oedipus complex.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

* I Corinthians xi, 30.

CUBIST PAINTING AND ITS IMPLICATIONS

THE cubist movement took its rise in the years immediately preceding the Great War and was, at that time, looked upon as being one manifestation, among many others, of a spirit of great restlessness in the world of art. But whereas Futurism, Post-impressionism, Vorticism, and kindred -isms have tended either to languish and to become moribund or else to change the nature of their creed and the form of their expression, Cubism has stood its ground and has shown a greater persistence than other forms of abstract art. It would seem almost that the currents of these other movements of unrest had merged into the main stream of Cubism.

In its origin and in its mentality Cubism is essentially a French, or rather a Parisian, movement. But this appreciation of it is by no means an attempt to minimize or localize its scope. Its repercussions have indeed been felt throughout European and American art, and certain of its leaders (notably Picasso and Picabia) have been foreigners, but foreigners long domiciled in Paris and as much acclimatized to its atmosphere as was Whistler to that of London. It might be said of such men that they are more Parisian than the Parisians themselves, and in this connexion it is important to remember that art in general—and painting and sculpture in particular—is somewhat differently regarded in Paris and, for example, in London.

This is not to say that in England we have not painters equally gifted and equally in earnest—the artist is very much the same the world over. But, even in these days of multiple production and synthetic culture, individual cities—Oxford, Munich, Bruges—have preserved a certain individual, self-generated ethos, and that of Paris remains the atmosphere wherein art is taken most seriously and most intellectually. Paris is not only the centre of the world's trade in the work of living painters (it is here that collectors and dealers come to buy *modern* work), and not only the place of residence of an enormous brotherhood of artists of every nationality, but here the artist is taken

for granted, catered for, and understood to a greater extent than in any other city in the world.

Concerning English art and English artists the French speak with respect. They look upon us as an artistically gifted race, particularly in the matter of elegance and facility of execution. They will say almost enviously of a painter that he has *la vraie facilité anglaise* (and this in no unkind sense), and painters of the accomplished grace of, for example, a Lavery, a John, or a Munnings command a real esteem among French painters and critics. And indeed, in the particular school of painting that these names may be taken to represent, English art is probably unsurpassed. But, as against this, the French find it difficult or impossible to believe that we take our painting as an intellectual pursuit. To the mind of an advanced French painter the bulk of English art is for the eye rather than for the intellect. A movement like Cubism that is so essentially the outcome of French intellectualism could never have had its source in the imagination of a group of English artists.

In considering the causes that gave rise to Cubism it is necessary to take some note of the great liberating movement of the late nineteenth century known as Impressionism. This was itself a movement of revolt against classical, post-Renaissance, and academic standards, characterized by its insistence upon greater breadth and greater freedom of technique together with a serious research into the mysteries and difficulties of rendering atmosphere. From the ranks of the more advanced impressionists there emerged the so-called pointillistes, who attempted literally to imitate the action of the spectrum in relation to a beam of light. They abjured both line and flat masses of colour, applying their paint to the canvas in tiny dots of broken and contrasting colours; and by this means they were not unsuccessful in obtaining an effect of luminosity or at least of vibration. But the experiment was doomed from the outset for purely physical reasons, for whereas fragments of pure colour in a beam of light will combine to give pure white light, fragments of pigment will only throw back a neutral or dirty grey. Each individual spot of pigment also inevitably casts its

own tiny shadow on the canvas below or beside it, and the cumulative effect of these thousands of tiny shadows was still more to detract from the luminosity of the picture as a whole. The pointilliste school, however, was a logical outcome of the impressionist movement—perhaps its zenith—and the very fact of its existence affords a good illustration of the essentially logical and reasonable Gallic temperament.

Now the effect of the impressionist preoccupation with atmosphere and light was to obscure for the time being the emphasis due to form. And it is here that it is necessary to touch upon the influence exerted by the greatest painter of modern times, Paul Cézanne. Of Cézanne it may be said with justice that he was in the impressionist movement but not of it. He was probably the greatest and most sensitive colourist of them all, but he, and perhaps he alone, realized the dangers of exploiting atmosphere at the expense of solidity, for throughout his career he stalwartly refused to be tempted away from his pursuit of solidity as such. Cézanne died in 1906, before Cubism had emerged from its cradle, but he of all men knew to the full the slippery nature of the path upon which his brother painters of the impressionist school had set out. He it was that realized the perils of a complete denial of the classical tradition, and he it was who (as he was coming away from Mass at the Church of St. Sauveur at Aix) let fall that often-quoted remark: "Everything is cubes and cylinders."

Cézanne, as we have seen, had himself been mainly preoccupied with the problems concerning (a) solidity and (b) colour. He had indeed set himself the formidable task of rendering solid form, not (as had hitherto been done) by means of light and shade, but (as had never before been attempted) by means of pure colour. It is, no doubt, in this attempted synthesis between colour and solidity that his greatness lies. But it would seem that his would-be followers have found it beyond their strength to ascend the path that he has hewn for them. It has been claimed for Cubism that it is the logical extension of the teaching of Cézanne, but it is at least open to doubt that he would himself have acknowledged

the child that has been fathered upon him. However much we may admire the work of such men as Marcoussis, Léger, or Le Fauconnier, it is difficult to reconcile their form of expression with Cézanne's war-cry: "*Il faut faire du Poussin sur nature.*" Nevertheless the young painters who were destined to become the cubist leaders were by now so far emancipated from academic methods as to feel the utter necessity of finding new means to express that reality which underlies the solid appearance of the things of the natural order.

Cubism is now a quarter of a century old, and in that time there has been technical development, but little or no fundamental change in the guiding principles of the movement. "The time of theorems is finished. Now there comes that of axioms." So wrote a cubist leader in 1921, and assuming that Cubism is a reactionary and intellectual movement, directed in the first place against a slipshod attitude towards solidity or form, let us consider to what extent the cubist painters have been able to place their aesthetic philosophy upon a sound dogmatic basis. There are, of course, degrees of cubist orthodoxy, and cubists themselves are no doubt glad to extend a measure of liberty of thought to those that they number in their ranks. It is possible or even probable, therefore, that among those who profess and call themselves cubists there will be found some who would prefer a different form of tabulation to that which follows. But the twelve axiomatic statements that I give below are all to be found in the writings of men who are well established as cubist painters of repute, who have been connected with the movement since its earliest days, and whom I believe to be thoroughly representative of the purest cubist tradition.

- (1) Painting is the art of giving life to a plane surface.*
- (2) A work of art is a concrete spiritual manifestation.†
- (3) A picture supplies its own *raison d'être*. It can with impunity be taken from a church into a drawing-room, or from a gallery into a bedroom. Essentially independent and necessarily complete

* *Du Cubisme et des moyens de le comprendre*. Albert Gleizes. "La Cible", 13 rue Bonaparte, Paris.

† *Ibid.*

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... it does not harmonize with this environment or that, it is in harmony with things in general, with the universe ; it is an organism.*

- (4) It is bound in strict obedience to certain unchanging rules, a condition that cannot exist except through order and method. It has a skeleton borne up by its principal directing lines, organs which are the divisions of its surface and which are mutually interdependent, flesh which is its colour.†
- (5) Like other organisms (bodies, flowers, or crystallizations), its harmony is not destroyed by reversing it. It has nevertheless, like them, a right and a wrong way up.‡
- (6) A body or a flower is an organization obedient to the same law as the Universe, and consequently is in itself a little universe. A picture, conceived according to the law of these organizations, is a little universe in tune with the rhythm of the great Universe.§

So much for the principles of what used to be called design, but which has since come to be known rather as construction or organization. Let us now consider the cubist's attitude towards subject-matter, and for this purpose I refer again to the same sources.

- (1) The reality of the outward form (*du monde extérieur*) serves as a starting-point for painting, but she strips it of this reality in order to arrive at the spirit.||
- (2) Outside ourselves there is nothing real. There is nothing real except the coincidence of a sensation and of an individual mental direction. We are far from suggesting the non-existence of those objects that strike our senses ; but reasonably we can have no certitude except in respect of the image that they cause to flower within our mind.¶

* *Du Cubisme*. Albert Gleizes and Jean Metzinger. Eugène Figuière et Cie, 7 rue Corneille, Paris.

† Gleizes.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

|| Ibid.

¶ Gleizes and Metzinger.

- (3) We search for the essential, but we look for it within our own personality, and not in a sort of eternity laboriously projected by mathematicians and philosophers.*
- (4) Without making use of any literary artifice, nor any allegoric or symbolic artifice, but only by inflexions of lines and colours, a painter can show forth in one and the same painting a Chinese town, a French town, mountains, seas, flora and fauna, peoples with their histories and their aspirations, and everything that separates them in exterior reality. Distance or time, concrete object or pure concept, there is nothing that cannot be expressed in the language of the painter.†
- (5) Nothing is less astonishing than that men not familiar with the painter's art should not spontaneously share our faith, and nothing more senseless than that it should irritate them. But must the painter, in order to satisfy them, reverse his labours and restore to things in general the futile appearance of which it is his mission to strip them?‡
- (6) Truth is outside all realism. It is by means of the internal structure that one succeeds at arriving at it.§

It will be seen at once that the effect of such doctrine as this is to give an intensely subjective turn to cubist aesthetics; and also that the cubist, long ago emancipated from the thought of *copying* nature, discards also the thought of *interpreting* her, at least as far as this is ordinarily understood. "The kingdom of art", he seems to say, "is within you—and this to an extent that has never been dreamed of before." Within the mind of the artist is the power to transmute the subject-matter, ridding it of every trace of that banality and insipidity that pertain to its normal appearance, and by which in former and less complex ages men have been wont to recognize it. But this is a power that demands to be used with a certain discretion, for it is undesirable that the picture should be completely incoherent.

* Ibid.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ Gleizes.

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If we condemn the exclusive use of the usual symbols we by no means intend to replace these by cabalistic signs. We are even free to confess that as it is impossible to write without using clichés, so one cannot in painting make a clean sweep of all known symbols. With regard to these it is for each man to determine whether he should scatter them about his canvas, mingle them intimately with his own personal symbols, or display them boldly like magic discords—these shreds of the great collective untruth—upon a single point of the plane of higher reality of which he makes use in his art. A true painter takes cognizance of all the elements that experience reveals to him, even those that are neutral or commonplace. *Affaire de tact*.*

The world of appearances, then, becomes for the cubist "the great collective untruth" ("*le grand mensonge collectif*"), a subject for transmutation, or, as he is not afraid to say, for "transubstantiation" within or by means of the painter's mind, and the finished painting a thing of profound mystic significance to be savoured by the elect, slowly and delicately, as its esoteric beauties gradually reveal themselves to the initiate.

From the fact that the subject-matter is veritably transubstantiated and that even the most expert eye finds a certain difficulty in discovering it, there results a great charm. The picture, yielding itself but slowly, seems always to be waiting to be questioned, as if it were keeping back an infinity of replies to an infinity of questions.†

Many doubtless will question the necessity of despoiling nature of her normality, or, as the cubists would have it, of her banality, in order that a picture may satisfy these conditions. It may surely be said of all fine painting, even the most realistic, that it yields its secret but slowly to the spectator; and all men that have any pretension to taste in painting will be able to name certain painters of whom they do not tire, and certain works to which they can return again and again with renewed pleasure. It is questionable also whether the intensely subjective picture—the picture that presents with the utmost force the artistic sensibility of Mr. So-and-so, its author—is not the picture of which we soonest become weary.

* Gleizes and Metzinger.

† Ibid.

There is much to be said for art that is *impersonal*, for painting in which the author's particular sensibility is *not* unduly obtruded upon the spectator, and it is open to question whether such art is not in the end the more satisfying and the longer-lived.

However that may be, let there be no doubt that beauty, and a high degree of beauty, is the object of the cubist's painful quest. He seeks this quality through the studied and intimate co-operation of certain elements that have been defined as (a) qualitative and (b) quantitative. The qualitative elements (i.e. those that arise from a feeling of love) are :

- (1) Inspiration.
- (2) The choice of synthetic elements (i.e. selection).
- (3) Sensibility.

It is these that the painter must seek to fuse with the quantitative elements (i.e. those that concern construction, and quantities), namely :

- (1) Appreciation of the surface to be dealt with.
- (2) Knowledge of the principles of balance.
- (3) Knowledge of the laws of structure.
- (4) The science of contrasted colours.*

Provided that he has the necessary artistic sensibility and that he has a knowledge of the scientific or quasi-scientific principles indicated above, the painter may be said to be ready to cube—a verb that was defined in the early days of the movement as “to determine the volume of material objects”. But in the course of its development Cubism has found loftier pretensions for itself than this. Today Cubism claims to have liberated painting from the old shackles imposed by an effete classical tradition and to have rediscovered the essential laws of the craft of painting as they have been understood from the very earliest times. This is an essential point of cubist doctrine. Cubist painters allege most emphatically and categorically that it is from an evil, imitationist, neo-classical and post-

* Gleizes. (Here again there seems to be no logical reason for despoiling nature of its normality in order to satisfy these conditions.—I. B.)

Renaissance influence that they have broken away, from a school of thought that sought the imitation of nature "*au point de s'y méprendre*", and so far are they from admitting that they have offended against the true tradition of painting (whatever that may be) that they loudly protest that it is they who have actually restored this. To some it may seem that the cure is less to be desired than the disease, and—although the constructive and chromatic qualities of the best cubist painting are not to be denied—that in rejecting the sanctity of natural form in order to exalt pure "organization" the cubists liken themselves to those of whom it was said that they would strain out a gnat and swallow a camel. They assure us, however, that they and they alone are in the true apostolic succession of great artists, but it has to be admitted that upon this point their teaching is less explicit than upon other aspects of their philosophy. We are told that an attentive study of Michael Angelo authorizes the statement that the cubist methods are not without their patent of nobility, but this is a theme that is not easy of development, and cubist apologists are content to give hints and suggestions on this head and to leave the matter at that.

A young painter, attracted by cubist principles and eager for the time when he himself may cube, will naturally be curious to know by what means exactly he is to arrive at the ability to grasp the hidden significance of things, to build up the framework or skeleton to which he may attach the vital interdependent organs which will go towards the construction of that highly organized thing, a cubist picture. If he has studied cubist literature he will probably have learned that the cubist masters are willing to concede that among even academic painters there are possibly some who are not without talent. But, in view of their methods, how is one to know this? And, in any case, of what use is a talent so applied?

Their painting is so lifelike that it sinks beneath its own weight of truth [*elle sombre dans la vérité*], of that negative truth mother of the morals and of all things insipid, that is collectively true and individually false.*

* *Du Cubisme*. Gleizes and Metzinger.

But in spite of this it is not expected of the student that he shall start to cube at the outset of his career. Cubing is for the painter who is, in more senses than one, advanced; and the student is to learn that the study of the world of appearances can well serve as his starting-point. In time it is hoped that the young painter will be enabled to strip that world of its insipidity, and to organize his work on the lines of cubist orthodoxy. But he must not be in a hurry. If, in the course of his initiatory studies, he comes to discover that he has but a meagre talent, he will be wise to content himself with practising the dull, old-fashioned methods,* and not attempt to attain the rarer atmosphere where alone the choicest spirits may thrive.

A painter of mediocre brain [we learn], should he strain his wits to savour qualities which, for him, are but the abstract products of a line of reasoning, and should he undertake thus to augment the little talent which he owes to sensibility alone, without a shadow of doubt his painting will become execrable, inharmonious and forced. But let a man of superior intellect aim at the same mark, and he will derive from it miraculous advantages. . . . Among cubist painters, there are some that make a grievous pretension of spontaneity and profundity; there are others who move freely upon the very highest planes. Among these (it is not for us to name them) restraint is but the garment of fervour, as among the great Mystics.†

Cubism, then, is not for those of "mediocre brain", and although possibly a little discreet cubing would not be altogether discouraged in the pupil, he must go warily,

* "Un médiocre prouve de la sagesse en se contentant d'agir sur des notions depuis déjà longtemps affectées à la peinture. Une simple notation impressionniste n'est-elle pas préférable à ces compositions qui ruissellent de littérature, de métaphysique ou de géométrie insuffisamment picturalisées?"—Gleizes and Metzinger.

† Ibid. Gleizes, however, names them thus in a later work: "Deux courants issus de deux sources différentes sont au départ. Il suffit d'un peu de bonne foi et de bons yeux pour les apercevoir. L'un formé par les élans de Braque et Picasso; l'autre par ceux de Metzinger, Léger, Le Fauconnier, Delaunay et moi-même. Suivant leur évolution, ils s'enrichirent d'autres noms. Gris, Marcoussis, Jacques Villon, Marcel Duchamp, Picabia, Survage, Férat, Herbin. . . . Il faut dire aussi qu'une série de peintres coopérèrent à ce travail géologique. Moins décidés que ceux que je viens de citer, ils annoncèrent néanmoins la nouvelle terre promise, ce sont André Derain, André Lhote, La Fresnaye, Luc-Albert Moreau, Dunoyer de Segonzac."

and must understand clearly that the higher flights are not to be attempted without danger, save by the Master and by those who have passed through the progressive stages of initiation—"By the way that the novice bears the discipline, we verify his vocation."*

But if, after all, by dint of trial and experiment he find that he does indeed possess a true cubist vocation, then he may hope that in time he may himself be numbered among the Masters, and be empowered to give his own message to the world in all the force of its purity. Not indeed in the language of the multitude (*la foule*), for

It is not in the language of the mob that the painter must address himself to the mob, but in his own language, in order to sway, dominate and direct, not in order to be understood. Such is the action of religions and philosophies. The artist who refrains from all concession, who explains nothing and expounds nothing, gathers within him an inner force, the glow of which illumines all around him. It is in completing our own personality that we purify humanity, it is in increasing our own riches that we enrich others.†

There is in this attitude of the initiate cubist to the neophyte the suggestion of an altogether new relationship between master and pupil, of something that was quite unknown either by the mediaeval master-craftsman and his apprentices, or by the academic teachers of a later epoch in relation to their pupils. The implied contract between the master and the student was, in former times, clear-cut and straightforward, the student receiving the benefit of the other's riper knowledge and experience in all that pertained to their common craft. But there had never before been any suggestion of occult knowledge or of veiled mysteries not to be lightly touched upon, of planes of higher spirituality or of intellectual inequality between the two. Both were craftsmen possessing similar aims and ambitions, but the one was a little older and therefore more experienced than the other—that was all.

Nature, that is to say the appearances of things, was

* Ibid.

† Ibid.

their common object of study, and from the earliest times this outward appearance of the things of the natural order has had, for all men alike, an element of sanctity. To what extent this attitude towards the outward world was emphasized by the fact of the Incarnation itself is not germane to the present issue. The essential point is that it was always there, and is just as apparent in Pagan art as in the art of the Buddhist or the Christian. Appelles knew it, and it appears with equal force and clarity in the paintings of Li T'ang, in the Roman paintings in wax, in the eighth-century Book of Kells, and in the eighteenth-century landscapes of Wilson and Crome. If it be possible to enunciate one creed that has been common to all artists since ever art was born it is that "God made the world of appearances, and we find it good to look upon". Cézanne himself, who has been held by many to have given its impetus to the cubist movement, was untiring in his search for the truth of a line or of a shade of colour, and we have already noticed his aphorism "*Il faut faire du Poussin sur nature*"; we must endeavour to do such stuff as Poussin did, but we must do it from nature—not in the arbitrary lighting of the studio, nor yet in the dark womb of the intellect, but in the broadest of broad daylight. It was for the cubists to coin phrases concerning the "banality" and "insipidity" of the appearance of the things of the natural order, and to fear lest the student (by reason of his "mediocre brain") should fail in the attempt to strip the realm of nature of this offensive insipidity, and prove unworthy to "transubstantiate" it in his mind so that it might be fit for the initiate to savour.

It is in this suggestion of occultism that the intensely subjective aesthetic philosophy of the cubists is found to differ from anything that has preceded it in the long history of art, and even a slight acquaintance with Theosophist literature discloses a disturbing similarity between this and the pretensions of the cubist apologists. A contempt for the natural order and all that pertains to it, contrasted with the exaltation of the purity and sanctity of the high intellectual clarity of man, is curiously reminiscent also of what we have read of the ancient

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heresies of the Manicheans and of the Cathari, "the pure ones".

The question of the mutual relationship between artistic thought and religious thought is a controversial one which I have no immediate intention of reopening. But if for the time being, and simply for the sake of the argument, we may be allowed to assume (with Mr. Eric Gill*) that the "Art for Art's sake" school of thought is in the wrong, that the artist is willy-nilly, consciously or unconsciously, a propagandist of *something*, and that art and life are not entirely unconnected, then there would seem to be a matter pertaining to the cubist way of thought that is not unworthy of examination by someone having the necessary theological equipment.

I am far from suggesting that a serpent lies hidden within every cube, still less that the studios should be made the scene of a heresy-hunt. But the question is more than one of purely academic interest, and the problem of "to cube or not to cube" is one that, sooner or later, must inevitably present itself to every young painter. Heresies, we are told, do not die, but return from time to time to plague mankind in various guises, and in cycles (*adversarius vester diabolus, tanquam leo rugiens circuit*). If then we agree that art is something more than a sensuous refinement for the few, and in view of the cubist denial of the sanctity of created forms, the question that seems so urgently to demand an answer is this: What exactly is the doctrinal implication of the esoteric aesthetic code of cubist painting? Is Cubism merely our old friend "Art for Art's sake" carried to the *n*th degree, or does it convey a good, strong distillation of something more sinister?

IVAN BROOKS.

* "All art is propaganda."—Mr. Eric Gill in the *Catholic Herald*, 3 Nov., 1934, and 5 Jan., 1935.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Purgatory: A Book of Christian Comfort. By Dr. Bernhard Bartmann. Translated by Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B. (Burns Oates & Washbourne. 7s. 6d. net.)

HE is a bold man who undertakes to write a theological, apart from a devotional, treatise on the subject of Purgatory; for beyond the fact that it is a state of existence (not strictly a "place", as the Catechism puts it), in which "souls suffer for a time on account of their sins", and that we on earth can help them in that state, it is hard to say what more is of faith. But this is precisely the thesis of *Purgatory: a Book of Christian Comfort*, by Dr. Bernhard Bartmann, who is Professor of Theology at Paderborn. Without interfering with the pious beliefs of individuals, he is, very rightly, more concerned to remove from the doctrine various accretions and conjectures than to add anything very new. Early in his book he reminds us of the decree of the Council of Trent (Session XXV), in which, while against Luther the positive teaching of the doctrine of Purgatory is enjoined, nevertheless all extravagant opinions concerning it are forbidden. From this standpoint he examines the origins, historically, of the doctrine; its slender hold upon the Jews, its stronger manifestation in the pagan world, its final root in faith, confirmed by reason, even by common sense, when the real significance of sin and its due are considered. Hence he bases the doctrine, with the Council of Trent, on the three texts of Scripture, of which the famous text from Machabees is not one. He sifts their meaning, and even from them he eliminates much that is popularly deduced from them; preferring to leave doubtful what cannot be strictly proved. With the Fathers, and with not a few theologians, St. Thomas and still more Lessius among them, he is even more drastic. He points out the sources of their various opinions concerning the nature and place of Purgatory, showing how they, too, while universally agreed on the fact, put forward what more they have to say as conjectures and little more. Of course such things as apparitions of the dead, even such revelations as those to St. Catherine of Genoa, are of no account to the strict theologian.

Having thus cleared the ground, he asks himself what light can be thrown on the subject by other doctrines of the faith. It is here that his book wins its sub-title: *A Book of Christian Comfort*. The bright faith of the soul in Purgatory verging on vision, its hope which is strengthened to certainty, its love, growing more purified every moment, the joy which, as St.

Catherine of Genoa says, almost counteracts the suffering, the infinite mercy which pursues the soul as much in Purgatory as on earth, all these and more are the Church's guiding lines for one who would consider the condition of the Holy Souls aright. Much more is contained in the book; not least, it discusses the way we can help them, and they can help us. We would add a word of thanks to Dom Ernest Graf for his excellent rendering of a difficult theological work. If we may add a criticism, we would suggest that the relegation of the footnotes to the end of each chapter does not serve the reader's convenience.

✠ A. G.

God in Patristic Thought. By G. L. Prestige, D.D. (Heinemann. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS book is the fruit of scholarship which commands respect. In 1921 Dr. Prestige was invited to undertake researches for the projected Oxford Lexicon of Patristic Greek: "It fell to me to investigate . . . nearly all the words of main importance for the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation." Dr. Prestige brought to his task a critical sense of the shades of meaning. Moreover, in this investigation he shows himself a vigorous thinker. He has no use for the Liberal Protestant. From the first a breath of fresh air strikes the reader with surprise and pleasure. "It is thought that to exercise reason about divine things promotes arid intellectualism. It certainly did not in Athanasius or Augustine." "Is it the case that those Christians who have cared most for the assertion of Christ's absolute deity have failed conspicuously as a class in devotion to His human qualities?" "The doctrine of the Trinity sprang from the inherent necessity to account for the religious data of Christianity, not from the importation of pagan metaphysical presuppositions." And lastly "The Greeks were never misty minded, and knew exactly what they meant by their terminology."

The book is an exposition of the doctrine of the Greek Fathers on God, One and Three, and we have remarked some questions for special praise or comment. The first three chapters, "Elements of Theism", "Divine Transcendence", "Divine Providence", contain excellent discussions of πνεῦμα and ἅγιος. (We should have liked to see, in the trinitarian part of the book, a more developed account of the reason assigned by the Greek Fathers for giving the name "Holy" to the third Divine Person. This is very well set forth, for example, in Dr. Jacob Bilz, *Die Trinitätslehre des hl. Johannes von Damaskus*.) There is a

summary, based on extensive textual research, of the patristic meanings of "agenetos" and "agenetos", which first became important with Origen. We are surprised to find here that Dr. Prestige does not refer to note C of Père Lebreton's *Histoire du Dogme de la Trinité*. Dr. Prestige is again at his best in his account of the uses of *οἰκονομέω*, of its application to divine Providence and—passing now to the trinitarian part of his book—of its use by Tertullian. Incidentally he vindicates that great theologian from the charge of being a mere legalist, and the theory of the Greek origin of his thought is interesting. Interesting, too, are the study of Origen as the father alike of the Cappadocians and the Arians (but then why was the Alexandrian school orthodox?), and the statement "there does not seem to be any evidence whatever for the view that the term *prosopon* was ever discredited . . ." (p. 162). One of the best things in the book is the history of "hypostasis". That of "ousia" follows—and so to "Homousios" and Nicaea. We remark here that Dr. Prestige says of the Westerns at Nicaea and "Homousios" that, "They knew perhaps that it had been propounded by Dionysius of Rome to Dionysius of Alexandria. But what was of far greater importance, they perceived that it was a convenient translation of . . . 'unius substantiae'." Why should it be conjectured that this was of greater importance?

There is a clear presentation of the patristic doctrine of the double procession of the Holy Spirit from the Father through the Son. We should have liked an account of *ἐκ* and *ἐκπορεύεσθαι* as expressing procession from the Ultimate Fount of the Godhead. The book is rounded off by the trinitarian summary of "Pseudo-Cyril" which appears in St. John Damascene (or was it derived from him?), and, after a chapter on a divergence in Leontius of Byzantium, concludes with the doctrine of Perichoresis.

We are in Dr. Prestige's debt. That Greek patristic thought which, as he says, lies behind the conciliar definitions, forms our Catholic heritage. In fact, in our Roman lecture room the trinitarian teaching of the Greek Fathers and that of St. Thomas were given side by side. But we are surprised to find no mention here of such standard works upon the former as those of De Régnon and Père Lebreton, or of such trinitarian monographs as those of Bilz on St. John Damascene and Schmaus on St. Augustine. We fear that Anglican theologians have not assimilated them, or Dr. Prestige's book could hardly elicit the surprise which he seems to expect. Dr. Prestige misses the Catholic view-point when he says that the "Western" theologians were "content to think the Greeks as likely to be right as themselves". The Greek

Fathers are as much Doctors of the Church as the Latins: they are not only "likely to be right".

We must regret a certain lack of balance in the book. The title is "God in Patristic Thought". One paragraph and three references are given to St. Augustine! We do not think that the justification offered in the introduction is adequate. It would have been better if Dr. Prestige had confined himself deliberately to those Greek Fathers (adding Tertullian) in whom he is an expert, and had chosen a more restricted title. When he says that he believes Greek trinitarian teaching "to be a consistent theory of the Christian revelation of God, at once profounder and more satisfactory than any to be derived from purely Latin sources" we feel that the comparison may be true, but more probably indicates no profound acquaintance with St. Thomas. And while we have every right to talk of the general comparative obtuseness of the Latin mind and language, the statement that at Chalcedon "The clumsy Occident intervened as teacher in a matter which it had not properly learned and did not really understand" would have elicited a well-deserved anathema from the Greek Fathers of that oecumenical council.

Dr. Prestige points out that the Fathers based their teaching upon Scripture. After this he would appear to hold that they drew upon the implications of "experience". We remark that Irenaeus, Tertullian the Catholic, Origen, Athanasius, and the rest accepted a living teaching authority which they believed to be infallible, and whose rule of faith they followed. Neither logical consistency nor "experience" was for them the primary criterion of truth. Here we touch a fundamental divergence between their tenets and those implied in this book.

DOM RALPH RUSSELL.

Kant's Metaphysic of Experience. By H. I. Paton, M.A., D.Litt.
Two volumes. (Allen & Unwin. 30s. net.)

THIS important commentary on Kant's *Metaphysic of Experience* is a monument of industry in the elucidation of the obscurity of Kant. Students everywhere will be grateful to Dr. Paton, of the University of Glasgow, for his enthusiastic attempt to show that Kant's thought is essentially consistent and reasonable, and that the critical philosophy forms a coherent system. In these two volumes every aspect of the first half of the *Critique of Pure Reason* is treated with sympathetic insight and abundant documentation.

There is given an adequate analysis of Kant's meaning of appearance and reality, *a priori* judgements, the sense of space

and time, the origin of the mental categories, the processes of judgement and the many other subjective and objective factors in the complexity of what the author calls "experience"—especially the celebrated "unity of apperception". The second volume gives the analysis of principles, the schematism of the categories in relation to imagination, the analogies of experience (including substance and causality), and then the knowledge of the self and of the "object" as phenomenal and noumenal.

Dr. Paton seeks to clarify every element and phase of the Kantian critique and in some cases where the language is most difficult he has analysed Kant's thought almost sentence by sentence, in a manner which might serve as a model to anyone needing to accomplish the task of faithfully representing the starting point, aim and meaning of a mind so original and penetrating as that of the Königsberg philosopher. He therefore presents Kant's theory as a whole, endeavouring to discover the exact significance of Kant's own intricate statements rather than to substitute simplifications of the commentator's own, so that the student may be helped in the reading of the *Kritik* itself, and enabled thereby to form his own independent judgement.

In Dr. Paton's view it is the extreme novelty of Kant's line of thought which has occasioned the frequent misunderstandings of his system. It is therefore necessary fully to grasp the contrast between Kant's plan and those of Leibniz and the empiricists which it was intended to supplant.

In his attempt to show the consistency of Kant's thinking, Dr. Paton has certainly met with well-merited success, but that there is a call to rehabilitate the critical philosophy as of primary importance at the present day is by no means obvious. In many respects Kant has been superseded, and this has happened chiefly because Kant left unsolved the more ultimate problem which his own reasonings served to bring into relief, namely: Whether the judgements about objective reality which are rendered unavoidable by the very structure of our minds are actually true of reality itself. As to this, the standpoint of Kant may be called systematic fideism, which indeed, as a closed system, implied that this more ultimate question, as to whether we possess true knowledge of reality, could never be answered or even logically raised. In that respect, for those of us who hold that true knowledge can be found to be present among men and its validity explained, Kant's theory must be considered reactionary and inconclusive, whatever may be its merits on the score of internal consistency, and however sound may be its analysis of the subjective conditions of experience.

There can be no doubt as to the importance of Kant's work or

as to its value for the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. And it is antecedently likely that, in general, his work was a definite whole, in view of the definiteness of his influence, especially his positive and constructive influence. The fact that those who followed Kant were unable to keep within his framework need not imply that Kant was inconsistent, but only that his treatment was later found to be inadequate in view of the wider horizon which he did so much to reveal.

Dr. Paton's suggestion that Kant's views are eminently in accord with the spirit of modern philosophy will be questioned by those who interpret the tendency of recent philosophy as being in the direction of combining speculation with the practical needs and interests of man's everyday life, and as implying a definite abandonment of any *a priori* method. Current strivings may be averse from the method of presuppositions such as were an integral part of Kant's self-limited system and one source of its ambiguity.

In Dr. Paton's commentary there is but slight reference to Kant's indebtedness to Aristotle, whether direct or through Leibniz, and in particular it may be that proportionate notice has not been given to the principle of potentiality in sense and understanding, considering the important part which this concept played in the underlying thought of Kant. But no such incidental consideration can obscure our appreciation of the admirable thoroughness with which Dr. Paton has delineated the portico of Kantian architecture.

ARTHUR L. REYS.

Voltaire. By Alfred Noyes. (Sheed & Ward. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. ALFRED NOYES'S *Voltaire* has caused some stir among the "confessional" critics, for it was hardly to be expected that a Catholic writer would devote some 650 pages to vindicating the character of a man who was thought to be an antichrist, and was indeed the father of the French revolution. The orthodox are puzzled to account for Mr. Noyes's desire to re-establish the good name of a dog safely hanged long since; while those anti-religious writers who have learned by heart Voltaire's mocking sallies do not care to be reminded that their favourite epigrams were directed against hypocrisy and not against religion. According to our author it was faith, not disbelief, that winged Voltaire's shafts of irony and made his aim so deadly. And speaking of irony, no sentence that Voltaire ever penned could rival in its ironic quality the fact that this so-called enemy of religion served his first term of imprisonment for writing a religious poem. If anything could foster the spirit of mockery in a man, that surely

might. There was, in fact, nothing in the upbringing of the son of the Parisian notary, the excellent M. François Arouet, to turn him against religion except the deplorable example of some of those who professed it, notably the Abbé de Châteauneuf and the Abbé Gédoyne. He had a quick wit, a sharp tongue and a facile pen—dangerous weapons for any young man to possess, and doubly dangerous in the case of one who could not find a cause worthy enough to command their use. Moralists warn us of the deadly sin of spiritual pride because of its very nature it is almost proof against repentance. For the majority of us the danger is not very real, for our own shortcomings supply an effective antidote against the poison of conceit, unless indeed we are foolish enough to mistake our failures for successes. Voltaire was no fool; but, on the other hand, he *was* successful. The poison seeped through his veins. He began by attacking the unchristian conduct of professing Christians, but by and by the qualifying words grew less distinct, they ceased to limit the range of his onslaughts, until it became difficult to know when he was lashing the hypocrites and the money-changers and when he was attacking the true worshipper. Perhaps he never paused to think; perhaps he did not know.

If, as time went on, the dividing line between true religion and its unworthy hangers-on grew in Voltaire's mind ever fainter and fainter, yet there was a quality that he possessed and used, albeit unconsciously, that marks him off from his modern agnostic and rationalistic admirers. He knew the meaning of Faith, and for the most part his commentators have never glimpsed it. Two results followed from this knowledge that he had and they have not: he could, because of his intimate understanding, attack the Catholic Church at its most vulnerable points, a knack that still moves his disciples to paroxysms of delight; and he could, and sometimes did, administer an unexpected and smashing rebuff to the over-eager assailants of religion. Was it genuine feeling that thus moved him to make amends for his flippancy? Or was it an impish delight in scoring off those who were cheering him on? Mr. Noyes has not entirely convinced us that the first motive was the dominant one, but he has brought ample proof that the antidote to much of Voltaire's scepticism is to be found in his own works. Mr. Noyes's industry has posed an awkward alternative for Voltairean agnostics: have they never read these passages? Or have they deliberately suppressed them? Certainly they never quote them.

It is something to have rescued Voltaire—or for that matter anybody else—from the smug middle-class atheism of Carlyle, Lord Morley and the English rationalists. Mr. Noyes finds it

difficult to absolve Lord Morley from the charge of intellectual dishonesty. Frankly, we find it impossible. That may sound a harsh judgement on "honest John" Morley, whose reputation for integrity is part of our political tradition. But the explanation is simple: Morley would never falsify a quotation; he would always tell "the truth", but he could always manage to keep quite distinct the two parts of the legal oath, "the truth" and "the whole truth". Provided he observed the first, his much advertised passion for truth does not seem to have compelled him to the second clause, to cancel a negation with an affirmation, to balance a considered judgement against a hasty witticism. Should anyone be shocked at this indictment let him compare, as Mr. Noyes does, Morley's selected extracts from Voltaire's poem on the Lisbon earthquake with those lines that he might have quoted but did not: there are several examples given in this book. But criticism of this poem must go deeper. Obviously it is based on a sentimental exploitation of death and disaster on a grand scale. But Jean-Jacques Rousseau pricked that bubble when he questioned "whether it be any worse for a large number to die together, and swiftly, than for them to experience a certain, and perhaps a more lingering death, through disease, and in isolation, a few years later".

The book ends with that famous and most devastating advice that Voltaire gave to the professor who thought to found a new religion and consulted him about the best way of doing it. "The best way", said Voltaire, "is to get yourself crucified, and then rise from the dead." It may stand as the most representative of Voltaire's gibes; it tells us nothing of his inner feelings. It sounds, and to pious ears always will sound, as sheer mockery. True: but mockery of whom?

S. J. GOSLING.

Viscount Halifax. Part Two: 1885-1934. By J. G. Lockhart.
(Bles. 12s. 6d. net.)

How the Jacobites, the Non-Jurors, and Dr. Johnson would have laughed at the thought that a Whig family would one day produce such a life as this! The high-church doctrines of Halifax surpass all theirs. *The Times* in what little understanding it showed of his mentality rightly said that he was "a cavalier", but, if it is thereby meant to suggest that he is an interesting throw-back to the seventeenth century, the idea is false because it leaves out of account the fact that Halifax was always working for generations as yet unborn. His love for the more Catholic traditions of

England's past was not a mere freakish antiquarianism but a source of inspiration for an active apostolate.

Should this biography have been written so soon after Lord Halifax's death when so many are still alive to prevent the full and free discussion of these last years? It is open to question. Yet it may be presumed without any exaggeration that this well-documented volume is likely to have a far-reaching influence for many years to come. As history alone it is a valuable contribution to the understanding of the religious situation in England during the last fifty years. It reveals many unknown facts and brings into the light of day many secrets that might otherwise have remained hidden from this generation. Catholics will be mostly interested in the addition to our information about the Malines Conversations, and in the charming portraits of Cardinal Mercier and the Abbé Portal: this book increases the conviction, shared by all who knew them, that the passage of time will clear away the mud with which controversy has bespattered them. There are illuminating glimpses of many other Catholic figures, such as Mgr. Duchesne, Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson, Mgr. Ronald Knox, Mgr. Battifol, and Fr. Francis Woodlock.

It is a good thing that fresh air should ventilate the closed corners of past history, especially as regards Malines, even though this book does not reveal all that could be told. It is a pity that Mr. Lockhart should not have been in complete sympathy with the theological activities he chronicles and that he does not always show complete understanding of such questions. Yet, in spite of many shortcomings, this life presents an attractive picture of Lord Halifax. His character and personality, his earnest pursuit of goodness, and his deep sincerity, as shown by the publication of his intimate letters, are bound to influence many of those whose faith approximated to his own and who venerated him as a chosen leader. These fundamentals will continue to affect the minds of men when the controversies of Halifax's long life will appear as dead as those who fought through them. Certainly the story of Bishop King's trial and of struggles about lights and incense, in fact, most of the legal troubles of the English Church Union, do not make interesting reading. The same is true of the chapter on Gore and the *Lux Mundi* question, which is here resurrected from the limbo of Victorianism. The account of Leo XIII and Anglican orders is necessarily less full than the volume Halifax himself published on the subject and is less clear and informative than a summary published last year. Mr. Lockhart often allows the journalist in him to get the better of the historian. Yet there can be no doubt that he has tried to be impartial and friendly towards English Catholics.

It is possible that many, both Catholics and Anglicans, will be surprised and puzzled by the revelation of Lord Halifax's position, but all will probably learn something to their advantage from the study of his life. Many will feel regret, as Halifax did, that so little progress has been made towards bringing back so many worthy and devoted people in England to the communion of the Holy See. When we have understood that Halifax's ideal was to see an archbishop of Canterbury executed on Tower Hill because of his desire to bring the Church of England back to its traditional allegiance to the See of Peter, we have gone a long way towards understanding one of the great problems of our time. Halifax himself wrote to Randall Davidson: "The Church of England as a whole makes a boast of her independence from the rest of Christendom. She has erected her isolation into a principle, something almost to be proud of, instead of one to be deeply deplored." That idea is the key to his life and work.

C. A. BOLTON.

The Roman Breviary. An English Version. Four volumes. (Burns Oates & Washbourne. 15s. each volume.)

It is well known that our forefathers in penal times went to the Divine Office of the Roman Church for their extra-eucharistic prayers: Sunday afternoon worship in the "English catacombs" took the form, not of this or that convenient "devotion", but of Vespers or Compline. There were editions of the *Primer* in 1604, 1619, 1685 and 1706; of the *Evening Office of the Church* in 1710 and 1748; and of the *Divine Office for the Laity* (in four volumes) in 1763 (and just glance at the contents of the original 1740 edition of Challoner's *Garden of the Soul*, reprinted by Messrs. Burns and Oates in 1916). Thereafter* English Catholics had to wait over a hundred years till 1879, when the Marquess of Bute "laid open to the English reader the whole of the prayer of the Church" with his complete translation of the Roman Breviary. This is not the place to appreciate that somewhat "gothick" production; it suffices to say that for various reasons it was not calculated to become a popular prayer-book. Nearly another forty years passed, and in 1916 Messrs. Burns and Oates gave us the *Day Hours* in Latin and English, and now, after frequent and long delays, the whole of the Divine Office.

The *Totum* edition of 1928 has been taken as the basis, and the

* In 1830 Dr. (later Provost) Husenbeth published at Norwich, *ex typographia Bacon et Kinnebrook*, what was, we believe, the only edition of the *Breviarium Romanum* ever printed in England, "*suis locis interpositis officiis sanctorum Angliæ*".

translation has been made and compiled by the Benedictine nuns of Stanbrook, revised by Mr. C. F. Wemyss Brown, who has ably edited the whole work. The scriptural parts are taken from the Rheims-Douay-Challoner version of the Bible, which we suppose was inevitable, but it is a pity that none but "Catholic translations" have been used for the hymns—that, surely, is perpetuating a bad old convention. One of the most valuable results of this publication is that we have in it a body of passages from the writings of the Fathers of the Church, Eastern and Western, available to those who have no Latin: to most devout lay people "the Fathers" are no more than a name, or string of names, and this should not be so. If we may make a suggestion, here are unsurpassable short homilies for the harassed parish priest who does not want to preach a formal sermon.

It must be understood that this English version does not include the Latin text—that would have made the volumes impossibly bulky and expensive. As it is they will go into the pocket (one at a time!), and are excellently printed in a readable type. In future editions the fussy title page might well be made as plain and straightforward as the rest of the printing, and the "General Kalendar of the Roman Church" ought to be so called. There is no such thing, properly speaking, as a "kalendar of the Universal Church": quite apart from such Western kalendars as that of the Benedictines, those of the Catholic Eastern churches have no relation to that Roman kalendar which is so often given the undeserved epithet of "universal".

T. O. P.

The "Second Spring Series". *God and the Supernatural*. By various hands. 5s. net. *The Vatican Council*. By Dom Cuthbert Butler. Two vols., 12s. net the two. *Father William Doyle, S.J.* By Alfred O'Rahilly. 6s. net. (Longmans, Green.)

THE "Second Spring Series" is a publishing event of importance. The series is "designed to form a library of those modern Catholic studies which deserve lasting attention"; the volumes are to be uniform in format but not in price, and not restricted to any particular subject. The first three works reissued are very diverse in matter, but each in its own way is important and of general interest to the serious reader.

We particularly welcome a new edition at so reasonable a price of *God and the Supernatural*, which was edited by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., and first published in 1920. The new edition is abridged by the omission of two essays now somewhat out of date, which leaves eight essays, by the general editor, by Fr. Martindale, S.J.,

M. C. d'Arcy, S.J., Mr. Christopher Dawson, and by Mr. E. I. Watkin. They deal with God and man in the terms of the title, with the problem of evil and the life of the world to come, and are intended not for the divine or primarily for the student but for the general inquirer, and that not in a controversial way. Mr. Watkin's essay on the Mystical Body of Christ is one of the best in the book, and is characteristic of the standard and tone of all of them.

Abbot Butler's account of the Vatican Council, first published six years ago, is reissued verbatim.* It is an "inside story", based principally on the letters of Dr. Ullathorne, who was present as bishop of Birmingham, which gives a personal and intimate note to an authoritative piece of historical writing. These letters, written on the spot, were frequent and full; they were also frank, and the part played by Cardinal Manning and how he played it is made quite clear. Not the least of Abbot Butler's services in this book was his demonstration that the deliberations of the twentieth oecumenical council were carried on without constraint and with the dignity proper to such an assembly. The Latin text and a translation of its two dogmatic constitutions are given in an appendix.

Professor O'Rahilly's biography and spiritual study of Father William Doyle, S.J., C.F., killed on the field of battle in 1917, has not been exempt from serious adverse criticism, but its popularity is shown by the fact that it has appeared in eight editions and new impressions since 1920. This reissue of the fourth edition, 613 pages for 6s., will bring it before a yet wider public.

Messrs. Longmans, Green must be congratulated on their enterprise in bringing out this series; we hope that ready sales will both reward them and encourage them to continue the good work.

T. O. P.

Characters of the Reformation. By Hilaire Belloc. (Sheed & Ward. 10s. 6d. net.)

In historical portraiture Mr. Belloc reveals the amazing versatility he has shown in other literary forms. In his early days he gave us full-length portraits of Marie Antoinette and Napoleon; of latter years he has inclined to character studies conceived on bolder lines, e.g. his Richelieu, James II, Charles I and Cromwell. Now he has turned to the miniature in a series of thumbnail sketches, not chosen haphazard but strung together constructively

* Mr. Outram Evennett made it the occasion of an excellent article in the DUBLIN REVIEW of July 1930.

in a catena stretching from the early days of the Reformation to the end of the seventeenth century, when the final stalemate was called.

Rightly refusing to regard events impersonally, or as the product of a blind fate before which man's will is helpless, Mr. Belloc explains the troubled human story as made by individual men and women, good and bad, sometimes with full deliberation, often with but a confused idea of the ultimate result of their actions. With this all Catholic and many non-Catholic historians will heartily agree. But not even all Catholics will support his insistent contention that, had not England turned heretic, Protestantism in the rest of Europe would have petered out. A close study of the politico-religious position in Germany hardly supports this view.

Again, Mr. Belloc here as elsewhere blames the reform for the success of nationalism in Europe and the subsequent split in the mediaeval Christian commonwealth that had had the Vicar of Christ as its moral head. Yet long before Luther was heard of there had been a strong nationalistic spirit fiercely resenting interference by the Papacy which, far from showing leadership, had fallen into such disrepute that a large body of learned opinion held general councils to be superior to popes, a view influenced by their seventy years' residence at Avignon as officials, or little better, of the French king.

There are many who oppose Mr. Belloc's interpretation of history, still more who catch him out in minor misstatements of fact, but his genius for writing clear, harmonious prose commands the respect of all, and these twenty-three short studies of English and continental characters, ranging from Henry VIII to Louis XIV, will be read with rare relish by those who like their history simplified into clear-cut issues between hero and villain.

As one would expect, it is the latter who offers the reader prey, for Mr. Belloc's ability to see greatness of mind in a soul morally vile makes his essays on Henry VIII, Thomas Cromwell, Cranmer, Elizabeth and Cecil highly diverting. The well-known heartiness of invective appears again, while *orgy*, *loot*, *gang*, *new millionaires*, *harpies*, *myth*, all old stand-bys of the crusader, are used with enough gusto to convince us of their truth, though Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P., would tell Bobby they were witch-words—but his is a different campaign!

Not all of the essays are of equal merit; some are decidedly thin, while that on More is misleading, to put it mildly. It is time Mr. Belloc was convinced for good and all that this saint was *not* in doubt for years on a point of Catholic doctrine, viz. papal supremacy. What More doubted was whether this was of

ecclesiastical or divine origin. He soon (Prof. Chambers says, in a fortnight) came round to the latter view, but it may be safely deduced from More's statements that he would have died for papal supremacy even had he continued to believe it to be only of human origin—a very different attitude of mind from the one Mr. Belloc describes.

It is irritating to find many examples of slipshod English, such as the dreadful sentence at the foot of p. 313, and of obvious error (e.g. *Saint Sixtus V.*, p. 239); and in speaking of Stephen Gardiner as neglected, surely he is forgetting the Abbé Janelle's recent study, *La Veille du Schisme en Angleterre*, a work almost wholly devoted to the Bishop of Winchester.

The essays are followed by twenty-three excellent coloured crayon drawings of their subjects by Jean Charlot. The publishers make it clear that these have not Mr. Belloc's approval. One wonders why.

GORDON ALBION.

The Bastille Falls. By J. B. Morton. (Longmans, Green. 12s. 6d. net.)

A REMARK to a highly placed churchman that I was engrossed in a book on the French Revolution by J. B. Morton brought the question pat: "Why, is it funny?" It is as one had feared. The serried hosts who daily devour "By the Way", blind for the most part to the pungent satire behind the tomfoolery, oblivious of his scholarly *Sobieski*, will scarcely credit its author with seriousness in history. Yet it would be a thousand pities were "Beachcomber" to suffer from his pseudonym, for these eleven studies, full of balanced judgements and vivid reconstruction, form the freshest re-telling of a well-known tale one has seen for a long time.

Partisans of the Revolution will talk glibly of the taking of the Bastille at 5 p.m. on 14 July, 1789, as symbolic of the revolt against the despotism of the *ancien régime*. The epithet is true, though the facts are wrong: the prison was never taken by storm but surrendered, while the victims of the King's tyranny triumphantly freed at the cost of over eighty lives numbered but seven, two lunatics, four forgers and a young nobleman convicted of incest. Yet it was symbolic. This was but one of many paradoxes, for it is often forgotten that the movement that wrecked the ancient monarchy began with no such settled aim. Indeed, the pioneers of revolt, the takers of the Tennis-Court Oath, were greeted by the mob with "Vive le roi!" and the cry came again from the horde of harpies whom hunger had driven

those twelve wet and muddy miles from Paris to Versailles to shout for bread. Strangest of all, even their howling hate of the King's Austrian wife changed into a hoarse "Vive la reine!" as Marie Antoinette stood bravely before them on the balcony.

Mr. Morton displays psychological insight, descriptive power and the dramatic sense, but in his long essay on the September massacres the qualities of the sleuth-hound assert themselves. The six days' slaughter that began with the murder of a score of priests gave Europe its strongest argument against the revolution : the blame for the crime has therefore been endlessly discussed and variously assessed. No historian to this day has been able to produce any written order for the killing ; many would therefore have us believe that it just happened, and they blame Danton for letting it go on. But by a careful analysis of motive and movement, Mr. Morton sees beneath that week's welter of blood a prepared plan pointing to Marat. Charlotte Corday thought the same ; she thought him responsible not only for the excesses but for the tragic miscarrying of the revolution ; so she killed him. Mr. Morton devotes his longest chapter to an understanding and well-balanced psychological study of this unique product of convent piety, a noble pagan, a Teresa turned Medea.

The falls, first of Danton, then of Robespierre complete these studies and provide Mr. Morton with the opportunity to steer a clean keel through the mass of confused motive and intrigue so characteristic of the Terror. He claims not scholarship but accuracy for his work : he has therefore omitted all footnotes, and in the circumstances he is justified, for the immense amount of study he has given to composition of place and the reconstruction of the scenes he describes would entail a mass of reference out of all proportion to the size of the book.

GORDON ALBION.

Historic English Convents of To-Day. By Dom Basil Whelan, O.S.B., M.A. 7s. 6d. *English Carmelites in Penal Times.* By Sister Anne Hardman, S.N.D. 15s. (Burns Oates & Washbourne.)

THESE two books will do much to dispel the idea, which exists even among Catholics, but especially among Anglicans, that English "religious life" disappeared at the Reformation and was not revived until the last century, with the formation of Anglican sisterhoods and Catholic convents. But the facts are quite the opposite : the religious life among English Catholics never ceased to flourish, even in the worst times of persecution ; the stream of vocations never dried up, and the divine praises continued to

be sung by English monks, friars, and nuns in their own houses beyond the seas. Here they remained until the storm of the French Revolution drove them back once more to their native land after nearly two centuries. Such is the story which for the first time is told in detail in these two books. Dom Basil Whelan covers the history of all the twenty-three convents of English nuns which were founded abroad during this period. Sister Anne Hardman confines her attention to the Carmelites. Twenty-one of these communities returned to England at the time of the French Revolution, and eighteen of them still survive in our midst.

These convents are made up thus: there are the Bridgettine nuns of Syon (founded in 1415), who are now at South Brent, Devon; six communities of Benedictine nuns, all of which look back to a history of nearly three centuries, exist at East Bergholt, Stanbrook, Oulton, Colwich, Teignmouth, and Kylemore; there are the Poor Clares at Darlington, founded in 1608, and the nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary at the famous Bar Convent in York, which dates from 1677; the three convents of Austin canonesses—Newton Abbot, Bruges, and Ealing—still survive, the earliest of them having been founded in 1609; there are the three convents of Carmelites, at Lanherne, Darlington, and Chichester, whose history is related in great detail by Sister Anne Hardman in the second book here reviewed; lastly, there are the Franciscans at Taunton (1621), the Sepulchreines at New Hall (1642), and the Dominican nuns of the second order at Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight.

Fr. Whelan divides his book into four parts: the first devoted to the foundation of the convents, the second to the "middle years" of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the third to the return to England during the Reign of Terror, and the fourth to "Peace after the Storm".

It is a fascinating story, and one wonders why it has never been written before. Close family ties bound together these exiled communities of Englishwomen. The nuns were drawn almost entirely from the old Catholic aristocracy: it would have been difficult for the poorer people to have found the means to pay for the cost of journeys abroad, and "The list of names reads like a *Catholic Who's Who*", as the author remarks. In 1790 there were only two convents in this country, Hammersmith and York—both belonging to the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Today there are over nine hundred. This remarkable growth must be largely due to those nuns who kept alive the flame during the penal times: *Qui seminant in lacrymis, in exultatione metent.*

Sister Anne Hardman's book is of rather a different kind, being

a detailed and elaborate account of the foundations of English Carmelite nuns which were made abroad during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In addition to the still surviving communities of Lanherne (Hopland, Antwerp, 1619), Darlington (Lierre, 1648), and Chichester (Hoogstraet, 1678), there were English Carmels at Cologne, Alost, Neuburg, Düsseldorf, Munster-eifel, Mons, and Mechlin. The book is a really important contribution to the history of the Catholic penal times, and the laborious researches of this Notre Dame nun throw much new light on many hitherto uncertain details. Fr. Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D., contributes a preface and draws attention to certain points in the history of the English Carmelites, especially in connexion with the various sets of constitutions, questions of jurisdiction and spiritual direction—all of which were not infrequently matters of friction. We hope that Sister Anne Hardman will continue her researches among the archives of other communities, for there is room for many more books of such skilful and discerning erudition.

P. F. A.

Waugh in Abyssinia. By Evelyn Waugh. (Longmans, Green. 10s. 6d. net.)

If our memory is not at fault the pun perpetrated in the title of this book is stale, having been made years ago by the late Fr. Bede Jarrett in an article in *Blackfriars* called "Waugh and Rumours of Waughs", but it at any rate warns the reader not to look in this book for what is not in it. The authorship of a most excellent life of Edmund Campion, of several very entertaining novels, and of sundry travel books is not the most obvious equipment for a war-correspondent, and Mr. Waugh gives us in fact his reminiscences of Abyssinia in war-time rather than of the Abyssinian war. That these reminiscences are vigorously written, amusing and "hard-boiled" goes without saying, and they are a good corrective to the floods of nonsense that have flowed from both sides in the Italo-Abyssinian affair. At the same time Mr. Waugh seems to regard human folly and weakness with a lack of pity and understanding that causes him to appear distastefully cynical; had his historical background been wider than the nineteenth century, had he tried to see Abyssinia less as a European (and an Englishman at that), he might have written with more sympathy and not, for a small example, have found the coronets of the *rases* "comic" or the coronation of Haile Selassie an "absurd occasion".

Mr. Waugh was the first non-Italian to be readmitted to

Abyssinia after the conquest, and here his observations are especially interesting. But again he spoils them by sneering references to what he does not understand, e.g. "the Liberals" (those favourite Aunt-Sallies of the so-called political realists at the moment) and the "Nonconformist conscience". He gives a convincing and meant-to-be-attractive impression of Graziani, and ends up with an allusion, in the best manner of his own "blackshirt political boss from Milan", to "the eagles of ancient Rome" and to "the inestimable gifts of fine workmanship and clear judgement—the two determining qualities of the human spirit". Those qualities are certainly not a European monopoly. Anyway, let us hope that the Italian imperialists make a better job of Ethiopia than the Portuguese did in the seventeenth century—then, perhaps, the "natives" will be more ready to give the exclusive use of their first-class carriages to the "white men".

D. D. A.

Palestine on the Eve. By Ladislav Farrago. (Putnam. 10s. 6d. net.) *The Road to Nazareth.* By John Gibbons. (Robert Hale. 7s. 6d. net.)

HERE are two books written upon the same subject which could not be more dissimilar in themselves and their treatment of the matter with which they deal. Mr. Farrago looks at the problem from the outside: he is a Hungarian journalist studying the difficulties of people with whom he has no real personal concern. Mr. Gibbons, intentionally and of set purpose, carries the viewpoint and convictions of his own suburb. Always he is the suburbanite, inwardly and spiritually amazed and awed, outwardly accepting everything as nothing very much out of the ordinary. The *naïveté* of *The Road to Nazareth* is its greatest appeal, for John Gibbons is very far from being the stay-at-home whose wildest travels have been a day-return ticket to France in the August holidays. Yet he writes as though he were, and therein lies the charm of his book upon the Holy Land.

Ladislav Farrago, on the other hand, is the trained, clever, competent journalist noting down exactly what he saw and leaving it to his readers' intelligences to draw their own conclusions from the facts he provides. He is almost impartial; it is plain that he has striven hard to be scrupulously fair to all three interested parties, Great Britain, Islam and Jewry. However, no one can escape some shadow of partizanship in this hatred-filled, jealousy-riven, too-much Promised Land and, though there is but a tinge of it, Mr. Farrago's sympathies appear to be on the Zionist side, but the pity he feels for them is so very little

greater than he experiences for the Arab that it is barely noticeable. *Palestine on the Eve* is a brilliant study of the Holy Land and its varied and aggravated problems invaluable to any person who wishes to know what really has been happening behind the strict veil of the censorship.

With John Gibbons, the Catholic of these islands, the average man or woman who goes to work each morning, or is charged with the running of the worker's house, can pleasantly, vividly and interestingly set out upon his tramp down the roads which led the palmers of old to saunter (he points out that this word is derived from *sainte terre*—but it probably isn't) to the Holy Places. More, he can look about him and see what is happening in the Palestine of these troubled days. Mr. Gibbons is never wearisome in his detailing of the history of the places he passes through. He mentions it, but there is no monotonous catalogue of names of heroes and tiring dates. It is a pity, though, that he makes one bad slip. He has Berengaria sucking the poison from Richard Lionheart's wound in Cyprus, whereas he means Eleanor, she for whom the crosses were set up from north to south across England when her broken-hearted husband sent her body home to London. It was Eleanor drawing the poison with her lips from Edward's wound in St. John of Acre that Mr. Gibbons really means. But that is a very small matter, and it has no bearing on the real value of the book.

It is refreshing to find the author paying unstinted praise where it is due. As he says when speaking of the heroic woman missionary doctor in Amman, an Englishwoman who should rank amongst the greatest heroines of our race, "Any day in the week I would raise my Roman Catholic hat to the good Protestant Doctor Purnell."

John Gibbons stays obstinately what he calls "middle-class" to the bitter end and, though you laugh with him, there are times when you wish he would stop it and be his own charming self. He eats with the Beduin in the desert and is given a chicken to himself. "You just tear off a square foot or so of bread and grab some chicken, no knives or forks of course. It may be very Scriptural and all that, but they had no false teeth in the Old Testament. There are points in the London tea-shop after all, you know, and a nice clean egg on toast." And that from a man who has once eaten a chicken cooked in the style of the Bedu Arab!

Yet why did he give his book this title? Nazareth was one of the few places he did not visit. A pity, for his opinion of that town of unscrupulous schemers would have been well worth hearing.

DOUGLAS V. DUFF.

Foreigners Aren't Fools. By Christopher Hollis. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

IT is not an adverse criticism of this book to say that the foreigners represented in it never quite succeed in convincing the Englishman of the complete justice of their case or the weakness of his. As the title suggests, Mr. Hollis is only concerned to show that the foreigner has a case and that the Englishman is not accepted outside his own country as infallible or at his own valuation of himself. In this he succeeds and has made his readers indebted to him for an enormous amount of information, packed into small space, which they could only find elsewhere after much perusal of huge volumes and many newspaper files. What is more, the information is attractively presented and the authentic spirit of a nation is captured in such a passage as this :

"In every Frenchman's mind there is a picture of some bend of a river, some turn of a dusty road, a café, the *garçons* clearing away the mud-coloured coffee from the tables on the pavement and the click-click of the dominoes and the people passing to and fro. The memory of colour is in our souls. Take a typical Frenchman like Gauguin and try to think back from his pictures to understand what kind of colour-sense must have been in the mind of such a man. I myself come from Chinon, where the great château stands up over the Loire—the château where your Henry II died and where Joan of Arc came to recognize the Dauphin. There stands by the river that great statue of her riding over the plain. And it was near there that a thousand years before Charles Martel met and beat the Mohammedan, when he swarmed up from Spain, and it was from here that the conscripts went out in '92, who were to stamp a creed upon the whole face of Europe. And it was here that Rabelais was born ; our cinema is called the Palais de Rabelais. And there is a statue of him, too, as indeed there should be, for he, almost more than anybody else, is the very personification of what will die if Europe dies."

The note of tragedy and impending doom, struck at the end of that passage, recurs several times in this as in every book written by informed persons on the Europe of today. The Japanese threatens that the materialism of Europe will destroy her ; the Russian frankly admits his materialism and looks forward with joy to the destruction of the old order ; the Englishman, making his own reflections on all that he has heard, fears that the flirtations of Liberal and even Conservative governments with

Bolshevism must lead to the ruin of all that is best in the European tradition and neatly indicates the meaning of this threat by asking, "Does the Conservative really think that the British Tommy, having risked his life alongside 'our gallant Russian allies', will then come meekly home to touch his hat to the squire?" Like all other reasonable observers, Mr. Hollis admits that he can see no certain solution to our problems, but he gives one wildly original suggestion, in the American's mouth, which should contribute not a little towards a solution :

"There are a lot of people in America who know so little history that they think that the end of the British Empire would be the end of England. I rather think that it might be England's Renaissance. There are many very decent traits in the English character. Without exception they were inherited from a time long before there was a British Empire, and they will shine all the more brightly when the Empire has gone."

While England remains, so long as strawberries ripen in Somerset gardens, Europe cannot wholly die.

EDWARD QUINN.

An Essay on Typography. By Eric Gill. Second edition. (Sheed & Ward. 5s. net.)

THE first edition of this book came out some five years since, and its theme, Mr. Gill tells us, is "typography, and typography as it is affected by the conditions of the year 1931". In fact, however, he treats of typography, not as it is affected by the conditions of the printing industry of today, with its type-setting machines and quick, power-driven presses, but as a handicraft, in which the hand-set pages are printed a hundred or so an hour on a hand-press. He sees "a conflict between industrialism and the ancient methods of handicraftsmen", which is now coming to its term. At least, he thought so in 1931, but in 1936 he finds that "the two worlds"—that of industrialism and that of the human workman—"are still with us", but "that the divorce between them is even more complete, and the sphere of the craftsman even more curtailed". Nevertheless, "the ancient methods of craftsmanship cannot be quite killed, because they meet an inherent, indestructible need in human nature". So they will live; but they must have no truck with modern industrial methods. Handicraft standards are as absurd for mechanized industry as machine standards are absurd for the craftsman.

The application of these principles to the making of letters and the making of books is "the special business" of Mr. Gill's book.

Is the divorce, or the incompatibility, so absolute as Mr. Gill claims? Take his own book, beautifully printed "by Hague and Gill, High Wycombe", in a beautiful type designed by himself. The punches from which the type was mechanically cast were themselves mechanically cut; and the hand-press itself is a very ingenious mechanical device. There are not "two worlds", one of craftsmanship, the other of mass-production in printing books—perhaps not in any other craft or industry. The true and primary purpose of printing is to print books, not to meet "an inherent, indestructible need in human nature". Craft for craftsmanship's sake, like art for art's sake, may be a worthy secondary motive. If either is made the chief and primary motive, we shall have neither the best art nor the best craftsmanship. The modern printer who has to make a forme ready at a quick-running press has the same need for craftsmanship and for craftsmanship of the same kind as any other printer from the days of Gutenberg downwards.

In the last chapter of his book, added to this second edition, Mr. Gill asks, "Why Lettering?" It is his protest against the great variety of lettering called forth by the presumed requirements of printing and especially advertising; and Mr. Gill, who almost more than any other living man has taught us what good lettering may be and indeed is, argues (with his tongue in his cheek?) that lettering should be abolished altogether, and that its place should be taken by a set of phonographic symbols.

B. H. NEWDIGATE.

Soviet Man—Now. By Helen Iswolsky. Translated by E. F. Peeler. (Sheed & Ward. 2s. 6d. net.)

EXPERTS will find inaccuracies in this book (for instance, the statement that there were 100,000 monasteries in pre-revolutionary Russia!) and those who have suffered under the bolshevist régime will regard it as presenting an over-optimistic standpoint. But the truth and the value of the book on the whole cannot be contested. At a time when so many eulogistic propagandist accounts of the new Russia are published at popular prices, this handy little volume presenting the other side of the picture (all the more clearly as a result of a certain optimism) should be a most valuable corrective.

The general thesis is that the communist régime, far from fashioning a new type of man created according to the Marxist scheme of things, has had to make one concession after another to the ordinary human needs, with the result that man today in

Russia is not essentially different from what he always was. The author rightly warns us that there are many differences between the Russian of today and his fellow Europeans, and that that is not the result of communist training but is due to qualities long inherent in the national type. In social and economic life the originally rigid Communism has been modified to a collectivism which is very similar to the traditional system. The newest form of collective farm closely resembles the arrangements under the *Mir* system, and the assemblies of notables who have shown proficiency in their branch of industry were not unknown in past times. These assemblies, though giving credit only to material achievements, at least imply a healthier social spirit than that which prevails in a society which gives honour to "beauty queens, criminal notorieties, and film stars, with their princely salaries".

From revolutionary internationalism Russia has passed to a peace-professing nationalism. Not that she has abandoned her revolutionary aims, but she is prepared to conceal them when her own national life is endangered. The author shows that this new awakening of the national life has mainly arisen out of the threat from Germany and Japan in the last two or three years. It seems, however, that the process of national awakening has even developed further since this book was written. Recent events in Spain seem to imply on Russia's part either an incredibly stupid recklessness or a confidence of her power to exercise a hegemony over western Europe. If the latter is the case, then it is added evidence for the author's thesis; the messianic ideals of the Russian people are known to anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with their history. Because man is returning to his own, religion also must come back before very long. Already a purified religion is returning in the persons of priests wandering as beggars over the country-side, living with the people and gaining their love. But religion has still much to suffer, and superstition and the manifold sects are fighting a largely successful battle against the true Faith and against the revival of the Orthodox Church. But sectarianism and superstition also have long been indigenous in Russia.

The author is perhaps too optimistic and there can be no doubt that Russian man has much to suffer before he is completely re-established according to the traditional type. And even then he will not be quite the same as before, for he will emerge purified by suffering, an object-lesson to those in western Europe who are still contented to grow rich amidst the ruins of a civilization which, by their avarice and injustice, they have betrayed.

EDWARD QUINN.

More Poems. By A. E. Housman. (Cape. 5s. net.)

"I HAVE seldom written poetry unless I was rather out of health," confesses Housman in *The Name and Nature of Poetry*, "and the experience, though pleasurable, was agitating and exhausting." A sense of frustration pervades almost his entire poetic output; he is, in his own words, "moping melancholy mad". A reviewer recently put his finger on an essential point in saying that this frustration is the ever-present sense of separation; e.g.:

"The land is still by farm and steeple
And still for me the land may stay;
There I was friends with perished people,
And there lie they."

The theme recurs again in this volume in poems VIII, X, XI, XII, XIII, and others. One might suggest, even, a subconscious "regression" desire, a longing for return to the elemental womb. The idea is expressed better than anywhere in Housman in Yeats's poem "The Wheel" where, speaking of our desire for and dissatisfaction with the process of the seasons, he says that we do not

"Know that what disturbs our blood
Is but the longing for the tomb."

Saintsbury said that what we want is "a test to decide whether a man cares for poetry as poetry, or whether he cares for it as expressing some sentiment or conveying some meaning which is agreeable or seems respectable to him". This distinction is fundamental, and ignorance or misunderstanding of it is responsible for the fumbings of most contemporary critics. In some ages (e.g., Anglo-Saxon times and the seventeenth century) poets have sublimated melancholy things artistically to produce pleasurable tragedy. Housman is too sincere to his inwardly derived experience to do that. His sublimation is psychological: an escape from his misery by the effort of perfect self-revelation and confession. It is improbable that the mass of his work can be enjoyed as poetry; his poems afford a relief to those who are glad to find he shares their distemper. At the beginning of this volume Housman says his verse

"is for all ill-treated fellows,
Unborn and unbegot,
For them to read when they're in trouble
And I am not."

Housman put his technique to the end of self-expression. He condemns the "correct and splendid" diction of the eighteenth century because "it could not express human feelings with a variety and delicacy answering to their own". His own language and metre are bare and unobtrusive (apart from the intrusion of "lad"), and there is no delight in objective beauty for its own sake.

He is separated, an outcast who does not know the delight of Catholic humanism in created things as end-means. In a profounder sense than one of insult or frivolity it might be said in his own words :

"But Oh, Good Lord, the verse you make
It gives a chap the belly-ache."

ERNEST MOSS.

Mary Lavelle. By Kate O'Brien. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

Gunnar's Daughter. By Sigrid Undset. (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.)

BEHIND grave and delicate observation and style there is the agony of sacrifice, the shock of truths that break things and leave bitter grief, and yet a reckless content. Mary Lavelle returns to Ireland from her short stay in Spain with a lame and hopeless story, as real and as beautiful as the moment of death and truth at a bullfight. Persons and circumstances do not change the nature of sins, but reality cannot be completely captured by the forms of any science, not even moral. Mary and Juanito are not saints with an overwhelming love for a personal God. They are practising Catholics in the tragic position of honestly facing the fact that their complete love, the desire of substance for substance, is still anarchic. Systems, whether communist or Christian, they see as antiseptic scourings-out, no more than means, never an end in any bearable world. And not yet have they acquiesced in the inescapable isolation of the self :

"I'm after a Communism very different from Lenin's. I want it understood as what it is, pure utilitarianism, plain, materialistic justice. With no spiritual attack or message. The spiritual basis of life must be left alone, unless you can isolate it and know what you are attacking—and how can politicians do that? I believe, you see, that every single human situation differs from every other and that therefore the only possible spiritual rule of thumb is the Christian, the Catholic, which in the end provides for that principle, and can, when it works honestly, get moderate results. Which

is all that any intelligent man can hope for. Utopias are unpleasant, slavish dreams. All that politicians can give is fundamental health and the roots of knowledge. It is for parents and theologians to inject the civic virtues if they can, and the artists to give whatever answer they can to human aspiration. But the real issues will always be unmanageable. There is no such thing as legislation for happiness."

Vigdis, the daughter of Gunnar, lives in a craggier, icier world, when Christianity was only just reaching the Viking lands. She and Ljot, her lover from Iceland, make their own tragedy, it is not forced upon them as with the others. She lives to take a terrible vengeance on him for a wrong, and at the end she tells her son and his who has killed him: "I would not have hated him so long—it was the worst of all, that I would rather have loved him than any man."

In both these strong and beautiful books, the one so rich, the other so severe, there is feeling without sentimentality, the world to be lived, not dreamt; and in both, as in all Catholic tragedy, the last chapter is only penultimate. But this is implied, not affirmed, for they are good novels, not sermons.

T. G.

Steam Packet. By David Mathew. (Longmans, Green. 6s. net.)

ON an April morning in the year 1838 one of the new paddle-steamers set out on her voyage from Calais to Dover, having on board a not undistinguished company. There were foreign envoys, English aristocrats both of blood and money, clergy of the Establishment and of Rome, representatives of the leisured classes returning from the Grand Tour, with their tutors, governesses, couriers, valets and body-servants. The list of passengers was perhaps rather over-weighted with armigerous names but that was explained by the fact that most of the bearers were on their way to England for the coronation of Queen Victoria. So the *Queen Adelaide* nosed her way out of Calais harbour into a deepening fog and eventually on to a sandbank; at high tide she was refloated without damage and resumed her interrupted journey. That is all that really happens in *Steam Packet*.

Yet the reader is on tip-toe of expectation all the time, feeling that something may happen, is just about to happen; and it never does happen. The book is described by the publishers as a period piece, which makes us think of period furniture, so exciting to possess and so dull to live with, so that after a time we

experience a sense of disappointment that the possibilities of romantic adventure that accompanied its acquisition have not been fulfilled. But we have no more right to be angry with the furniture dealer than we have to be angry with the author of this book. The latter might fairly retort that the fault lay with us for expecting something that he had not undertaken to provide and that would, in point of fact, have had every appearance of a fake. For tragedy and high romance do not necessarily or even usually accompany such a simple accident as the grounding of a cross-channel steamer. Debased by the thriller, we incline to judge a story, as the reporter judges news, in a pejorative sense, according to its importance in proportion to the amount of physical violence it contains.

David Mathew does not disclose his reasons for writing this book, but he may have intended it as an object lesson in the proper function of imaginative literature, which is to record and explain the emotions and passions that actuate man's deeds. If that were his motive he has brilliantly succeeded. Here a surface serenity is no indication of inward peace. We are allowed to see the play of passions, the fear, ignorance, pride, selfishness that are constantly threatening to break the calm surface of convention and are kept in check by custom, tradition and social barriers, inhibitions as unreasoning as the desires they restrain. This is a remarkable book.

S. J. GOSLING.

Hero Breed. By Pat Mullen. (Faber & Faber. 8s. 6d. net.)

THE author of *Man of Aran* gives of his best in this vigorous first novel. Lovers of Connemara and the islands off its coast will rejoice in Mr. Mullen's vivid painting of his background, and those who are wearied with the sordid sagas of the James Joyce school of Irish novelists will welcome a book which tells of life as it is lived in the west of Ireland, where people know how to rejoice in the Lord although the soil is barren and the money scarce.

Hugh O'Donnell is the son of a potcheen-distiller who is drowned in a storm—magnificently described in the first chapter of the book. Hugh is converted by a sermon preached on Aran by a "Christlike high-minded man" whose voice was "loving, tender and comradelike". The sermon is a fine piece of psychological pulpit-oratory: "in it there was no hint of a pure superior mind admonishing ignorant human beings", and it is not surprising that Hugh decides to abandon his father's trade. He, his mother and his Uncle Shawn go to live on Aran, and the

book is full of his adventures as a hookerman, a fisherman and a sailor. The great fight at the fair, the fatal public-house brawl and the battle royal between Peadar and the process-server must be read about in the vigorous unadorned prose of Mr. Mullen to be enjoyed. The love-story of Hugh and Nellan Towers is perfect in its primitive simplicity, and the boat-races are described with the vividness of the horse-race scene in *The Glorious Uncertainty*.

The pounding of the breakers of the Atlantic is a fitting accompaniment to this dramatic story. We look forward to more novels from this virile writer who has much of the humour of J. M. Synge, the insight of Goldsmith and the sea-sense of Masfield and Conrad.

A. W. P.

Rose Deeprose. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Cassell. 8s. 6d. net.)

Even the least experienced reader of fiction will take a publisher's recommendation with a grain of salt, but there is something to be said for Messrs. Cassell's claim that *Rose Deeprose* is Sheila Kaye-Smith's best novel. Even those readers who would still give the palm to *The House of Alard* or *Joanna Godden* will admit that this novel is worthy to be put alongside them. In spite of some obstetric details which to the ordinary male reader are embarrassing, and completely unnecessary except as a concession to the modern fashion for "frankness", the book marks a return to the full strength of Miss Kaye-Smith's power as a story-teller.

For one thing, it has a unity often lacking in novels modelled on the like generous scale of 450 pages. There are only half a dozen people that matter in *Rose Deeprose's* life, but those half-dozen matter very much. Her mother, her friend, her husband, her child, she loved them all in her way and the tragedy of her life lies in the fact that she had a hand in the death of all of them. Here is a story in the Greek tradition, yet with a difference. Her mother said of her that she was "hard"; she was right, yet it was the hardness of a fine mind completely honest with itself, and not the hardness of the unco' guid. In consequence our sympathies remain with *Rose Deeprose* in spite of all her mistakes, in spite of their repetition and her inability to profit by the lessons that at least she has the mental power to see and the moral honesty to admit.

Miss Kaye-Smith has portrayed for us a very fine type, the result of generations of simple, country-bred, hard-working, God-fearing stock; yet in this self-reliant daughter of the soil we can find no desire for spiritual communion, no sense of the creature's

dependence on its Creator, no need for the support of even the externals of religion. On this showing the grace of God, as we understand it, would seem to be superfluous. Or may it be that the momentum of righteousness, gathered in a long line of honest and upright ancestry, still carries on in the path of good conduct. If so, the influence must inevitably grow less. Are there not signs that the mechanism is running down? The answer becomes daily more definite to those who mark the contracting religious life of this land.

S. J. GOSLING.

Morals and Marriage. By T. G. Wayne. (Longmans, Green. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE "problems" arising out of marriage may be roughly divided into those concerned with marriage as an institution and those concerned with the personal relations between married people, and it is a remarkable thing that, whereas most "instructed Catholics" could pass an elementary examination in the institutional aspect, they are often very ignorant indeed about the principles governing every-day matrimonial affairs. This is not the place or occasion to try and account for this, but to welcome *Morals and Marriage*, whose aim is "to give some prosaic general principles of moral theology as a setting for" sexual relations; it is an essay on "the workings of the moral virtues in married life, and chiefly as regards the special actions of sex".

The author—"T. G. Wayne" is a pen-name—is a well-known Catholic priest, a doctor of the University of Louvain, and he treats his main theme not biologically or hygienically or socially but humanly, in terms of man redeemed. The most important practical service he renders to those for whom his book is intended is to emphasize (not at the expense of other things) that the sexual act is a thing to be mutually enjoyed, and that not grudgingly, much less shamed-facedly, but freely and candidly. Sexual activity, he reminds us, "cannot be confined to a special part of the body, nor to the body alone. . . . Unruliness, not ardour, is the effect of original sin. . . . A reasonable sex action is an act of the virtue of purity, for purity, far from being the repression, is the right ordering of passionate love." Dr. Wayne, in his anxiety to give to love of man and woman that honour of which our world deprives it, occasionally skirts perilously near the edge of the high-falutin; but he writes against birth-prevention and other abuses with a restrained force and absence of rhetoric that are most persuasive.

The embrace of man and woman "is human, not physiological,

and should be endowed with the gracious virtues, including art". It is deplorable that people should be so far removed from nature and grace as not to know this and to stand in need of popular books about "sex" (a word detestable both for its associations and its "grammar"); but since such books *are* necessary, we wish they were all so good as Dr. Wayne's.

T. O. P.

Wherefore This Waste? By Father James, O.S.F.C. (Burns Oates & Washbourne. 6s. net.)

Not only the first sermon but every sermon and every paper in this volume of varied topics provides justification for its title. Each treats in some way of that all-important matter, the prodigal generosity of God and of souls devoted to him. Father James has apt and beautiful things to say of the generous outpouring of a human life for God's perpetual service in religion, of St. Francis happily rejecting earthly riches and adding by his poetry to the riches of the world today, of Catherine McAuley giving all her love to Christ's poor and St. Angela Merici to Christ's little ones, of doctors giving the abundance of their knowledge of the body as a means of converting the soul to Christ, and of heroic missionaries giving their lives to enriching those in foreign lands whom Christ has called with the wealth of his grace. He shows that God is not outdone in generosity; Christ sheds upon us with infinite clearness the light of the Epiphany, he offers himself completely on Calvary and in the Mass, he brings us untold riches in the liturgy and fills up our souls with the love of his Sacred Heart. Finally, we are reminded of the unceasing and devoted attention given to us by angels, who are second only in the dignity of their natural perfection to God himself.

The importance of the liturgy in religious teaching and in drawing souls to Christ is well explained in the chapter on "The Liturgy and Religious Experience", and an appropriate correction of a popular misconception of Catholic Action is provided on p. 139.

EDWARD QUINN.

Some Sisters of Mine. By Marie René Bazin. (Burns Oates & Washbourne. 5s. net.)

A GLANCE at its portrait illustrations will be enough to secure readers for this delightful book: souls finely tempered look out at one from under the bonnet of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, a dozen women of varied race and antecedents, alike only in being what Mother Stuart would have called "thoroughbreds", capable of response to the holy exigencies of the Jesuit ideal. As one

wrote of the novitiate: "During these two years we are taught to break our wills by obedience, and that without being coerced or watched or supervised: we all know the Rule and we observe it because it is left to our honour."

The daughter of René Bazin is endowed, as we should expect, with the gift of making her heroines live; if her story has a fault it is that of leaving the casual reader with the impression that they formed an exceptional *élite*; what she modestly fails to convey is the everyday standard in a congregation offering an example of poverty, devotedness and all-round edification which it would be very hard to beat; a congregation in which postulants have been known to find the hours of prayer "interminable" (p. 114), so strictly are its exterior works of mercy subordinated to a solid interior life.

G. M. DURNFORD.

The Cross and the Star of David. By Walter Heinrich Friedemann. Translated by E. F. Peeler. (Burns Oates & Washbourne. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE publishers of this excellent translation of an arresting book deserve the thanks of English-speaking Catholics and indeed of all English-speaking people. Walter Heinrich Friedemann is a German Jew, as may be seen in almost every line of his book. In other words he is one of the most discussed and harassed and therefore symbolic groups in the welter of the modern world. Some little time ago he was a prominent and tireless worker for the Zionist ideal of a return to Palestine: today he is a Catholic, because gradually and almost unwillingly he recognized that the return of his people to the Holy Land must mean not that the Star of David but that the Cross of the Son of David must crown Jerusalem.

Like so many of his people W. H. Friedemann is a musician. We do not know whether it is as a fellow-singer of the Babylonian exiles or as a fellow-seer of the prophets that he has given us this characteristically Hebrew book. In literary mould it has the character of a fugue or perhaps an oratorio, rather than of the formal logic of the schools. Although professedly autobiographical it has, we believe, no dates, perhaps because it is a discussion of things now passing in the timeless measures of eternity.

A thousand sayings in the book clamour for quotation. We shall give one, not because it is the best but because it is amongst the first and is characteristic.

"We have grown accustomed to curious modes of thought : the Jew who is an atheist, who disavows his people's creed and who, consequently, retains nothing of Judaism is still to be tolerated as a brother in Israel.

"Whereas he who does not deny his origin—he who for his part is true to the essence and the core of his religion—in other words a man who does not misinterpret the words of the Prophets—who takes the Messiahship in earnest—this man is looked upon as dead, and prayers are said for his soul."

Then speaking prophetically he adds :

"It is precisely we who must accept and lead the fight for the supremacy of God in the coming age" (pp. xii, xiv).

To this prophetic certitude, which the coming age must justify, he has been led by the words of a fellow-convert of Tarsus—I had almost said, a fellow Zionist—in the Diaspora.

V. McNABB.

THE CONVERTS' AID SOCIETY

For the assistance of convert clergymen from the various Protestant bodies, and, if funds allow, convert ANGLICAN SISTERS.

President :

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER

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THE HOLY FATHER describes it as "This most delicate and most exquisite Charity", and promises a PRIVILEGED BLESSING to all who help on "this most noble work".

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"... We are asked today to help those who have helped us. And the words which were used 2000 years ago in a Greek funeral speech apply not only to the Greek soldiers who died for the glory of Athens, but to the modern convert who has abandoned all for the faith of Rome. 'Their story,' said Pericles, 'is graven not on stone, but lives without visible symbol, woven into the fabric of other men's lives.' It is for us to rival them in their courage and their generosity. We are asked to aid those who have aided us. We are all members not only of the Converts' Aid Society, but of a very much older society, the society of convert aided. When we think of the noble army of convert martyrs from St. Augustine down to modern times, we must surely realize that we are being asked not to give but to give back. The small offerings which we may make are but the most trivial of token payments for a debt which can never be discharged in full . . ."

(MR. ARNOLD LUNN, speaking at an Annual Meeting of the Converts' Aid Society).

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Gifts—however small—will be very gratefully acknowledged by :

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